





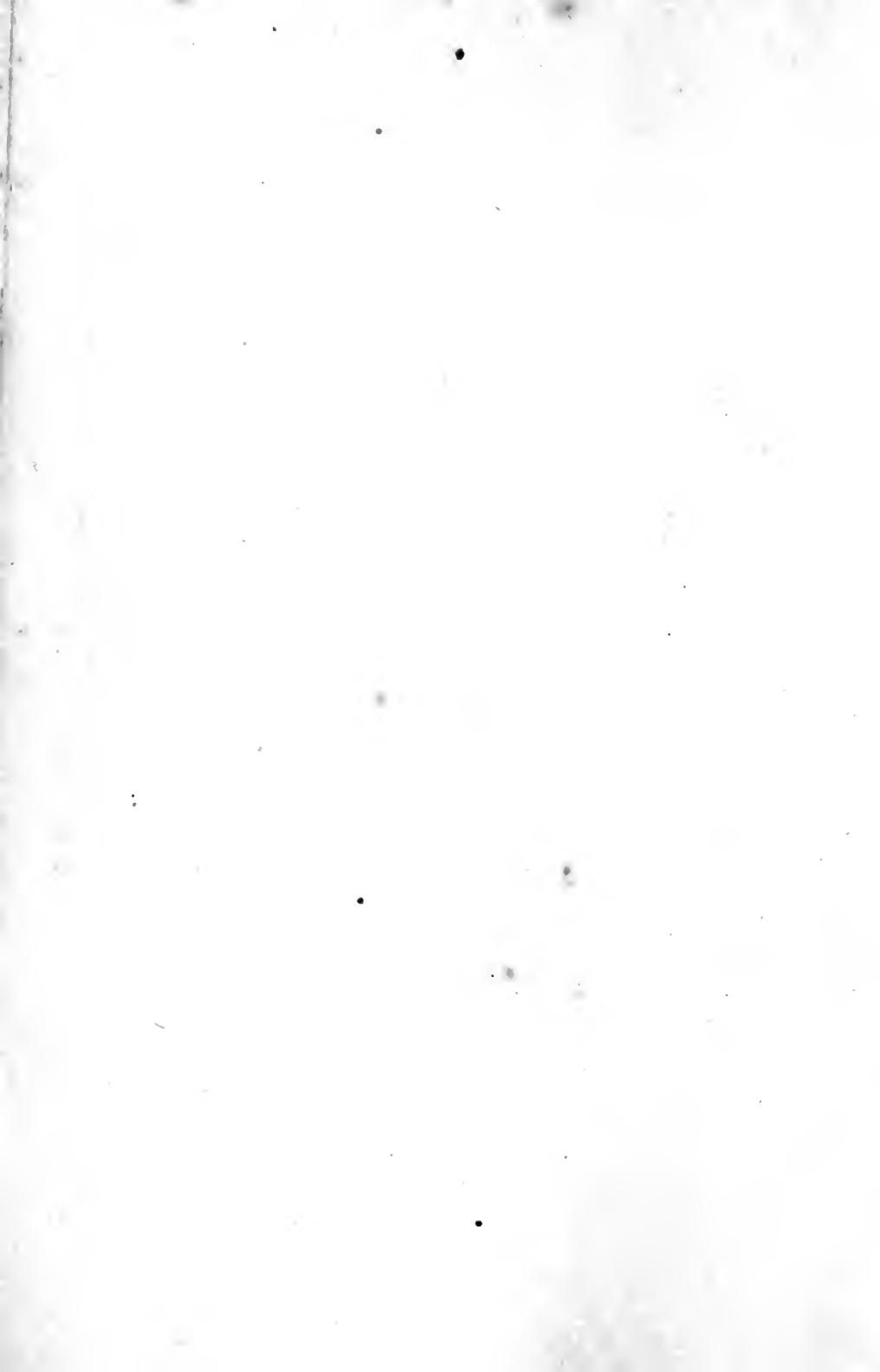
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"Look, gentlemen, look at this page, one and all, and compel the answer."

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# AN ARMY PORTIA.

BY

CHARLES KING,

U. S. ARMY,

AUTHOR OF "THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER," "THE DESERTER," "FROM THE  
RANKS," "DUNRAVEN RANCH," "TWO SOLDIERS," ETC.

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"It is, however, proper for me to remark that the rest of the world is entitled to at least one day in the year upon the newspaper men. For three hundred and sixty-five they oracularly direct us in our opinions, walk, and conversation; they give us our politics, our estimates of public men, and our views upon all current questions. The American people are eminently practical, their wits are sharpened in their own affairs, and their thoughts concentrated and intent upon that which immediately interests them. As a result, the larger part of every community have no opinions until they have read their party and religious papers. For a man like myself, who reads them all, the most curious of studies is to gather the reflex of the editor's views in the confident expressions of my friends. Whatever responsibility—and it is great—may rest upon the lawyer with the liberal latitude allowed him under his retainer, upon the preacher with his unrestrained opportunity to speak, upon the teacher in moulding the minds of his students, the largest responsibility of all rests upon the journalist."  
—CHAUNCEY M. DEFEW.

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# LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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DECEMBER, 1890.

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## AN ARMY PORTIA:

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### I.

IT must have been nearly midnight. The lights in the barracks and at the old hospital beyond had long since been extinguished, and only here and there along the row of officers' quarters and at the guard-house, suggestively planted half-way down the slope towards the post trader's store, was there sign of wakeful life. One or two upper windows gave forth a feeble gleam, and there was quite a jovial glow pouring from the open door-way of the colonel's big house across the dark rectangle. It fell upon the tall white flag-staff and displayed it from base to cross-trees, a solitary, ghost-like shaft, and then, with gradually diminishing power, illumined the gravelled pathway that bisected the parade and led from the broad flight of steps in front of the commanding officer's to the major's quarters on the southern side. Overhead the stars were glittering in an absolutely cloudless sky. Not a breath of air was stirring the forest down in the black depths of the valley to the south. Softened by distance, the rush of the river over its rocky bed fell upon the ear like soothing lullaby. Ten minutes earlier the sound of silvery laughter and cheery voices had come floating across the garrison, and half a dozen little groups had strolled away from the colonel's gate, some turning to right and left, others crossing in the broad stream of light from his open portals. One by one the doors of the various quarters had opened to admit their occupants, a few lingering good-nights had been exchanged between gallant young bachelors and some dainty form enwrapped in fleecy burnous, and then even those night-owls "the youngsters" had betaken themselves to their domiciles; one after another doors were closed, lights popped up in the second-floor windows, curtains were drawn, the lights enshrouded, and finally a silence as of solitude spread its mantle over the parade, and the corporal of the guard, leaning against the gate-post at the south-

western entrance, bethought him how expressive was the sign the Indians made for night.

He was of medium height, but an athletic, well-built young fellow, as any one might have seen as the corporal stood under the big lamp at the guard-house but a few moments before. He had a handsome, clear-cut face, with a good deal of soldier bronze about the cheeks and jaws; he wore his natty undress uniform with an easy grace, and carried the long Springfield as though it were a toy. The crossed rifles on his forage-cap, the buckle of his cartridge-belt, even the copper cartridges themselves, gleamed in the lamplight. The chevrons on his sleeve, the narrow stripe along the seam of his trousers, the Berlin gloves he wore, were all spotlessly white; and Corporal Brent was what the men were wont to call "a dandy Jack," though there was not a man in the troop-barracks at the western end of the parade who cared more than once to put on the gloves with the "dandy." Brent had speedily demonstrated the fact that he could outspar any man in the cavalry portion of the garrison, and that only Sergeant Connors, of C company, was able to beat him in a bout. In the little battalion of infantry Brent was a popular man; so, too, had he been in the cavalry command that recently occupied the post; but these fellows of the Eleventh, who had but lately marched in, seemed rather slow to discover his many good traits. Very possibly they did not like the apparent ease with which he had defeated the champions they had so confidently sent against him. Still, it was a good-natured, not vindictive, sort of jealousy,—that soldierly rivalry between the two corps that seems irrepressible and that really does no great harm,—and Brent had begun to win friends among the troopers, who liked the frank, laughing way he had, when an order was suddenly issued by the new post commander the enforcement of which stirred up a row.

As the last visitor left the colonel's gate and he closed his door, thereby shutting out the broad gleam that, almost like that of the headlight of a locomotive, had shot athwart the parade, Corporal Brent was pondering over this very matter.

Colonel Morris was a man who hated irregularity of any kind, and as the grass began to sprout in the spring he noted that it failed to grow along what was evidently a short cut between the southwest gate, the way to town, and the infantry barracks at the eastern end. The former post commander, a cavalryman like himself, had not paid much attention to this sort of thing, and the infantry had grown to look upon the short cut as a sort of thoroughfare sacred to their uses: no officer ever had occasion to go that way. When, therefore, the beaten pathway was ploughed up and re-sodded, and an order was issued that the men must confine themselves to the gravel path or the road-way, there were just a few old foot-soldiers who saw fit to grumble, and some of them, returning late at night from a visit on pass to the neighboring town, made sarcastic allusions to the new order as they trudged homeward under the windows of the officers' quarters on the south side. Others still, trusting to darkness and a theory that all officers should be abed at that hour, proceeded to wear a parallel path, and these two transgressions being occasionally repeated, and the officer of the day



having twice come upon the transgressors without having captured one of their number,—for the “dough-boys” were fleet of foot,—a second order was issued requiring all enlisted men returning to the post between tattoo and reveille to enter their barracks from the rear and not to cross the quadrangle bounded by the fence. There was a road all around in rear of the barracks and quarters, but in the wet spring weather it was often deep with mud and generally dark as Erebus. What wonder, therefore, that many parties still managed to slip in, not exactly in defiance of the order, but because the enlisted men had a fine appreciation of that principle of international law which provides that a mere paper blockade is not entitled to respect? Then it was that the “old man,” as the soldiers called the colonel, ordered out his blockaders. An extra sentinel’s post was established, a sentry was ordered stationed at the southwest gate from tattoo until reveille, and, as all the cavalry were barracked on the west side near their stables, and as the infantry were manifestly the offenders (so argued the colonel), the three additional sentries required were ordered taken from among their number. This order made guard-duty a trifle harder and the infantrymen a trifle madder. Out of sheer mischief, some of them took to passing up the road between the guard-house and the trader’s, entering the northwest gate and stalking across the parade in stealthy column of files from that direction, facetiously decorating their trail with empty beer-bottles, whiskey-flasks, or sardine-boxes, over which the police sergeant spent some time and blasphemy after reveille next morning. Then the colonel ordered the northwest gate locked at tattoo, and the laughing rascals climbed the fence. He would not order out more sentries, but he gave the officer of the day directions to have a patrol in readiness at the flag-staff between eleven and one that night, and then some fine foot-racing resulted, in which the patrol came out second best. The colonel ordered the five infantrymen who happened to be on pass arrested and brought to trial before a garrison court, and the court promptly acquitted every man: it was established that they had all obediently gone around the garrison; they had even taken the trouble to call the attention of the sentry on No. 4 to that fact; and then it dawned upon the commanding officer that some of those infantry scamps were, as they would have expressed it, “putting up a job” at his expense, and that half a dozen of the fleetest-footed among them were, just for a lark, slipping out of quarters after eleven o’clock and around to the northwest gate, vaulting the fence with the agility of monkeys, and then playing the old game of “Tom, Tom, pull away” with his patrol. They had not had so much fun in a year.

Colonel Morris had sense enough to know that if he lost his temper and got to blustering the men would regard it as a victory. He issued no new orders. Suspicion had fallen on a squad of rollicking young Irishmen in Company F, all of whom were members of the battalion base-ball nine. A match game was to come off two days later with the club from Fort Lawrence, and local interest—and bets—were running high. Alas! when the morning of the eventful day came around, four of the fleetest base-runners in the Rifle Nine languished in the

guard-house, arrested at reveille by order of their own captain for absence from quarters at midnight. The colonel had simply let them get out, then ordered check roll-call, with doors barred, and they stood self-exiled. Fancy the consternation among the lovers of the national game! Even the cavalry had backed the local nine against that from Lawrence, and well knew that if substitutes had to be put in there was no earthly chance of their winning. Manifestly, said the battalion, there's no man but Corporal Brent to get us out of the scrape. He was captain and short-stop of the Nine, and on him they rallied forthwith. "Give me your word, men, that there's to be no more of this monkey business, and I'll go to the colonel myself. Refuse, and the game goes to Fort Lawrence, nine to nothing, for we can't play without Lynch and Cooney on the bases." It was a case of unconditional surrender.

The colonel had kindly received the young corporal, had listened to the tale of woe, and sat silently pondering a moment. Then he looked up. "You say the game must go against you without these four men?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. Indeed, I would not play without them. We would far better let the game go by default than have the record published, as it assuredly would be, in the army as well as the local papers, with all the errors scored against us. This nine of ours has not been beaten by any team in the department as yet, and it would be an unearned victory for Fort Lawrence."

Colonel Morris sat keenly studying the young soldier's face. He made no answer for a moment, and when he spoke it was of an utterly irrelevant matter:

"Have you not served somewhere under my command before this, corporal?"

The color sprang to Brent's face. There was an instant of hesitation, then a firm but respectful answer:

"Nowhere, sir. I have been in the army only two years, and this is my first station since leaving the depot at David's Island." Then, as though eager to get back to a more pressing matter, "If the colonel will not consider me as proposing a compromise, and will take it as it is meant, I can promise, I think, that there will be no more of this night prowling across the parade, on the part of our men at least."

Morris looked sharply up from under his shaggy brows:

"What do you mean? What men would have any occasion to cross the parade but the infantry?"

"I mean, in all respect, sir, that there may be men or, at least, a man who, having no occasion to cross the parade, will do so simply for the sake of making trouble. In plain words, a cavalryman, sir."

The adjutant, sitting at his desk, dropped his pen and looked quickly up, and the sergeant-major, going out with a bundle of papers, found means to halt at the office door, as though to hear what might follow. Mr. Mason, the adjutant, turned quietly, caught the sergeant-major's eye, and gave a quick but expressive jerk of the head in the direction of the outer room. The sergeant-major took the hint and vanished.

But the clerks had heard the corporal's intimation that some trooper was connected with the transgression for which the ball-playing quartette were confined. The door was immediately closed, leaving them to draw their own inferences and make their own comments. They did not hear the colonel's next remark :

"If any man in the cavalry is guilty in this matter, there is only one whom I can suspect. Can you name him?"

Corporal Brent flushed again, but finally replied, "I beg the colonel not to ask me to answer, when, as I said before, I have no proof whatever."

Colonel Morris turned and pondered a moment. Finally he whirled about in his revolving chair :

"Corporal Brent, if these four men were of my own regiment I would certainly refuse your request. As matters stand, I will not spoil the chances of the Rifle Nine. They will, therefore, be turned over to you to take their part in the game, and to-morrow must stand their trial before the garrison court."

And when Corporal Brent left the office, infinitely rejoiced, the colonel turned to his staff-officer :

"Where do you suppose the recruiting officers picked up a fellow like that? He has the language of an educated man."

"He was enlisted in New York," was the reply, "and I have frequently noted him on guard. They tell me he has more influence over the men in his battalion than any other non-commissioned officer; and I am glad he has promised that there will be no more of this night business."

And yet, two days afterwards, the colonel sent for Corporal Brent to say that the agreement was being violated. Three soldiers had been seen running from the southwest gate across the parade the night before. The sentry had been taken off on the strength of the arrangement; the Rifle Nine had won the game amidst great enthusiasm, and there was a liberal transfer of Treasury notes in consequence. The infantry and many of the cavalymen were rejoicing in unaccustomed wealth between pay-days, and applications for passes to visit town had been of unusual number. The four culprits had pleaded guilty to their offence and been awarded some light fine. The "dough-boys," fully appreciating the colonel's consideration in the matter, as fully meant to stand by their promise to Brent: it was with not a little feeling, therefore, that they received the news that the compact was violated.

That Saturday evening, in some mysterious way, Corporal Mullen of the guard sprained his wrist just after tattoo; and though Brent was not the next man on the roster, with the adjutant's full consent he appeared armed and equipped at the guard-house and reported for duty as Mullen's successor in charge of the second relief. Examining the list of men absent on pass, he made mental note of two in his own battalion and looked visibly disappointed when he scanned the cavalry names. It had been ordered that all men returning from pass should report at the guard-house, leave their papers with the officer of the guard, and then return to their quarters, those of the infantry battalion passing around outside the officers' houses, those of the cavalry entering their barracks by the rear steps at once.

Three days of sunshine and breeze had dried the ground so that the paths around the post were in perfect order, and, except that it made their walk longer by some two hundred paces, there was no discomfort in obeying the order. The first batch of returning soldiers appeared about half-past eleven, surrendered their passes, and went quietly away to their barracks. Another squad appeared about ten minutes later; but there was still no sign of the two whose names Brent had noted and whose pass expired at midnight. It was then that the young soldier, with the permission of the officer of the guard, strode quickly over to the southwest gate, a hundred yards away.

From here he noted the dispersal of the little party that had been spending the evening at the colonel's; here he had straightened up and, standing under the lamp-post, tendered his soldierly salute to Captain and Mrs. Lane as they passed in front of him, repeating it an instant after when a young lady, with dark, sparkling eyes, looked him quickly over as she tripped by on the arm of her escort; and while the latter held open the gate of the brick quarters at the corner, almost within earshot, she inquired,—

"Who is that infantry corporal, Mr. Hearn?"

"That? Oh, you didn't get here in time for the ball-game, Miss Marshall, or you wouldn't have asked. That's Corporal Brent, captain of the Rifle Nine."

"Can't we persuade you to come in a few minutes, Mr. Hearn?" called Mrs. Lane, in her sweet, cordial voice.

"Yes, do come, Hearn," chimed in the captain, ever ready to second his wife's motion.

The lieutenant hesitated an instant and glanced at the girl who had just stepped within the gate; but, as she said nothing that seemed in any way pressing, he raised his forage-cap, and, pleasantly declining, bade them good-night and went briskly away. Opening her window five minutes later to close the outer blinds, Miss Marshall glanced down from above the piazza roof and saw the corporal of the guard still standing there under the lamp, apparently waiting. He looked quickly up at sound of the creaking shutter, then turned aside. The next moment, before she could fasten the blind, the sentry at the guard-house sung out, "Number One, twelve o'clock." The corporal leaned his rifle against the fence, quickly extinguished the lamp, and all in front of the quarters was darkness.

Down at the guard-house she could see the bleary light of the oil lamp and the dim form of the sentry pacing to and fro; she stood there by the window straining her ears for the watch-call of the distant sentries far over by the haystacks and wood-yard, then nodded her head approvingly at the soldierly ring in the voice of No. 1, as he sung out the final "All's well." Peering through the shutters, she was wondering what had become of the corporal, when the latch of their gate clicked; the rusty hinges gave a sudden squeak; there was a rattle as of a falling rifle, a muttered ejaculation; she could just dimly make out a shadowy form stooping to pick up the gun, and then cautiously reclosing the gate. Then, instead of moving away, there it stood, leaning against the fence. Evidently Corporal Brent had business there

and had come to stay. Instantly she bethought her of the talk she had heard among the officers about the colonel's order prohibiting the men from crossing the parade, of the implied promise that no more violations should occur in recognition of the colonel's having released the quartette of roysterers in time for the great match game, and of the alleged violation of this contract. She was a young woman of quick perception: Brent had evidently posted himself there to capture the malefactors should they appear.

Quarter of an hour passed without the faintest sound from without. She heard Captain Lane extinguishing the lamps in the parlor below, and Mrs. Lane had come tripping up to her door to say good-night, but, seeing that her guest was writing, refrained from coming farther, though Miss Marshall promptly laid aside her pen and diary and cordially bade her enter. All was quiet within and without, and she was just about pulling down the shade, when, peeping through the blinds, she saw the dark shadowy form at the fence move quickly, stealthily into the road. The next moment there came stern, low-toned challenge:

"Halt, you men!"

There was instant scurry and rush; a muttered oath; two shadowy forms darted out by the gate, and, at top speed, their flying footsteps could be dimly heard rushing tiptoe around to the back of the garrison. But there was no pursuit. One man evidently had stood his ground.

"Where are you going?" was Brent's question, in the same low, stern tone.

"To my quarters," was the answer, in accents that were plainly defiant. "Who are you? and what business is it of yours?"

"I am the corporal of the guard, and you are disobeying orders in entering the garrison. Face about and go with me to the guard-house."

"You can't arrest me, by God! I'm going right to my quarters. I'm not going to cross the parade."

"That will do. Face about!" Brent's voice was heard. "You know perfectly well that you disobeyed orders in entering that gate. What's your name?—and your troop?"

"None of your damned business. I'm 'tending to my affairs; you 'tend to yours."

"I am; and I arrest you, whoever you are. Not another word, now, unless you want me to use force."

"Don't you dare lay a hand on me, damn you! I don't recognize your authority. You're not corporal of the guard; I saw who marched on guard this morning, and you were not one of them. Get out of my way, or I'll——" Then came sudden scuffle; an oath; a gasping cry. One man could be heard running with lightning speed to the gloomy outlines of the cavalry barracks, close at hand; another seemed to dash in pursuit. Then came the sound of a stunning blow, the crash of a rifle upon the gravelly road, a heavy fall, a moan. Then—silence.

## II.

There was a frown on Colonel Morris's face on Sunday morning that boded ill for officer or man who could not come up to the standard of the post commander on the forthcoming inspection. The old order of things was still in existence, and a beneficent administration had not yet issued its ban against martial exercises of any kind upon the Lord's day. First call for inspection in full dress had "gone," as the soldiers say, as the colonel appeared in the panoply of his profession upon the front piazza, glancing modified approval at the glistening surface of his top-boots and the brilliant polish of his spurs. Down at the front gate his orderly stood, every item of his dress and equipment a model of soldierly trimness. Out in the centre of the parade a little party of the guard had just lowered the storm-flag that had been hoisted at dawn, and were running up in its stead the great garrison standard, whose folds of scarlet and white lapped out lazily in response to the soft breeze now rising from the westward bluffs. Over at the barracks the men had come pouring forth, the neat dark blue and white of the infantry at the east side contrasting favorably with the glaring yellow trimmings of the cavalry battalion, swarming along the walk and streaming from the stairways and galleries of their crowded quarters, like so many full-plumaged hornets. On the verandas across the parade, helmeted officers and ladies in dainty muslins began to appear, and along the row to his right and left the sheltered porches were similarly occupied. But the post commander stood alone. Madame his better half had visitors. Breakfast was not quite finished, and she was devoting herself to their entertainment, knowing well that her liege lord was feeling in no mood for such light duty.

Almost the first thing that the colonel heard on going down-stairs this bright Sunday morning was an animated colloquy in the kitchen between cook and his man-of-all-work, an old darky who had followed the family fortunes for years. Jake had learned from the police-sergeant, while he was at work on the colonel's boots and spurs, that Corporal Brent had been "slugged" by somebody the night before and was now lying unconscious in the hospital. There was time only for very brief investigation before his guests came down. Mr. Wallace was officer of the guard, and, in response to the message brought by the colonel's orderly, had gone at once to his quarters and made his report.

Somewhere about twenty minutes after midnight, the sentry on No. 1 had called Corporal Werner out, saying there appeared to be something wrong up by the gate. Mr. Wallace, knowing Brent to have gone thither, sprang up and went outside, and saw a light being carried rapidly from Captain Lane's quarters, at the corner, over towards the cavalry barracks. Hurrying around in front, he got there just in time to see the captain and the young lady who had recently arrived, Miss Marshall, raising Corporal Brent from the ground. He was bleeding from a jagged gash over the left eye, and was limp and senseless. After having him carried to the hospital and arousing the steward, it was found that his face and eyes were covered with red pepper. Not a word as to his assailants could be learned. The last men to reach

the garrison were Murphy and Scanlan, two scapegraces of Company F. But the sentry on No. 4 declared they had come around by his post on the south side, whereas Brent was lying almost in front of the quarters of C troop, inside the post. Then, again, Scanlan and Murphy were both sober, and neither of them men who would be likely to assault so popular and respected a fellow as Brent. Indeed, both of them stoutly denied having had anything to do with the case. What was more, Miss Marshall had said that she heard the altercation, heard a scuffle, and heard, though she could not see, that the man ran toward the cavalry barracks with the corporal in pursuit; then came the sound of a shock or blow; then the fall, and, hurrying down-stairs, she had called Captain Lane, and, lighting his little hurricane lamp, she had hastened out along the road, the captain rapidly following; and there at the foot of C troop stairway lay Brent, bleeding profusely.

"It was some of our men that did it, sir," said Wallace, regretfully, "and I'd give a month's pay to prove it on them. I'd give more than that if I thought I could prove that no cavalryman had anything to do with it.

Then the colonel had sent his orderly to ask the doctor how Brent was coming on, and the doctor replied that he was still unconscious and he really could not tell how the case would end. It was from this message the orderly had just returned. Old Morris was greatly disturbed. He had purposed having a review of the entire command, cavalry dismounted, and treating his guests to a stirring and martial sight; but when the assembly sounded he had completely changed his mind, and so informed his wife. "I'm all upset about this affair," he said, "and impatient to begin an investigation."

The band was ordered back to quarters; the captains were notified to inspect their companies on their own parades; and, merely exchanging his helmet for forage-cap and laying aside his sabre, the colonel strode over to the office, passing by the three cavalry troops that were nearest him, even cutting across the parade as though to avoid salute, and appeared directly in front of C troop, that was drawn up, in double rank and at open order, farthest to the south side. Lieutenant Hearn, temporarily in command, was engaged in inspecting carbines, but at sight of the regimental commander discontinued his work and raised his hand to the visor of his helmet.

"Go on, go on, Mr. Hearn," said the colonel, gruffly. "I did not mean to interrupt you." Nevertheless, he who had paid no attention to the other companies plainly halted in front of C, and was scanning the men's faces with eyes that were full of gloom. Next he strode around the right of the line, and passed down in front of the rear rank until he reached the centre, where the tallest men were standing, and where he fixed his gaze upon one soldier, a tall, slender, but muscular fellow; he looked him from head to foot, but passed him slowly without one word. A sergeant file-closer noted that the fingers of the soldier's left hand twitched and closed as the colonel approached, and that a lump seemed to rise in the brawny throat, but was quickly gulped down. There was no other symptom, though, and Lieutenant Mason, the adjutant, who had joined his colonel, saw that the man's



eyes never wavered from their look straight to the front, although he might have paled a trifle under that stern, searching gaze.

Half an hour later, inspection being over, the colonel sat in his office, holding an investigation. The captain of C troop was absent on sick-leave at the time, and the command had devolved upon a young officer who had won a fine record in their Arizona days, and who was regarded throughout the regiment as perhaps the most promising of all the subalterns. He was an excellent horseman, a fine tactician, and a drill-master of whom his men had become vastly proud. Under the mild-mannered sway of their captain, a war veteran of uncertain years, C had fallen about to the foot in proficiency in drill and horsemanship. But the moment young Hearn got command they began the turning over of a very new leaf. Little instruction of any kind except mountain-scouting had been imparted in Arizona, but when they came eastward, and old Riggs, their former colonel, made way for a much better soldier, discipline and drill began on the instant. For a few weeks C troop had to take all the raspings, and the men were disheartened as much by the jeers of their comrades as by the sharp raps of their colonel. Hearn, too, was fretting himself half to death; but when his captain was taken ill and was compelled to turn over the troop to his subaltern, the youngster "took hold" in a way that filled Mason's soul with delight, and that speedily enchanted the men. From being the worst, C troop soon challenged all comers for the right to be called the best-drilled troop at the post, and Captain Lane, of D, had cordially congratulated Hearn on the result of his excellent effort. The young fellow had that faculty, in which so many are lacking, of inspiring the men with enthusiasm and interest; and by the time April was ushered in there was nothing the troopers of C would not do for their young commander.

Black sheep, they say, exist in every flock, and while fifty or more of their men swore by their lieutenant, and were proud to serve under him, there were perhaps two soldiers in the troop who seemed to lose no opportunity of defaming him. One of these was a man named Goss, who had long been on extra or daily duty as clerk for the quartermaster, and whose errors at inspection were of such an exasperating character that Mr. Hearn got authority to make him attend drill until he was reported proficient. This, of course, made Goss, who prided himself on his scholarship and superiority to the general run of the men, anything but happy; and in his wrath and discontent he vented his spleen whenever possible to do so at the expense of his young lieutenant. The other man was a tall, dark-eyed, gypsy-looking fellow, whose name was Welsh, and who for several months, off and on, had preferred to be the captain's "striker," or soldier servant,—take care of his horses, black his boots, polish his spurs and sabre, hew wood, draw water, make the fires, sweep the kitchen, run errands, and do all manner of small chores about the house,—than to do soldier duty with his comrades. When the captain closed up his quarters and left the post, taking his family eastward with him, Lieutenant Hearn moved in to look after them for him. This was by the captain's own request; and, having no use for the services of Welsh, he notified that worthy to re-



turn to duty with the troop forthwith. This Welsh bitterly resented. He insisted that the captain had told him before going that he was to stay in charge of his quarters and be excused from all military duty. Hearn replied that there was probably some mistake, but telegraphed to the captain and obtained immediate reply to the effect that he had never given the soldier any such promise, and that he desired that he be now returned to duty with the troop and taught something of the practical duties of a soldier, which he had too long neglected.

Hearn smiled to himself as he read this, thinking whose fault it was that Welsh had been allowed to live in ignorance of much of the drill, and wondering not a little at the change of heart that seemed to have come over the captain, now that he was fairly away. A smart young corporal was detailed to give the two men thorough instruction in the sabre-exercise and the manual of the carbine and pistol, in addition to which Welsh was now required to attend all roll-calls, stable-duty, and drills with the troop, and take his guard tour every fifth day, and a disgruntled man he was in consequence.

As the captain's "striker" he had led a life of comparative ease, for that veteran officer had long since outlived any ambition to shine in the service, and looked upon it only as a means of livelihood. At the outbreak of the war old Blauvelt was keeping a country store in Ohio, but dropped his yard-stick and sugar-scoop at the first call for volunteers, fought like a man all through the four years' contest, was wounded, and, having risen to be a major of volunteer infantry, he decided in '66 to stick to soldiering, for at that time it was easy to obtain a commission in the regular service if a man had any Congressional influence or connections at all. When the army was remodelled by the drastic process in 1871, and, as a first lieutenant, he was dropped to the supernumerary list from the regiment of infantry with which he had been serving, Blauvelt decided that he was now too old to begin storekeeping over again, and so he made vigorous effort to be retained in the army, and, together with a few other men who did not know a horse from a hand-saw, was transferred to a vacancy in the cavalry, and there the placid old fellow had been ever since.

Rejoining from the East with a batch of recruits, immediately after the arrival of the regiment from Arizona, Blauvelt had resumed command of C troop, and had given directions that the tall, gypsy-looking fellow, Welsh, who was one of the new-comers, should be put in charge of his horses. Next he moved those veteran quadrupeds from the troop-stables to a little barn in the back yard of his own quarters. Then Welsh himself moved his "kit" from barracks to a little room in the barn, and gradually became an inmate of the captain's household, taking his meals under the captain's roof, performing no duty with the troop, exempted from the authority of the first sergeant, yet spending all his leisure moments in loafing among the company quarters, where he speedily gained the reputation of being surly and insolent to the non-commissioned officers and a mischief-maker among the men. For a recruit who had only recently enlisted, it was surprising how much he knew about the ins and outs of soldier life. Sergeant Wren openly accused him of having been in service somewhere before, and, as he

had no papers to show, he must be either a deserter or a "bobtail."\* Welsh angrily denied this, and his ignorance of sabre-drill and certain trooper details seemed to bear him out. "But then," said Wren, "he might have been in the 'dough-boys.'" Welsh avoided the troop quarters for a while after this episode, and was more civil to the sergeants, but right after pay-day he again appeared, eager to try his luck in any game going on. Then it transpired that, if not an expert with saddle and sabre, he was with the cards, and the troopers lost their money to him without exactly understanding how. The first sergeant reported these occurrences to Captain Blauvelt, and the old man seemed greatly vexed. It was established that Welsh had been neglecting the horses while playing his game, but he was not relieved and ordered back to duty with the troop, as had been expected. If anything, he became more insolent in manner to the sergeants than before. The whole affair seemed unaccountable to the other men.

One morning about a month after Welsh's arrival at the post, Lieutenant Hearn came leaping lightly up the steps to make an inspection of the barracks. Corporal Quinn, seeing him approach the quarters, had given word to the men, and those of them who were in shirt-sleeves jumped into their flannel blouses, while others knocked the ashes out of their pipes and put them away. Three or four were seated around a little table playing cards, and among these was the gypsy fellow Welsh, who had been there ever since guard-mount. These men, too, sprang to their bunks and straightened up some items of their "kits," but Welsh still sat at the table, grumbling at the interruption to the game. "Put up those cards, Welsh," said a sergeant, bluntly. "Here comes the lieutenant."

"What do I care?" was the surly answer. "I'm not under his orders. He's got no authority over me."

"Do as I tell you, and be quick about it," was the reply.

"Do it yourself; they ain't my cards. I didn't put them there," answered the man, with an ugly gleam in his black eyes, while he drew from one pocket a piece of chamois-skin and from the other one of the captain's big brass spurs. There was no time for further remark.

"Attention!" came the order from the sergeant who happened to be nearest the door, and the lieutenant entered. Every man on the instant whipped off his cap, and, facing the middle of the long room, stood erect at the foot of his bunk,—every man except one. With his cap on the back of his head, his matted hair hanging down over his eyes, Welsh sat there at the table, coolly polishing the spur.

"Get up there, Welsh!" growled in low, stern tones the first sergeant. "Off with that cap, sir."

For all answer, Welsh cocked his head on one side, and, apparently unmindful of the presence of an officer, became critically and approvingly absorbed in studying the polish which he was imparting to the smooth surface of the spur.

"Did you hear that order? Come to attention, sir!" repeated the sergeant. And the men, astonished at the breach of discipline, looked

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\* A soldier whose discharge-paper has had the "Character" cut off.

curiously at the recruit, now slowly and scowlingly finding his feet. He had not removed his cap when the lieutenant stood before him.

"Why did you not rise with the other men, Welsh?" asked Mr. Hearn, in a quiet and deliberate tone oddly at variance with his usually quick and snappy manner, and the young officer looked straight into the soldier's eyes as he spoke.

"Didn't suppose I had to," was the sullen reply.

"Why not?"

"Well, Tactics say soldiers actually at work don't have to rise and salute officers."

"And what work were you doing?"

"Work for the captain,—cleaning his spurs."

There was a strange silence in the room. This was a new interpretation, and for a recruit decidedly an original one.

"Where did you learn that idea, Welsh?" asked the lieutenant, still calmly, though his blue eyes began to dilate in a way that indicated how thoroughly he appreciated the man's defiant manner.

"Well, no matter; I learned it."

"You have had a very bad teacher, sir. Take your hand out of that pocket!"

An ugly scowl had settled on Welsh's downcast face. He had stuffed the chamois-skin in his blouse pocket, and still stood there in a slouching attitude, with his cap on the back of his head. Slowly, in obedience to the order, he lowered his hand to the side.

"Now take your cap off!"

One could have heard a pin drop all over the big room.

Forty men stood there in silence, listening breathlessly to this strange and unusual colloquy. Reluctantly, yet overawed by the steady gaze in the blue eyes of the young officer, Welsh's hand went up to the cap, then tossed it angrily some distance away. If he expected rebuke on that score it was not forthcoming.

"Now get your heels together and stand attention."

"You've got no right to order me around like this, Lieutenant Hearn. I'm on duty for the captain, I am,—not for any second lieutenant."

For an instant every nerve and muscle in the officer's athletic frame seemed to quiver. His blue eyes blazed with wrath, and his lips set firmly under the blonde moustache.

There was a moment of death-like silence; a gasp or two among the men. Sergeant Wren's bronzed, weather-beaten face was a picture of amaze and indignation. Welsh himself, as though realizing the insolence of his language and dreading the consequences, had finally assumed the position of a soldier,—so far at least as his heels and legs were concerned; but his head hung forward and his eyes glanced furtively about the room as if in search of sympathy; but there was not a soldier to side with him.

"Take that man under guard," were at last the words that fell from the lieutenant's lips.

A corporal stepped quickly forward. "Come on, Welsh," he muttered, in no gentle tone, and led the scowling trooper from the room.

The lieutenant calmly finished his inspection of the quarters, a red spot burning in each cheek, as he walked around from bunk to bunk. Then, as he turned away and lightly descended the stairs, Sergeant Ross's voice was heard to say, "Rest!" The men looked quickly about at one another. Some of them stretched their arms to full length and gave a long sigh, as though to find relief from the strain. And then little Duffy announced his opinion:

"By gad, fellers, if I'd been the lieutenant, I'd have knocked the top of his d——d head off."

The garrison court which tried Trooper Welsh for insubordinate conduct had found him guilty, despite his statement that according to the Tactics he wasn't required to get up and salute, he being at work. The evidence of the sergeants established the fact that he was playing cards when the lieutenant approached, and that the spur-cleaning was a transparent sham, introduced for the occasion and for evident purpose. But in view of the fact that he claimed to believe that, as the captain's orderly, he was not under the lieutenant's orders, in view of the fact that he had apparently been only ten months in service, and of the further fact that his captain gave him an excellent character and pleaded for clemency for the recruit, the court saw fit to let him off easily with a fine. Mr. Mason, the adjutant, and Mr. Hearn were strongly of the opinion that he ought to be returned to the troop at once and taught his duties as a soldier. But the colonel was away just then; Major Kenyon, of the infantry, was temporarily in command, and he would not disturb old Blauvelt's "striker." Indeed, it seemed as though the troop commander was disposed to resent Hearn's having ordered the man to be confined, though the young officer was actually in command that day, the captain being on sick-report. It is certain, too, that Mrs. Blauvelt made some very acrimonious criticisms of the lieutenant's action, and that the first story in circulation in the garrison was by no means creditable to either his tact or temper. Welsh spent only two days in the guard-house this time, but his language during that brief incarceration was such as to intensify the feeling among the men that he was no novice in garrison affairs. He was loud in his threats against the lieutenant, and full of argument as to the propriety of his conduct.

"I *was* at work, by God! and had 'particular occupation,' to use the language of the Tactics, and you'll find it in paragraph 797, and I wasn't required to rise and uncover. Look at it and you will see for yourselves," he complained.

And it was Sergeant McKenna, of the infantry, who retorted,—

"And where did you—a cavalryman—learn the numbers of the paragraphs in infantry tactics, Welsh? And while you were about it, why didn't you learn paragraph 803 as well? that's the one that covers your case, me buck, and, begad! if I'd been there you'd 'a' dropped that spur-r and got on your feet d——d quick, or I'd 'a' jerked the backbone out of yees. Where did you learn your infantry tactics, I say?"

And here Welsh could only redden with mingled wrath and confusion. From this time on the impression gained ground that he was

a deserter from some foot regiment, and one who had again enlisted in the army, but under an assumed name.

Within the week after Captain Blauvelt's departure Trooper Welsh was twice again confined and brought before a garrison court. He had accompanied the captain's family to the train, and, carrying Mrs. Blauvelt's numerous bags and baskets into the sleeper, was borne away, apparently unavoidably. The conductor wired back that he had safely landed him at Barclay, a thriving little town ten miles to the east, and that he had abundant means to buy his ticket back; but he was gone forty-eight hours, and at the expiration of that time was dumped in a dishevelled condition at the post by the town marshal, with the information that if it had not been for the crossed sabres on his cap he would have had him in the county jail for drunken and disorderly conduct and resistance to the officers of the law. "Where does he get his money?" asked that official. "He smashed about twenty dollars' worth of glass windows, and paid all fines, costs, and damages, and yet had some ten dollars to spare." The men in C troop could have told where he got his money, but, as that was won in gambling, nothing was said, by them, about it. Welsh was tried for absence without leave, and coolly pleaded that he had been carried away while serving his captain and was then detained by the civil authorities. Lieutenant Hearn, however, testified that he, who carried one of the children aboard, had ample time to get off, and that Welsh preceded him in getting on the train. The town marshal testified that Welsh was drunk around the village for thirty-six hours, but that nobody interfered with him until his conduct became so outrageous that he was compelled to arrest him. Welsh, therefore, was sentenced to a fine of five dollars and to ten days in the guard-house, simply for absence without leave, attending all drills and stable-duty. Three days later, while he was grooming one of Captain Blauvelt's horses at the picket-line, Lieutenant Hearn's spirited little bay, which happened to be next him playing with the trumpeter's steed across the line, suddenly switched around with his powerful haunches and knocked Welsh's curry-comb out of his hand. The gypsy fellow straightened up, glanced quickly about him, saw that the lieutenant's back was turned, and then, with a vicious gleam in his piercing eyes, drew back his heavily-booted right foot and with all his force kicked the young bay in the stomach. Keogh plunged madly with the sudden pain, and in an instant little Dooley, who was grooming the lieutenant's horse, had thrown down curry-comb and brush and smote the gypsy under the eye, knocking him up against the captain's bulky and placid charger. In another instant, too, Sergeant Wren leaped in and separated the men, Welsh wild with fury, Dooley dancing about in a glow of righteous wrath.

Hearing the noise, the lieutenant sprang to the scene. "Silence, both of you!" he ordered. "What does this mean, sergeant?"

"He struck me, the infernal little cur, and I'll kill——"

"Not a word more from you, Welsh. What made you strike him, Dooley?"

"Look at Keogh's belly, sir," almost sobbed the little Irishman in his rage and grief. "See where he kicked him."

Sure enough, there on the glistening coat an ugly lump was rising and a jagged groove plainly showed where the cruel boot had struck, while Keogh still quivered and trembled. For a moment young Hearn was too angry to trust himself to speak. He stood there with his eyes fairly blazing. At last he turned to the sergeant:

"This man has been frequently cautioned never to strike or kick a horse, I suppose?"

"Every man in the troop has, sir, time and again."

Hearn slowly turned upon the scowling soldier: "It would serve you but right if I kicked you as you have kicked that horse. Brutality of that kind cannot be tolerated here, sir, and you will stand your trial for it. Take him back to the guard-house, sergeant."

"I kicked him because he kicked me," growled Welsh.

"It's a lie, sir," cried Dooley, bursting in. "Sure the horse was just playing, like, and never touched him at all."

"Never mind, Dooley: your evidence will be called for when it is wanted."

"By God! if I'm to be punished for hitting a horse, what's to be done with him for striking a man, I want to know?" exclaimed Welsh, as with a curse he hurled his curry-comb to the ground.

"Come on, you blackguard," muttered Sergeant Wren, as he colared the man. "You can thank God I didn't see you do it. I'd l'arn you never to kick a horse."

It was this affair which led to Welsh's third court-martial in less than a month. And it was Welsh now whom Colonel Morris believed to have been the assailant of Corporal Brent the night before, and the instigator, as well, of more or less of the mischief that had been going on. It was Welsh whom Mr. Hearn more than half suspected. It was Welsh whom Sergeant Wren himself had openly accused when the troop came back from stables Sunday morning. But when Wren was called into the colonel's presence at the office, and asked what he knew, he was compelled to say it could not have been Welsh at all.

"What are your reasons, sergeant?" asked the colonel. And the eyes of the group of officers were fixed on the veteran trooper who stood so sturdily and respectfully before them.

"Because I went through the quarters just after tattoo last night to see how the men had been cleaning up for to-day. Their boots had all been carefully blacked, except the stable-boots, and set at the foot of the bunks, and their blouses and trousers, except the ones they had on, were brushed and folded on their boxes. I took particular note of Welsh's, for he was stubborn about cleaning his things; and about Goss's, too, for Goss has been surly ever since he was made to drill and attend inspection. Sergeant Ross says no man passed through the door before he went to sleep; but any man who wanted to could slip out of a window in his stocking-feet and go down the rear stairway, and then run down to Mulligan's place just outside the reservation and get what liquor he wanted, and come back the same way. I was one of the first, sir, to get dressed to go out after Corporal Brent was hurt. The other corporal of the guard came into my room to get my lantern, and just as soon as they had carried Brent to the hospital I ran up-stairs and made

an inspection. Welsh was there in his bunk, undressed, and apparently asleep. His boots and clothes hadn't been touched. Goss was in his underclothing, half awake. There were his boots covered with dust, and in places still damp with dew. There were the trousers that had been folded, lying loosely across the box. Goss swore that he hadn't been out at all, but I pointed to his boots and trousers, and when the man started up, as though in surprise, to look at them, a pint-flask half filled with whiskey slid from under his pillow." But this was not all, said Wren. Scanlan and Murphy had admitted being joined by a trooper as they came up past the stables. He joined them again after they had reported at the guard-house, a trifle late, had given them a drink of whiskey from his flask, told them the coast was clear and they might just as well slip through the gate and run across the parade: what was the odds, so long as no one knew it? But the instant they heard Corporal Brent's voice, they started and ran until behind the officers' quarters, and then they noted that their cavalry acquaintance had stayed behind. They did not know his name at all,—could not describe him, for it was too dark: all they knew was that he was tall and had a thick, bushy beard. Welsh's face, except the black moustache, was always clean shaved: not so, however, with Goss. He wore a full beard.

At noon on Sunday, therefore, Trooper Goss was behind the bars, awaiting the result of Corporal Brent's injuries. When searched at the guard-house, and his pockets were turned inside out, the corporal of the guard began to sneeze; and then it was discovered that some tiny, tawny-colored particles sticking about the seam were grains of Cayenne pepper, a small packet of which, half empty, was found lying in the road-way, midway between the quarters and the southwest gate.

### III.

It was a lovely May morning, and a warm south wind was blowing through the open windows of Captain Lane's cosy quarters and billowing the dainty curtains of the breakfast-room. Down in the westward valley, close under the bluffs, a white mist was creeping upward from the shallows of the stream, and here and there among the furrows of the company gardens, and along the railway-embankment, little wisps of fog hovered over the soaking earth. It had rained in torrents during the night, but Nature emerged from her bath glowing in the rays of a sunrise that the officer of the day pronounced simply gorgeous, as he turned out for reveille. A man less joyous-hearted than Captain Lane might have found much to delight him in such a radiant morning. But those sunrises were old stories to this particular trooper, and though there was hardly a State or Territory west of the Missouri in which he had not turned out with the lark and welcomed in the new-born day, he seemed just as keen a worshipper of the sun-god as in the buoyancy of his boyish days, when, nearly a score of years before, he had first joined the Eleventh Cavalry. He was a man honored and esteemed in his profession. He was well-to-do in the world, thanks to the prudence and frugality of his subaltern days. He had hardly a



care in the world. He had charming quarters, had a charming station, and he was wedded only during the year before to a woman whom he devotedly loved, and who believed that the world had never contained a man so true and tender and noble as he. A very lovely woman was Mrs. Lane, and a very sweet and winning hostess she made when doing the honors of her army home. There were those, to be sure, who could detect a species of nervousness and a vague anxiety in her manner at times, and there were people—there always are, worse luck!—who could not quite forgive her her present happiness, or excuse it in her that, after having been wooed and won by, and wedded to, the Adonis of the regiment some few years before, she had again wedded, and this time the most eligible bachelor in the command, not much more than two years after the not untimely taking off of her first husband. “No woman ought to be allowed more than one choice out of a regiment,” was the half-laughing, half-rueful remark of some of the army wives who had sisters yet unchosen. They thought Mrs. Lane had rather too much good luck, despite the fact, now well and generally known, that her first marriage was a brief story of sudden disenchantment, of woe and wretchedness, of shame and sorrow unspeakable. Except among the women, the name of her first husband was rarely spoken in the Eleventh; but, unworthy though he was, there were not lacking censors of her own sex to point out time and again how impossible it would have been for them, had they lost a husband in the army, ever to think of taking another in the same regiment, especially when it was known that No. 2 had been in love with her before she met the original conqueror of her maiden heart. That these remarks should in various forms come eventually to her ears one can hardly doubt; and that a cloud should at times overspread the tranquil sky of her sweet home life, no one who knew Mabel Vincent in her school-days could fail to understand. No one at the post, except her own loyal husband, dreamed of the tears she shed over remarks that, wilfully or witlessly, were repeated to her. He strove earnestly to soothe and comfort her. He redoubled his devoted and thoughtful attentions. Women at the fort simply raved over the lover-like ways of Captain Lane to his own wife, and never tired of pointing out to their respective lords and masters how tender and watchful he was. What charming little presents he was always bringing her! “Where did he get such exquisite violets, —such lovely carnations?” “Did you ever see anything sweeter than that locket he gave her last week? It was an anniversary of some kind. She blushed when I asked her, but wouldn’t tell what. He’s always finding excuses for giving her something,” etc. And finally some of his brother Benedicks had come to him with gloomy faces to say that if he didn’t “let up on this sort of thing” they would have to quit the regiment and the service: life was getting to be all one invidious comparison between his loveliness as a husband and their own individual shortcomings in that capacity.

Several months had been spent abroad by Captain and Mrs. Lane after the quiet wedding which united them, and then, joining the regiment at the fort on its return from the Arizona tour, they speedily settled in their army home. For a while the delights of fitting up the



quarters with all the beautiful rugs, curtains, pictures, books, and bric-à-brac they had brought from the East kept Mrs. Lane so busily occupied that she had no time to think of possible criticisms. But it was not long before the captain saw that the cloud he dreaded was settling on her sweet and winsome face. He did not need to ask what had been said to her: he could conjecture what that was full well.

Taking her to his strong heart, he had kissed away the brimming tears, saying, "Something has been said to worry and annoy you, dear one. I do not ask you to tell me; but remember what I have always said: in nine cases out of ten, remarks about people sound very differently when repeated by women—and by a good many men, too—than when originally spoken."

Long years of garrison life had taught him that in the almost endless little tiffs and jealousies among the women, and the occasional misunderstandings among the men, people rushed to confide their side of the story and pour forth their grievances into the ears of next-door neighbors, with whom, as likely as not, they became in turn embroiled within the year, while the quarrel with the original object of their wrath had been long since forgotten. His own policy had been to give every man his ear, but none his voice, when personal matters were under discussion. But he knew well that it would be expecting too much of most women that they should simply listen and not tell. There were admirable and truthful wives and mothers in the little coterie, whose friendship he could have coveted for his wife; but one of the odd features of frontier life is that the impulsive rush for the intimate friendship of the newly-arrived army bride is generally made by those who are most apt to betray her confidence when won, and to give her unfavorable impressions, "absolutely without having said one word against them," of the very ones whose stability of character makes them most desirable as friends and neighbors. Lane noted that the women he most liked and respected were the ones whom she was making visible efforts to regard as he did. Perhaps had he painted them in less glowing colors before she had seen for herself, a very different result might have been reached; for if a man really wants his wife to like another woman whom she has not yet met, the less he says of her perfections the better. Wisely Lane made no attempt to control her opinions, but, as his duties kept him away from the house much of the day, and as there was every prospect of the entire battalion being sent on a long practice-march during the summer, he was a trifle at a loss what companionship to provide for her during the inevitable separation. It was with genuine rejoicing, therefore, that he read one day soon after their arrival a letter from her brother which she silently handed him, and then sat watching his face as he coned its three pages.

The captain finally laid it down and looked across the table, a kind light in his gray eyes. "You want to do something for her, don't you, Mabel?" he smilingly asked.

"Indeed, Fred, I wish I could. She has had such hard fortune, and she is such a true girl. It is cruel to think of her now without a home, and, as Regy says, without a chance of employment. I know

the Woodrows would have been so glad to take her abroad with them as companion, but it's too late for that."

"Regy doesn't say why she left Mrs. Withers, but I fancy I can conjecture," said Lane. "It was there I first met her, at a dinner-party one evening,—when I wanted to be with you."

"And yet were abundantly consoled, as I have heard you say more than once, sir. Oh, she has told me all about it, too. Indeed, if I weren't disposed to be mortally jealous of her wit and wisdom, do you know what I'd do?"

"How can I divine, your ladyship?" asks Lane, his eyes twinkling.

"I'd write and bid her come here to us, and I'd marry her to the nicest fellow in the Eleventh forthwith. Oh, you shouldn't see anything of her, sir. I'd take good care of that. But," with sudden change of tone and manner, "wouldn't it be lovely, Fred?"

"Wouldn't what be lovely?" this profound dissembler asks, though he knows exactly what she is thinking.

"Why, to have her come and live with us and marry in the regiment."

"She isn't very pretty," said the captain, doubtfully, but with the tact of a Talleyrand. "The boys might not admire her when Mrs. Lane was alongside."

"Now, Fred!" exclaims Mistress Mabel, provoked and pleased at once. "You know her eyes are glorious."

"Hum! Passably—when animated."

"When *isn't* she animated? She always enters into everything so heartily. She's so full of fun and life. Why, she would make the ideal army wife, Fred. That girl can do anything."

"Then why condemn her to marrying in the army, Mabel?"

But this question Madame declines to answer. She comes quickly around the table, and, with her arms about his neck, nestles her soft cheek against his bronzed and weather-beaten jowl, burrows under the heavy moustache with her rosy lips, and kisses him lovingly.

"Say I may, Fred," she whispers, coaxingly.

"You may, a dozen times over. I think I rather like it," he laughs, his eyes beaming with delight.

"You stupid boy!" She is shaking him now. "Say I may write and tell her to come right away. Reginald can bring her as far as Kansas City as well as not."

"She'll spoil our *tête-à-têtes*."

"She won't. She'll be having her own before she is here a week. Besides, you're getting tired of them already." She says this, of course, to be contradicted, and is promptly gratified.

The trumpet is sounding "first call," and the captain is compelled to go. "Do as you like, my darling," he gladly answers. "Any friend of yours is welcome; and—I think you might tell her that passes from St. Louis will be forthcoming."

And now, barely two weeks later, Georgia Marshall, for the second time in her life, finds herself an inmate of an army garrison and living a blithe and restful life after years of thankless toil. She was not

originally one of Mrs. Lane's intimates in the home of their girlhood. They had known each other as children, had gone to dancing-school together, but Mabel Vincent's "set" was made up mainly from the young people whose parents were wealthy, and Miss Marshall's father had had to struggle hard for the wherewithal to "keep the wolf from the door." She was only seventeen when compelled to shift for herself. Her mother had been taken from her years before. She had been a loving and devoted daughter to her sad-faced father, and had comforted and blessed the humble home to which he had been forced to retire after some disaster which involved all his savings. And here she worked and studied; and here she gave herself up to the task of cheering his declining years until the feeble thread of his weary life snapped suddenly asunder and she was alone. For a few months she found a home in the army in the household of a relative stationed at the barracks near at hand. But, being determined to launch out for herself, she had sought the position of teacher to the younger children of a wealthy manufacturer and of companion to his wife. This she had held for a few years, sorely tried at times, yet never complaining. She had ample opportunity, at least, to read, to study, and to estimate character. Indeed, it was her keen perceptions that brought about the final rupture between herself and the wife of her employer, herself a distant connection. It was in the days of an early widowhood that Mrs. Lane found herself so frequently in Miss Marshall's company. During the winter the young widow had spent in the South her mother's health was failing, and between the invalid and Miss Marshall there had sprung up a friendship and intimacy for which the daughter at the time could hardly account. But when letter after letter came, telling how the girl managed to run over almost every day and spend an hour or two reading aloud, and then when Mrs. Vincent began to intrust much of her correspondence to these willing hands, Mabel had learned to understand how unselfish was her devotion; and after her mother's death there arose between these two young women—the one widowed, yet cherishing a new-born love, the other a wage-worker and fancy free—a firm friendship which gained strength with every month. It was to Georgia Marshall that Mabel, sobbing with emotion, had first confided the news of her engagement to Captain Lane, and was amazed, yet rejoiced, at the fervor with which her friend had received the tidings. "At last!" she cried. "Oh, I am so thankful! He has loved you so truly,—so long!"

And so, when from brother Reginald's letter Mrs. Lane read the story of Georgia Marshall's final difference with her employers, no time was lost in demanding that she should come to their army home for what Mabel termed a good long rest. She was determined that Georgia should have just as good a time, just as much attention, just as many devotees, as any girl that ever turned the heads of the bachelors of the Eleventh. For the week preceding the young lady's arrival she had been impulsively preparing the young fellows for Georgia's coming and sounding her praises to many a listening ear. Who would not listen to those pretty lips? And therefore there was distinct sense of disappointment among the subalterns when that much-lauded damsel

stepped from the train at the little station and was rapturously enfolded to Mabel's heart. Jim Wallace, who was Hearn's especial chum, and "Lazy" Lee, declared that the new arrival was plain as a pipe-stem, except that her hands and feet were particularly slender and shapely. And Mr. Martin, something of a connoisseur, declared that her eyes were the only redeeming feature of her face. But these gentlemen had seen her only at the station the afternoon of her arrival after a dusty ride; and Hearn himself, being officer of the guard, was not presented until the following day. That evening, however, he was her escort to the little gathering at the colonel's, and was far from content that she did not second the cordial invitation extended by Captain and Mrs. Lane to come in and chat awhile.

But now, three days after her advent, as she comes down to the pretty breakfast-room, drinking in the soft balmy air that floats through the open window, Georgia Marshall's face is by no means plain. Her eyes are deep, dark, full of intelligence and life. Her mouth is large, but the teeth are pearly white and beautifully regular. The instant she speaks or smiles there is transfiguration in her looks, and her manner is all unaffected grace and gladness. Mabel raises her sweet face to meet the warm good-morning kiss. The captain lays down the letter he is conning over, and the perplexed expression vanishes, as he cordially greets her:

"Well, and how did the heroine of Fort Ryan rest last night?"

For every one, it seems, is talking of her pluck and promptitude,—of the oddity of the thing that she, a new arrival, should have been the only one to hear the brief colloquy between that unknown ruffian and the corporal of the guard, that she should have been the first to reach and succor the still senseless soldier, Brent.

#### IV.

Out along the grassy slopes the liveliest of trumpet-calls were ringing. Long lines of mounted skirmishers were advancing in mimic attack against the bluffs to the north of the wide valley. Assembly and deploy, rally and charge, followed each other in quick succession, and the piff-paff of carbines far out on the eastern flank was answered by sweeping dash of whirling sabres and thunder of galloping hoofs. Here and there the bright hues of the guidons lent color to the sombre effect of service dress and treeless prairie. And along the bold crests that spanned the northern sky-line groups of gayly-attired spectators, where parasol and fan, scarf and handkerchief, seemed fluttering in constant motion, watched the busy scene on the flats below. Several buggies and carry-alls had driven out from the neighboring town; three or four ambulances and Concord wagons were present from the post itself; and one light open barouche, drawn by two stylish bays and driven by a dignified negro, was evidently a centre of attraction for many eyes. Herein were seated Mrs. Lane and her guest, Miss Marshall, with their near neighbors, the wife and sister of Mr. Wharton, first lieutenant of Lane's troop. Several ladies from the fort had alighted from their various vehicles and were gathered in lively con-

versation about the barouche. Others, seated along the crest, were watching the evolutions, and commenting, as is their wont, on the horsemanship or voice of this officer or that. Every now and then some town buggy would drive close beside the one stylish-looking carriage, and its occupants would gaze with much curiosity upon the party therein. As a rule, these gazers were women, possibly friends of some of the post people, and this was not a matter to be much objected to. But one buggy, drawn by a gray horse, contained two men whose appearance Miss Marshall's keen eyes had noted as they passed the first time and closely scrutinized as they came down the next. One was flashy in dress; both were loud in their talk and swaggering in manner; both were smoking cigars of questionable origin, and one of them had the unmistakable cut of the German Jew. Any one could "place" him, even had he maintained silence, while, on the other hand, his coarse tones would in the blackest darkness have proclaimed his class. Both times they passed they stared boldly at the occupants of the carriage and critically inspected the team and appointments,—the second time driving close alongside and perceptibly slackening up to have a better look. Mrs. Lane flushed under such bold scrutiny, and the other ladies looked embarrassed and annoyed.

"Ugh! those horrid men!" spoke Mrs. Morris, the colonel's wife, who drove up just in time to catch a whiff of malodorous smoke. "Who are they? and what are they doing here?"

"One is a Mr. Schönberg," answered Mrs. Brodie, of the infantry. "He used to be a clerk here at the post trader's several years ago, I am told; but he has his own store in town now, and they say he's an awful cheat; no one will deal with him,—from the post at least. I don't know the other man at all. He is a stranger."

"They are particularly rude in manner, it seems to me," said Mrs. Morris. "I wish the colonel would keep such people away from the reservation."

"That man likes to be impudent, Captain Brodie says. He was put off the reservation some years ago and ordered never to come on again. He was caught smuggling liquor to the men, and had been for months lending them money at scandalous interest, and every one knew, and knows now, that he has the worst kind of influence on them. Indeed, Mrs. Morris, I wish the colonel would keep him out, although I suppose some of the men—the most vicious among them—would go to his place in town whenever they wanted money or liquor. He probably ventures out here because the Eleventh has just come to the garrison and he supposes Colonel Morris to be in ignorance of his character and of the orders that had been given by his predecessor. Major Kenyon knows him well enough; and the colonel of the —th Cavalry gave strict orders that he should not be allowed even to cross the bridge. But then none of your regiment know him, I suppose."

"Mr. Hearn knows him, Mrs. Brodie," promptly spoke a young lady who wore not inconspicuously the gold crossed rifles of the infantry.

"Why, how can that be, when he has been here no longer than the other officers of the Eleventh?" was the immediate reply.

"He was stationed here the winter following his graduation. He was still an additional second lieutenant then. You remember he did not get his promotion to the Eleventh until nearly a year after he left the Point. At least that is what Mr. McDonough says." And, Mr. McDonough being the owner of the crossed rifles, the damsel blushes becomingly.

"Oh, I remember," answered Mrs. Morris. "Mr. Hearn told us he had been stationed here for one winter; but he didn't seem to like it much then."

"Wasn't Mr. Hearn a little wild in those days?" inquired Mrs. Brodie. "It seems to me I have heard as much from some of the towns-people. You've no idea what gossips they are. Why, I've learned ever so much about your predecessors, the —th, that I never dreamed of before they left. A good deal about Mr. Hearn, too." And the lady looks tentatively at Mrs. Lane, as though inviting further question. But, glancing an instant from that young matron's flushing face, she finds Miss Marshall's big dark eyes fixed upon her with a scrutinizing, penetrating expression that in some way disheartens her. "I beg pardon, though," she hastens to say: "I think I have heard Mr. Hearn and Captain Lane were particular friends. Of course all this happened long ago, and he has probably outlived his youthful propensities."

"I never heard of Mr. Hearn as anything but a most dutiful and excellent officer," said Mrs. Lane, quietly. "Captain Lane is very fond of him."

"Certainly, if he had been a dissipated man, or a gambler, or—anything else," says Mrs. Morris, with proper spirit, "my husband would have been apt to know it; but——"

"Oh, it wasn't that," interposed Mrs. Brodie. And just at this instant three or four officers came cantering up the slope, taking advantage of a brief rest to pay their *devoirs* to the fair spectators.

Miss Marshall noted that, as this group approached, the buggy with its objectionable occupants drove slowly away in the direction of the fort. Half an hour later, as they were bowling rapidly homeward over the hard prairie road, they came upon the infantry battalion, also skirmishing. Everybody but the guard seemed out at drill, and the post was practically deserted. Entering the garrison limits, Cassius, the colored coachman, guided his bays down the slope between the guard-house and the post trader's store and then up the incline to the southwest gate, preferring this road to going along the garrison in front of the barracks of the men. The ladies were chatting blithely, but both Miss Marshall and Miss Wharton noted that the buggy with the gray horse was halted at the store railing, and at the door stood the two men in civilian dress and a third in the undress uniform of the cavalry. All three stared intently at the occupants of the barouche with that singular expression of mingled impudence and familiarity which is so marked a characteristic of the street loafers always hanging about the corners of certain thoroughfares of our Western cities where the police are not yet instructed in those rules of civilization which require such parties to be moving on. As the ladies were whirled by,

Mr. Schönberg was seen to wink expressively, and the soldier, a dark-faced, beetle-browed fellow, with his hands in his pockets, looked after them and grinned.

"How annoyed Mr. Hearn would be," said Miss Wharton, "if he could have seen that performance!"

"What do you mean, Lucy? Those horrid men again?" asked her sister, who, being on the back seat with Mrs. Lane, had not seen the soldier's face after they passed him by.

"The men are impertinent, certainly; one expects nothing better of that class of people; but all the soldiers are so respectful and courteous to our ladies, generally, it is a pleasure to meet them. Haven't you noticed how different they are from—well, from that one, Miss Marshall?"

"Yes, indeed, not only here, but in the old artillery barracks where I once visited. I am sure Mrs. Curtis, my cousin, knew the name of every man in the two batteries, and always had a pleasant word for them when we met. They always took off their caps, though some of the old sergeants, to be sure, saluted just as they would to an officer. This man was a contrast to the general rule."

"Perhaps he is not of our regiment," suggested Mrs. Lane, "and does not know the ladies."

"Unluckily he is of 'ours,'" said Mrs. Wharton. "That is Welsh, of C troop, and he was Captain Blauvelt's 'striker.' Mr. Wharton says he is a bad character, and that there was something very strange about the way the captain kept him by him all the time he was here. Why isn't he at drill, I wonder?"

"Possibly he's on guard," said Mrs. Lane. "The guard-house is only a stone's-throw away."

"He's never far from the guard-house," laughed Mrs. Wharton, as she sprang from the carriage at the Lanes' gate. "But he's not on guard to-day, unless he has taken off his belts. There! they have gone in to the bar. How I wish the colonel would close that place!"

Half an hour later, all in a glow after their rapid drill, four or five young officers strode, laughing and chatting, into the club-room at the store, and, throwing off belts, caps, and gauntlets, proceeded to bury their moustaches in the foaming glasses of cool beer which the attendant promptly supplied. Over on the other side of the establishment loud voices could be heard in animated talk, and presently Lieutenant Lee called out to the attendant to close the door leading over into the bar. Mr. Stone, the trader, entered at the moment, looking a trifle vexed.

"Those men are making quite a racket in there, Stone. Who are they?" asked the lieutenant.

"A couple of fellows from town, and Welsh, of C troop."

"Welsh!" exclaimed Mr. Hearn, who was glancing over the pages of a late paper. "Why, he has no business here! That man is on sick-report, under the doctor's care. Has he been drinking?"

"They've all been drinking, more or less. If I had known Welsh was on sick-report I would have told Billy not to sell him anything."

"Why, that man was told that he must stay in quarters all the time the command was at drill. It's a rule in the troop when a man



is excused from any duty he must remain in quarters during the performance of it. Just tell him to step outside," said the lieutenant. "Say I wish to see him." And, picking up his cap and gauntlets, Mr. Hearn strolled from the room and went around to the east front. There, through the open door-way, the conversation within became distinctly audible, and Captain Brodie, of the infantry, who was officer of the day, returning from his morning inspection of the sentries down about the wood-yards, hearing the loud talk, turned and came rapidly over towards the store.

"Who do you say wants me?" Welsh's voice was heard to ask, as he stood unsteadily at the bar.

"The lieutenant,—Lieutenant Hearn, man: he's waiting for you outside," said the bar-tender, in tones that plainly told his anxiety.

"He be d——d! I ain't under his orders. I'm on sick-report. The post surgeon is the only man who can give me orders to-day, and don't you forget it."

"Go instantly, Welsh, or I'll call for the guard," said Mr. Stone. "You're more than half drunk now.—Don't give that man another drop, Kirby.—Go at once, Welsh." And now Lieutenant Hearn's erect figure appeared at the door-way.

"Welsh, come here," was all he said.

Slowly and with surly mien the soldier turned, glowering at his superior, set down the glass, and then slouched across the floor toward the young officer, but halted short of the door-way.

"Come out here, sir," said the lieutenant, sternly, stepping a little to one side.

"What for? I ain't on duty to-day," was the sullen answer.

"No arguments, Welsh. We've had too much of that from you. Go instantly to your quarters, and stay there. You got excused from drill on account of illness, and you know perfectly well the troop rule. You have no business to leave the barracks, much less to be drinking here."

"The doctor didn't give me any such orders," muttered Welsh, still hanging back, "and he's my commanding officer to-day."

For all answer Mr. Hearn sprang quickly forward, grasped the coat-collar of the soldier in a muscular hand, and, without violence, but with quick determination, marched him forth into the sunshine.

"By G—d, lieutenant, you'll pay for this!" screamed Welsh. "I don't allow any man to lay hands on me." And then, the instant he was released, he turned and shook his clinched fist at his young superior. Before another word could be said, the corporal of the guard with a couple of men, answering the signal of the officer of the day, came bounding to the spot.

"Take that man to the guard-house," said Captain Brodie, boiling over with indignation.—"I'll attend to this case, Mr. Hearn. I witnessed the whole thing."

And, swearing and struggling in the grasp of the guard, Welsh was led away. Brodie saw him safely landed in the guard-room, then turned back to the store. The two civilians, who had silently witnessed this scene, were exchanging significant glances from time to time, and



some low-whispered words. "His name's Brodie," Schönberg was heard to say. "You've got Hearn." But when the officer of the day reappeared at the door-way they turned their backs and were apparently absorbed in the discussion of the cocktails which the barkeeper somewhat grudgingly set before them. Brodie took a good look at the pair, but, as they carefully refrained from showing their faces, he remained but a moment at the door-way, and then, with a dissatisfied shake of the head, turned and walked over toward the garrison.

The trumpet was loudly pealing orderly call a few minutes later as the men came marching up from stables, their sabres clanking and their spurred heels ringing along the road. The instant the ranks were broken in front of the barracks a rush was made by dozens of their number for the cool refreshment of the trader's beer, and the bar was speedily crowded with their stalwart, dust-covered forms and ringing with their jovial voices. Some of them looked askance at the strangers, but Schönberg assumed an air of joyous good-fellowship.

"Just in time, boys," he called aloud. "Come right up and have it with me. Here, Billy, ask all these gentlemen to take a glass of beer. I always swore by the cavalry, anyhow: didn't I, Billy? That's right, boys: fill 'em all up; and when you get into town come around and see my place." And with that he began distributing printed business-cards among them.

Some of the men accepted the cards and the proffered hospitality; others seemed to hang back. One or two non-commissioned officers drew away to one side by themselves and signalled to the barkeeper that they wished to be served privately and not included in the Israelite's treat.

Meantime, Captain Brodie had gone in search of the commanding officer. The roll of the drum and the peal of the trumpet sounding mess-call speedily emptied the bar of the blue-bloused throng. But Mr. Schönberg and his companion had been drinking just enough to be aggressively hospitable. The next thing that Kirby knew, the former was lurching around the building with his friend in tow, and, to his consternation, made as straight as his legs would permit for the door of the officers' club-room. Three or four of the young gentlemen were still there, sipping "shandygaff" and glancing through the papers. These looked up in evident surprise at the flushed features and flashy attire of the stranger who so confidently and jovially entered, his companion following closely in his wake.

"G'mornin', gen'lem'n," exclaimed Mr. Schönberg, holding forth a pudgy hand and beaming effusively upon Lieutenant Lee. "Welcome to Fort Ryan, gen'lem'n. Permit me to 'ntr'duce m'self: Mr. Levi Schönberg; 'n thiz's my partic-ic-l'r frien', Mr. Abrams,—Mr. Abrams, of Chicago, gen'lem'n. Miss'r Abrams, thiz's my frien'—Lieuten'nt—I—I didn't catch y'r name, sir."

"My name is Lee," said that young gentleman, shortly, and withdrawing the hand of which Mr. Schönberg had possessed himself.

"Lee,—Lieutenant Lee, of the Eleventh Cavalry, Mr. Abrams. Gen'lem'n, I knew all your old frien's of the —th that was here. We were very intimate, all of us, and—excuse me, I didn't catch y-your

name, sir," turning now on Lieutenant Martin. "Gen'lem'n, we're just going to open a quart bottle—my 'xpense. Here, Billy, you son of a gun, bring in the champagne-glasses,—the best you've got. Pommery Sec—Pommery Sec's my wine, gen'lem'n; but if you prefer any other s-say so. W-w-what will you have, Mr.—Mr.—?"

"I don't drink at all, thank you," said Mr. Wallace, briefly. "Come, Martin, going up to luncheon?" he said, turning shortly from the pair of invaders.

"Don't go yet, gen'lem'n. Just one glash champagne,—good-fellowship, you know. Hope I don't 'fend?"

"Not a particle, sir; not a particle," said Martin. "Only you will have to excuse us. We can't drink and shoot too, you know. We've got to be on the rifle-range in half an hour.—Coming, Lee?" Mr. Lee had risen, and was about to move, when Mr. Schönberg threw his arm over the young gentleman's shoulders, striving to detain him.

"Kindly remove your arm, Mr.—Mr.—whatever your name may be," said Lee, his brows knitting and his mouth setting angrily. "I object to drinking champagne in the morning, and to being embraced by strangers at any time."

But at this moment Mr. Stone, the post trader, came hurrying in. He looked aghast when he caught sight of what was going on. Springing forward, he seized the Israelite roughly by the arm.

"Come out of this, Schönberg," he ordered. "You know perfectly well you've got no right whatever to come on this reservation, much less in this room."

"Pray do not disturb the gentlemen, Mr. Stone," said Martin. "We will gladly vacate in their favor."

"Don't you attempt to put me out of here, Stone," shouted the Jew. "I know you. I know what I'm about. You just touch me or let anybody else here in this d——d cowardly hole, and you'll see what'll happen."

The three officers had silently left the room, and were now quietly walking away from the building; but at the sound of a scuffle Lee stopped short.

"Here," he said, "those men are drunk and may do harm. We mustn't leave Stone in the lurch."

"What's the trouble?" queried Mr. Hearn, who had been inspecting the dinner of his troop and now came hurrying down the slope from the barracks. At this very instant, too, Schönberg came backing out of the club-room door, shaking his fist at Stone, who silently and yet threateningly followed; and Schönberg's voice was shrill with rage. Behind them both, his hands in the pockets of his spring overcoat, saying not one word, but glancing quickly about from man to man, followed Mr. Abrams, of Chicago.

"Mr. Hearn," said Stone, "you were here before I came, and you know this man: were not the orders given that he should never again show his face on the reservation, and that he should be put off if he came?"

"Exactly," answered Hearn. "And the sooner you leave it now, Mr. Schönberg, the better it will be for you."

"I'm minding my own business." (He called it, "peezez.") "You mind yours. Maybe you think I've forgot you; but I'll show you. I've had it in for you ever since four years ago, young feller, and just you keep away now, and don't you interfere, or you'll catch it where you don't expect it."

"I'll give you thirty seconds to get in that buggy and drive off, Mr. Schönberg," was Hearn's reply. "Unless you want to be hauled out by the guard, you will start at once. It isn't the first time I've found you stirring up insubordination here."

Schönberg reached his buggy, but kept up his furious language. His companion, still silent, scrambled in, his restless eyes wandering from face to face. The thirty seconds were well-nigh gone when the Jew, aided by Stone's supporting arm, lurched into his seat and picked up the reins. Shaking the whip over Stone's head, he shrieked so that all could hear,—

"By G—d! you may dink you've heard the last of dis—dis outrage; but you'll see! you'll see! If you don't get roasted for dis, dare ain't any newspapers in dis country. I got *your* name down four years ago, Mr. Second Lieutenant Hearn, and now, by G—d! you'll see——"

And then, with an angry lash of his whip upon the flanks of his startled gray, Schönberg with his companion drove rapidly down the road past the stables. As they turned the corner, Mr. Abrams drew from his overcoat pocket a fat note-book and glanced back over his shoulder with a significant smile. .

## V.

An anxious group had gathered that afternoon over near the hospital. Corporal Brent's symptoms were all indicative of concussion of the brain, and, though the surgeon said there had been no fracture of the skull, he was fearful that fatal consequences might ensue. Among his comrades of the infantry battalion the young soldier was by long odds the most popular and beloved man in the ranks, and that he should have been "slugged," as they expressed it, in the discharge of his duty by some scoundrel of a cavalryman, was developing a very ugly feeling at the post. Murphy and Scanlan had been sent to Coventry among their own comrades for having lent a willing ear to the wiles of the tempter and so led on to the tragedy that followed. Colonel Morris had ordered that Goss should be confined in a cell apart from the ordinary prisoners; but when confronted with the array of a dozen garrison malefactors, neither Murphy nor Scanlan was able to fix on any one of them as the man who accosted them the night of the tragedy and gave them drink at the southwest gate. Goss was like him in size and beard, they said, but that was all that they could assert. It was enough, however, to prompt some of the infantrymen on guard to scaring the prisoner's life almost out of him. He piteously implored the officer of the day at his next visit not to keep him there,—the "dough-boys," he said, had sworn they would lynch him if Brent died,—and again and again he declared himself innocent and the

victim of some conspiracy. When Colonel Morris was informed of the threat, he decided to send the man to the neighboring town and the custody of the civil authorities, that he might be tried by their courts in the event of a fatal termination to the corporal's injuries, but waited until afternoon before issuing the orders in the case.

Major Kenyon, who had taken a deep interest in Brent for some months past, and who had recommended him to study for a commission, was just coming from the hospital ward when Mr. Hearn, passing by the sad-faced group of soldiers who were chatting at the steps, came quickly forward to meet the field-officer:

"How does he seem now, major? I had intended coming earlier, but was detained."

"Just holding his own. I wouldn't go in, if I were you, Hearn. I think footsteps only worry the doctor now.—There is no great change, men," he kindly spoke, as the little knot of soldiers respectfully saluted and looked inquiringly at him. "He has a good fighting chance yet, with his splendid constitution. We can only hope for the best.—Come on, Hearn; I want to ask you something. What's this I hear about your having trouble with that fellow Schönberg?"

"Oh, I had no especial trouble, major: he was out here drunk, I should say, and had got that man Welsh of my troop drinking, so that the fellow was insubordinate again, and the officer of the day ordered him confined. Then Schönberg, it seems, went into the club-room, and, after he had been treating the men to beer in the bar, insisted on treating to champagne and introducing himself to several of the officers who were there. Stone came in and ordered him out, and when I happened along, hearing the noise, he appealed to me as to what the orders in his case had been, and, as I knew that he had been forbidden even to come on the reservation, I told him that if he didn't go, and go at once, I would send some of my men to escort him. Of course he was very violent and abusive, but I paid no further attention to it."

"D—n that villain!" said the major. "He has done more to demoralize the men in this post than all the toughs and gamblers in the community combined. Our fellows have got to know him so thoroughly that the best class of them, at least, steer clear of him entirely; but there was a time when a great many of them never went to town without getting drink or money at his place and having to pay very heavily for it afterwards."

"Oh, I knew him well the first winter I ever spent here," said Hearn. "He was clerk in the sutler's store then; and it was just before I left that he was discharged by his employer, who is dead now. Then he came prying around the barracks at night, bringing liquor to the men, and gamblers out with him from town, playing in the non-commissioned officers' room, fleecing them so badly that they finally complained, and then the order was issued that he shouldn't be permitted on the reservation at all. He had a friend with him to-day whom he was showing around and whom he insisted on introducing: Martin says he called him Abrams, from Chicago."

"Abrams! I don't know anything about him, but the mere fact

of his being here with Schönberg is enough to make me look upon him with suspicion. They were having a confidential talk with your man Welsh, I'm told. Now, what do they know of him? where have they met him before?"

"I can't say, major: he was in the captain's 'household brigade,' and it is only recently that I have had anything to do with him. Of course he has been in and out of town a dozen times the past month, so he never lacked opportunity."

"The doctor tells me you had to haul him out of the bar-room by the coat-collar, and that he threatened and abused you. Take my advice, Hearn; don't ever touch a soldier, no matter how wrong he may be. You should have called for a file of the guard if he would not obey."

"I had no authority over the guard, major, and I had over Welsh. I simply stepped inside, collared him, and marched him out into the sunshine; then Captain Brodie came— Ah! here's the colonel."

They had turned into the quadrangle at the moment, and came face to face with the post commander, who, followed by his orderly, was crossing the green parade, swinging his cane in the nervous and energetic way peculiar to him.

"Mr. Hearn," he said, in his quick, almost gruff manner, "the officer of the day tells me he has confined Welsh, of your troop, for insubordination and for threatening you, and that he had been at the store with some men from town who were forbidden the reservation: you know the men, I'm told."

"Only one of them, sir. I knew that Jew, Schönberg, the first winter I was stationed here."

"Well, Captain Brodie says he also used threatening language towards you. What does it mean? What could he have to threaten you with?"

"Nothing, sir," answered Hearn, promptly. "At least," and now the hot blood seemed bounding to his temples,— "at least nothing that I have any fear of. He is a blackguard, and I was utterly inexperienced when I came here, so that he got me into some embarrassment in money-matters at the time. It was settled long ago, and I have no idea what he thinks he can trump up now. He used to be clerk and attendant at the store here when old Braine——"

"Yes, yes, I know," said the colonel, impatiently. "It is odd that you young gentlemen will put yourselves in the hands of such people. Now, that fellow has been kept off the reservation all these years, yet here he comes again because he seems to think he has a hold on you, and dares to disobey orders as a consequence."

"I protest, colonel," said Hearn, flushing hotly, "I am in no wise responsible for his actions. You can have the details of the trouble he gave me at any time, and I can show you the papers that long since ended the matter. He has no hold on me, sir, whatever." And the young officer stood before his commander looking both grieved and indignant at the imputation conveyed in the latter's words.

"Well, well, Mr. Hearn, I do not mean to say that he has any ground, only you young gentlemen cannot be too careful about your

associates. Contact with such *canaille* as this must defile you just as much as pitch.—Now, Major Kenyon, how is Corporal Brent?"

Thus having the last word, and having conveyed to the young subaltern a distinct sense of rebuke, Colonel Morris abruptly intimated his desire that nothing further should be said upon the subject. So long as he chose to transfer his attention to Major Kenyon the commander could, of course, prevent further remonstrance; but as Mr. Hearn stood there in evident readiness to resume his own defence, and as the colonel knew very well that he had hardly been fair to him, since Hearn's character had been most exemplary ever since his joining the regiment, his better nature told him that he ought in further words to let the young fellow down easily, as the army expression goes. For reasons of his own, Colonel Morris did not wish to unbend, however, in presence of the infantry major, his second in command. No sooner had he finished his inquiries than he turned to Mr. Hearn again:

"I do not mean to say, sir, that any reason exists for that man's threats, only that I consider it most unfortunate that you or any young officer should ever have put himself in the power of that class of people."

Hearn would have retorted, but for a moment he could not find words at once respectful and convincing. The colonel, having delivered this final volley from his entire line, now promptly retired before the other side could rally, and, as though covered by the smoke of his own fire, tramped away across the parade, leaving the two officers gazing silently after him. The orderly, with hand to cap-visor, sprang briskly past the pair and stalked away in the wake of his cane-twirling commander.

At last Kenyon spoke: "Come, Hearn, when you're as old as I am you'll not fret yourself over glittering generalities like that. Every colonel, I suppose, is full of wise saws and modern instances and must shoot 'em off occasionally. I'll be just as full, no doubt, if I live to be a colonel. It has taken me thirty years' soldiering to get out of company duty, and the Lord only knows how long it will be before I can swap this gold leaf for the silver. Come along, man; I'm going to Lane's a moment to ask the ladies to drive to town this evening, and there's nothing like the women-folk to help one out of the grumps. There they are on the piazza now,—the women, not the grumps. And, by the powers! yonder comes young Lee in his riding-boots to ask Miss Marshall to try a canter."

But Hearn shook his head: "I can't go now; I'm all upset by this thing, major. By heaven! isn't it enough to make a man swear, that a low cad like that can come into his daily life and poison the ears of his friends and associates with slander and innuendo, and that I have to listen in silence to such rebuke as that the colonel gave me?"

"Well, that's what you get for being in the army, my boy. Three days ago you were taking issue with me at Lane's because I said if I had my life to live over again the army was the very last profession I'd seek in this country, and you thought you loved it. Here's Lane, now," he continued, as the gray-eyed captain strolled up and laid his hand kindly on the young officer's shoulder.

"I'm trying to pull Hearn out of the grumps, Lane. Haul him along with us, or he'll be doing something desperate. You remember how enthusiastic he was three days ago,—loved his profession, would rather be a soldier than a railway magnate, wouldn't swap his commission for a million in the four-per-cents. Fetch him along."

And between them, half laughing, half sympathetic, the two officers convoyed their junior towards the shaded veranda where were seated Mrs. Lane, Miss Marshall, and other ladies busy with their needlework and probable gossip. Miss Wharton was of the party, and there were two or three callers. They had noted the colonel's soldierly figure as he tramped across the parade, and were quick to see the two officers coming along the gravel walk. Mrs. Lane half rose, and, smiling brightly, bade them enter. Forage-caps were raised in acknowledgment and salutations exchanged, but the trio hung outside. The major by this time was talking vehemently. Lane was looking grave and anxious. The same perplexed expression was on his face that had been noted at the breakfast-table when reading that letter just before Miss Marshall's entrance the day before. Hearn's face was clouded.

"How can they encourage Major Kenyon to be dilating on his pet hobby?" petulantly exclaimed Mrs. Graves. "He is the most pessimistic, cynical, prosy old crank in the whole service, and will bore them to death. There, now he's backed them up against the fence, and there is no hope for them.—*Do* come in here out of the hot sunshine, Major Kenyon: you can harangue all you like here just as well." But Kenyon paid no attention to his fair comrade of the infantry. For years the women of the —th Foot had made common cause against him, despite the fact that he was one of their most devoted admirers. When Mrs. Lane again called to them to come in and sit on the veranda, however, the captain calmly took his two friends by the elbows and steered them through the gate. Another moment, and the ladies were settling back into their seats, and the major had the floor.

"Yes, Mrs. Lane, I *am* a crank, as my good friend Mrs. Graves has doubtless told you: I have reason to be, and the crank's wound up to-day. Your husband and Hearn here have been combating my views about the desirability of the army as a vocation, and—— I crave your pardon, Miss Marshall, for 'talking shop.'"

"I'm deeply interested, Major Kenyon," responded that young lady. "Go on, I beg of you."

"Well, my views are founded on long experience, and not the very pleasantest. I say—and I say it after years of reflection—that the more a man may love his profession, the better a soldier he is, the more jealous of the honor and reputation of his cloth, the less can he afford to take a position in the army of the United States. Why? Why, because the great mass of the people have no conception whatever of the duties that devolve upon us, of the life we lead, of the trials we encounter. In time of peace they think they have no use whatever for an army, and declare that we do nothing but loaf and drink and gamble. They are *taught* to think so by the press of our great cities, and, never having a chance to see the truth for themselves, they accept the views of their journalists, who really know no more about it than they do,



but do not hesitate to announce as fact what exists only in their imagination. Ever since the war these attacks in the papers have gradually increased from year to year. Now, my home is in Chicago, and, naturally, I read the Chicago papers. I was five years tramping, scouting, skirmishing all through Arizona and Wyoming without ever seeing the inside of a city or even of a railway-car. We lived on hard tack and bacon and what we could pick up when we couldn't get them. We lost many a good soldier in Indian battle during that time, and at last I got a wound that laid me up and sent me home. I hadn't seen the place in seven years. My boyhood had been spent there. Dozens of my relatives and old school-mates lived there, and I looked forward with pleasure to the rest and joy I should have at the old firesides. I didn't suppose that people really believed all the outrageous flings the *Times* and the *News* and the *Sun* and the *Herald*, let alone the *Trades-Union Gazette* and the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, had indulged in at the expense of the army. But I had to wear my uniform for three or four days about the old home, and not only street-boys but grown men respectfully dressed jeered and hooted at the dress that for years in the rebel South and all over the frontier had never been treated with insult. Old school-mates patronizingly asked me over their card-tables at the clubs, what on earth I could find to do with myself in the army, and why I didn't quit it and come in here and try to be something. You know perfectly well, Lane, that when you were recruiting in Cincinnati you had just such questions put to you, and you had been through one campaign after another for years. The general manager of the Midland Pacific, every mile of whose road through the Sioux country I and my men had helped to build by standing off the Indians day after day and having many a sharp fight doing it,—this general manager, I say, met me at the Union League and asked me how I had 'managed to kill time on the frontier,' and remarked that it must be a very demoralizing life. He was out next day in a circular cutting down the wages of some twenty thousand employees ten per cent., but thought the rank and file of the army were treated rather like dogs by their superiors. A man, he said, must be at the lowest ebb of self-respect to enlist in the army; as though every one of his army of twenty thousand hard-working, hard-slaving men was not infinitely more at the mercy of a single official than could ever happen in the army of the United States. My own people, by Jove! were so impressed by what they had been reading for years in the papers of army life and army officers that they were perpetually urging me to quit the service and come in and begin life over again at forty-five,—clerking or something. Why, only ten years before, their homes had been rescued from the mob, after police and militia had been whipped to the winds, only by the prompt rush of the regulars from the frontier. Oh, they lionized the 'shoulder-strapped autocracy' then, and for just about one week it wasn't fashionable for a decent paper to lampoon them; but the moment the danger was over their gratitude fled with their anxiety. I tell you, the papers that are sold for two and three cents in our big cities have to pander to the prejudices of the masses to keep alive, and there is no surer way of tickling the palates of the populace than by ridiculing or abusing the army officers, and in lending



themselves to this the editors, of course, influence the judgment of people of a much better class,—the great middle class, so to speak, of the whole nation.”

“It isn’t at all so where I come from,” interposed Hearn, promptly. “At home all my kinsfolk are proud of my being in the army.”

“Ah! you’re a Southerner, Mr. Hearn, and your people are all Americans. All through the North, however, we have an immense foreign population that has fled from the Old World to escape military duty. They hate the very sight of a soldier. Three-fourths of the people of some of our big cities are of foreign birth or parentage. The papers seek their patronage, and in truckling to them they prejudice northern Americans against their own friends and relatives who have been idiots enough to become their defenders. It was bad enough before the war, God knows, but it’s worse now. People wonder how it was that it took the North with three million soldiers so long to subdue the South with less than a fourth that number. Now I see nothing to wonder at whatever. The South has always respected the profession of arms; the North has always derided it. Lee with sixty thousand Americans at his back, and only sixty thousand, knocked sixty thousand out of Grant’s overwhelming force between the Rapidan and the James. Lee’s sixty thousand had the love of every Southern heart to sustain them. How many of the North, think you, had no personal interest in that struggle? How many thousands of the North to-day care nothing whatever for that flag,”—and the major pointed to the standard floating over the garrison,—“and only ask to be let alone to make money their own way? God knows, I’m as loyal a Union man as ever lived, but I don’t like to think of the new generation that has sprung up in this country: all soldiers in the South; all—what? in the North.”

And old Kenyon, flushed, almost breathless, paused and mopped his brow with a silk handkerchief as red as his face.

There was silence a moment. Captain Lane’s kindly features wore an expression half grave, half quizzical. Hearn had edged around nearer where Miss Marshall was sitting, and that young lady had dropped her dainty embroidery in her lap and was listening attentively. Something in the gravity of her demeanor gave Kenyon encouragement.

“Now, you, Miss Marshall, are accustomed to social circles in the North. Tell me frankly, now, did you ever hear men prominent in civil life express any other opinion of the profession of an army officer than that it was rather a useless, dawdling, and unworthy occupation?”

“In peace times, I presume you mean, major?”

“In peace times, certainly; though the necessity for its existence then is as great. You recollect what Washington said: ‘In time of peace prepare for war.’”

“I confess that men who lead narrow lives in business or professions and never get beyond the groove are apt to say something of what you suggest, major. But men who think and travel, especially those who have visited our frontier, come back with feelings of much admiration for the army, officers and men.”

"Then I'll rest my case with the men who think and travel," said Hearn, laughing brightly. "Come, you old cynic, don't make me believe I have no friends outside my profession, when it sometimes seems as though I hardly had one in it."

"Now, there you go, Hearn," interrupted Kenyon. "That's just exactly where you're wrong. You would trust to the few travelled and educated men; but what are they among the mass of voters, who know nothing of the army but what they read in the papers? Do you ever see anything good of an army officer in any paper until he's dead? Never, unless it's something put in by a 'newspaper soldier;' and God save me from more of them. What could your thinkers and travellers do, even if they would condescend to bestir themselves in our behalf,—which they don't,—as against the masses and the press? No paper in the land is so low but what it can hurt and sting you."

"How? I should like to know."

"How? Simply by printing any low scandal at your expense; and no matter what your record or your character may have been, no matter how damnable a lie may be asserted of you, the mass of the people will read and believe, and your natural protectors—the generals and the War Department—will call upon you to defend yourself against even anonymous assault."

"You do not mean that, major, do you?" asked Miss Marshall.

"I do, emphatically. I have seen officers time and again compelled to report to division or department headquarters that they were innocent of allegations made by nameless scribblers in the daily press. I have seen the most abstemious men in the army heralded as drunk on duty by a sheet that withheld the name of its informant. But all the same the officers were called to account. When we were sent to aid the marshals in breaking up the whiskey-distilleries in Brooklyn; when the first colored cadets were sent to West Point; when Chicago was burned and we had to shoot some prowling robbers to rid the ruined city of the gang that flocked there; when we were hurried in again in '77, and all the great cities of the North were practically at the mercy of the mob;—at every one of those times, and heaven only knows how many times between, the press made scandalous assertions by *name* about one officer or another. In most cases there was no truth whatever in what was said; in every case, however, the officer was compelled by his superiors to establish his innocence. By heaven! I'll never forget our experience in '77. We were ordered to lose not an instant in reaching Chicago. The strikers had side-tracked the Ninth on one road and blocked the cavalry on another line, and when we stopped for water the railway-men attempted to leave us there. I put Lieutenant Nairn with a small guard at the engine and kept the strikers off, using no force, saying not a word, making no reply to jeers and insult; but the leading paper came out next day and denounced Nairn and me as being armed ruffians, declared we were both reeling drunk, and gave most outrageous details of things that never happened. Of course, as army officers were the targets of this abuse, the article was copied in Eastern papers. Nairn was a man who never drank a drop; had a magnificent war record; was a general officer of

volunteers, and a gentleman honored throughout the whole service. All the same he and I were compelled to submit written denials to department head-quarters, and all the satisfaction we ever got was that the editor said his reporter had perhaps been unduly influenced by the prejudiced statements of the strikers. Why hadn't this occurred to him in the first place? Why didn't he *know* that these men, furious at being thwarted, would say anything to revenge themselves after we had gone on our way? He *did*; but because just such sensational articles would make his paper sell among the masses, and because he knew that where the army officer had one friend he had a score of enemies, that was enough for him. Now, that, and a host of similar experiences, is why I say that no son of mine shall ever take up so thankless a profession. Of course if the country were in danger, the flag assailed, he would fight as I would. As for me, I'm too old a dog to learn new tricks, and having lived my life in the service I must die in it." And again the major paused for breath. "You think I'm an extremist, don't you, Lane?" he finally asked.

"Perhaps so, major, although I admit that the press has been most unjust; but I think we have more friends among the people than you give us credit for."

"Not one bit of it! You think the press knows better now and wouldn't do it all over again. That's what Hearn here would say. Now, you mark my words, gentlemen, so few are our friends in this country,—that is, in the North at least,—either in the press or the public, that any story at the expense of an army officer would be eagerly published by almost any paper in the land, and used as a text by hundreds of editors all over the nation to warrant a vicious stab at our whole array, and the people far and wide would eagerly read, and even those who declared they didn't believe it would be influenced."

"I can't think our people are such fools as to believe yarns that are evidently manufactured to malign," said Hearn, stoutly. "Everybody ought to know that it is from deserters, or dishonorably discharged men, or low camp-followers, that the reporters get their scandals."

"*Ought* to know! yes, I admit it. I have no doubt that the managing editors who publish the things *do* know; but the people don't. And now what has been your own experience, Hearn? How can you blame the people for believing what they read in the papers, when not an hour ago your own colonel, who knows you well, virtually rebuked you because of the vicious ravings of as unprincipled a cad as there is in all Kansas?"

And Georgia Marshall, looking up in surprise, saw the quick flush that leaped to the young soldier's face.

## VI.

"Fred, what did Major Kenyon mean by his reference to Mr. Hearn and some story about him?" asked Mrs. Lane that evening, as the captain was locking up after their guests had departed. Miss Marshall, who was glancing over a photograph-album, closed it and rose as though to leave the parlor.

"No, don't go," said Captain Lane, promptly. "I was sorry that Kenyon made any reference to the matter, but, since he did, I want you both—indeed, I think Hearn told me because he wanted you both—to know all about the affair. He had never mentioned it to me, nor to any one, I fancy, before, because there was no need. It was all settled some time ago, but of course he felt sensitive about it. He was a green young lieutenant when he joined here six years ago. This Jew, Schönberg, was clerk at the sutler's. The officers dealt very largely with him then, for town was not as accessible as it is now. The former post trader was a jovial, kindly sort of fellow, who was much liked by everybody, but he left his books and his business in the hands of Schönberg. I have often heard how open-handed he was with his money, and how officers, and men too, never had to go to any banker or scalper if they needed money for an emergency. Anything a friend of his wanted was at his service. Hearn began as a good many boys of his genial temperament are apt to do at a big and expensive post,—got in debt, for everybody wants to give credit to young officers just starting, and then the bills come in all at one swoop afterwards. 'Old Cheery,' as they used to call Braine, saw Hearn's trouble, and insisted on lending him money out of his own pocket. It wasn't a store matter at all; it wasn't entered on Hearn's account. He paid it back in instalments to the old man himself, or was doing it when he received his promotion and had to make the long and expensive journey to Arizona. Except cadets when first joining, officers are not paid advance mileage; they must raise the money as best they can, and it is mighty hard on a young lieutenant. 'Old Cheery,' of course, advanced Hearn another two hundred dollars. The first was paid, all but fifty of it, and he told the boy when he left that he had taken a big liking to him, and that he could just return that at his convenience; but Hearn never lost a day after getting to his new post and obtaining his mileage, but bought a draft for two hundred dollars and sent it to the old man at once, and said in his letter that he would remit the balance of the account and his store bill just as soon as possible. 'Old Cheery' was a man who never wrote letters, but Hearn got a line from his wife, saying that Mr. Braine had received his pleasant letter with its enclosure and sent his best wishes. A few months afterwards the old man suddenly died; the widow moved to town; a new trader came and took the store; and when Hearn sent his next remittance of fifty dollars to the widow he was surprised in the course of a few months afterwards to receive what purported to be a statement of his account with the estate of Thomas Braine, deceased,—a store-bill amounting to over a hundred dollars, and no less than five hundred dollars in borrowed money. He wrote instantly to a friend at Fort Ryan to see the widow and have things straightened out. He protested that his store-bill could not be more than forty or fifty dollars; that old Braine had lent him two hundred dollars at one time, which he had paid back to him all but fifty, and two hundred more when he went to Arizona, which he had instantly repaid, so that the total amount of his indebtedness could not exceed one hundred dollars. But the widow said she didn't know anything about it. Mr. Schönberg had kindly taken charge of

all her affairs, and he had the books and everything and all the correspondence and knew all about it. Hearn, of course, refused to pay anything but the hundred dollars. Then they threatened him with legal proceedings, and next they importuned him through the War Department, which, just as old Kenyon says, believed the blackguard and called on Hearn for an explanation. It nearly drove the young fellow mad. He was proud and sensitive. He couldn't bear to think of the publicity and scandal. He had never given Braine any receipt for the money obtained from him; never had asked any for the money repaid. He was too honorable to deny the fact of having borrowed the money, yet had nothing to show, the old man being dead, for the money that he had returned. I had heard something of his trouble, but was ordered East on recruiting service just then, and began to get into troubles of my own, for it was there I met this young woman." And the captain, with eyes that belied his words, turned fondly to his wife. "The next thing I heard of Hearn, the matter had all been most fortunately settled,—thanks to one of our old captains, who, it seems, had known both Schönberg and the widow Braine. He took the matter up, and the Jew was glad to drop it. Even Hearn does not know what hold he had on them, but it was settled then and there. Hearn paid a hundred dollars, and Schönberg, I am told, had to pay the lawyer whom he had employed. I often think, though, how hard would have been the young fellow's fate if there had been no one to come to the rescue. There isn't a better soldier or braver officer in the Eleventh to-day than Hearn, and he is just as steady as a rock; but soldiers as good as he have been driven out of the army for lack of some such friend as came to him in his extremity."

"You would have helped him, Fred dear," said Mrs. Lane, fondly, crossing over to the captain and stroking the grizzled stubble about his brows as though it were the loveliest hair in the world. Lane possessed himself of the soft white hand and threw his arm about her shapely waist.

"I would certainly, had I known, but nine out of ten do not happen to be able to help, even when our inclinations would lead. And, then, however much we believed in Hearn's story and Schönberg's rascality, who could prove it?"

"Who did prove it?" asked Miss Marshall, after a pause.

"Well, no one, that I know of. All we know is that Schönberg was glad to drop the matter three years ago when Captain Rawlins first tackled the case. Hearn says he has never alluded to it from that time to this until the fellow's language to-day; but that was only some vague drunken threat."

"But if, on the contrary, it should prove that he meant to make more trouble for Mr. Hearn," asked Miss Marshall, "is Captain Rawlins here?"

"By Jove!" exclaimed the captain, starting suddenly to his feet, his face growing as suddenly grave and sad, "that possibly explains the letter that came to me yesterday morning. I was reading it as you came down to breakfast,—a low, anonymous thing, and I burnt it. Now I wish I had kept that."

"About Mr. Hearn, was it?" asked Mrs. Lane, anxiously.

"Yes; and now I can begin to understand it, too.—Miss Marshall," said he, turning impressively towards her, "your question goes to the very bottom of this case. The friend who blocked their game three years ago is gone: Rawlins was killed in the last campaign in Arizona."

"Oh, Fred!" cried Mrs. Lane. "And was there no one else who had helped Mr. Hearn?"

"No one but our old Rawlins, Mabel; and of all men to help him now, he would have been the most valuable here with our new colonel, for he and Morris had been devoted and intimate friends in war days, and I am told the colonel was deeply cut up by the news of Rawlins's death. There was something romantic about their early friendship. Captain Rawlins was a widower whose wife had died within a few years of her marriage, and I have heard that both he and Morris, when young officers, were in love with her, but that she had chosen Rawlins."

"But, Captain Lane," said Miss Marshall, whose thoughts seemed less fixed upon the romantic than upon the practical side of the case, "surely Mr. Hearn has receipts in full for this amount?"

"I so understood him, Miss Marshall; and yet I do not know the nature of the papers to which he refers. I think he said that he had her letter; but that is of less value now."

"And why?" asked Miss Marshall.

"Because the widow married Schönberg."

"'Then must the Jew be merciful,' " quoted Miss Marshall.

And for a few moments not another word was spoken. It was that young lady herself who broke the silence:

"Perhaps you think me unduly apprehensive, Captain Lane. That man's face made a powerful impression upon me when I saw him to-day, and perhaps Mabel has told you something of my own experience in trying to retrieve my father's fallen fortunes when he was too old and broken to do anything for himself. I learned then the worthlessness of spoken words, and that nothing but written contracts and receipts were binding."

She had hardly ceased speaking when the gate was heard to swing on its rusty hinges, a resolute step creaked across the piazza, and somebody was fumbling at the bell-knob.

"Who can that be at this hour of the night?" asked Mrs. Lane, as the captain went to the door. The bolts were drawn back, and a rush of cold night-wind swept in, causing the lamps to suddenly flare and smoke.

"Please, sir, is the doctor here?" a voice was heard to ask.

"No," answered Lane. "What's wanted? He left here about twenty minutes ago. Have you been to his quarters?"

"Yes, sir; and they told me he was here, at Captain Lane's. Corporal Brent is took worse, sir, and the steward thinks the doctor ought to see him. He's wild like, and raving."

"Mabel, dear, I'll be back in a moment," said Lane, reappearing at the parlor door. "Don't wait for me: I'm going to see if the doctor is at Hearn's. They went away together. Corporal Brent is reported worse."

Throwing his cavalry "circular" over his shoulders, Lane stepped forth into the night. It was moonless and pitchy dark. The lamps around the quadrangle were burning brightly, but hardly sufficed to illumine more than a small sphere in the surrounding gloom. Across the wide valley a distant ruddy spark showed where some farm homestead was still alive; and far away to the westward the electric lights, swinging high over the thoroughfares of the thriving town, shone with keen, cold lustre, and were mirrored in some deep, unruffled pool of the stream. Turning his back on these, the captain trudged briskly down the walk, the hospital attendant following, and opened the little gate some fifty yards away from his own. As he surmised, the doctor was here, for his voice, and Kenyon's too, could be heard before Lane tapped at the door.

"Come in," shouted Hearn, in answer to the signal, and the captain entered.

"You are asked for at the hospital, doctor. They say Brent is delirious."

At this the medical man dropped the cigar he had but half smoked and left the room. Lane was for going with him, but Hearn begged him to stay:

"No time like the present, captain, and I want you to see the papers in the celebrated case of Braine *vs.* Hearn while Major Kenyon is here. I'll beg Mrs. Lane's pardou in the morning, and not detain you more than a minute."

Standing against the wall in the midst of what had been old Blauvelt's sitting-room was a plain wooden table with a pigeon-holed desk upon it, the lid of which, turned down, made the writing-shelf. In the pigeon-holes were numerous folded papers, well-filled envelopes, packages of tobacco, a brier-root pipe, a pair of old shoulder-straps, several pairs of gloves, some fishing-tackle, some *carte-de-visite*-sized photographs, a damaged sabre-knot, and the inevitable accumulation of odds and ends with which a subaltern's field-desk is apt to be littered. But the pigeon-holes had been quite systematically labelled. There were compartments bearing the legends "letters unanswered," "letters answered," "personals," "bills paid," "bills unpaid" (both impartially occupied), "pay-accounts," "maps," "field-notes," etc.

"I never knew the necessity of having some sort of system about these matters until after the experience I have been telling you of, captain; and I am indebted to dear old Rawlins for it. You never met him, did you, Major Kenyon?"

"No; except just for a moment in the Shenandoah Valley during the war. He was commanding his regiment then."

"Yes, and lived to be shot down in cold blood by a lot of ambuscading Apaches nearly a quarter of a century after, and—nothing but a captain of cavalry."

"He had some little property here in town at one time," said Kenyon. "That was nearly ten years ago, though, and it went at a sacrifice, I'm told. Perhaps it was while he was a local tax-payer that he got to know your Hebrew friend of to-day."

"He never told me what he knew of him, beyond the mere fact



that he was dishonest and a born mischief-maker. But the moment he took that case up for me Schönberg dropped it. For some reason the Jew was afraid of the old man, as every one called Rawlins."

Hearn was turning over in his hand, as he spoke, a package of folded papers held together by elastic snaps. Removing the upper band, he began looking over the docketing at the top of each paper.

"Rawlins, himself, endorsed this particular packet for me, and showed me how it should be done," he said. "I've often thought that if we could drop out a little slice of the mathematical course at the Point, and have some coaching in this sort of thing, how much better fitted we should be for the every-day duties of life. Now, I—— Why, this is odd. I certainly had those papers in this very packet not three weeks ago. I saw them the day I moved in here. I remember overhauling this very desk at the time."

Nervously he ran through the package again, his fingers rapidly turning the folded pages, his face paling with sudden apprehension.

"There was a letter here from Captain Rawlins, two receipts of Schönberg's, and the letter from Mrs. Braine, all bundled up together, and the endorsement of each in Rawlins's handwriting."

Then he threw down the packet and began pulling out the papers in other pigeon-holes, Kenyon and Lane standing silently by. In vain he searched. Not a vestige of the desired proofs could be found. It was with a white face and eyes that were full of trouble that he turned upon his seniors:

"My God! those papers are gone!"

"Look in your trunk, man," said Lane, kindly: "don't give up yet;" while Kenyon, himself, began a search on his own account in the now disordered desk.

"Was this always kept locked when you went out, Hearn?" asked the major. "Surely such important papers ought not to be left lying around loose."

"Locked? Yes. At least I never was away for any time without locking it. Sometimes, just going out to receive reports at roll-call, I would not lock up; for who would want to rob a fellow of papers of no value to any one but the owner?"

The major looked grave. Lane's face was full of anxiety which he hardly knew how to conceal. Both well knew the almost universally careless habits of the bachelor officers in garrison. Their doors are never locked; their rooms are empty half the time, and their pocket-books empty ordinarily as their rooms; their books, papers, desks, even trunks, almost always lying unguarded about the premises. Servants and orderlies move from house to house unquestioned, and the rear doors are unfastened day and night. "We have nothing worth stealing," is the general theory, "so why bother about locking an empty stable?"

"Who is your servant?" asked Kenyon, brusquely.

"Our black boy, Jake. He has taken care of my rooms and traps for three years, and works for Wallace and Martin, too. He's as honest a nigger as ever lived; has been with the regiment longer than I have."



"Yes; Jake isn't half a bad boy. But was there no one else who had the run of the premises?"

"Not a soul. Jake, himself, is rarely here except when at work."

There was a moment's silence. The major presently sauntered over and tried the door leading to the dining-room.

"Here is the key, if you want to go in there," said Hearn. "I have kept all the rooms locked since Blauvelt left, except this one and my bedroom up-stairs. The back door is locked too. Jake always comes in the front way. I don't suppose any one has come through the kitchen since the day the captain's family left."

"Didn't Welsh have to come here for his traps?" asked Lane.

"Yes; but he was under guard at the time,—had a sentinel over him,—and both Jake and I were here. He took nothing out of this house but his own personal belongings, and never entered this room at all that day. I couldn't help it, but after seeing him with Schönberg to-day the first explanation of my loss that occurred to me a moment ago was—Welsh. Yet how could he have been the man?"

There was another moment of silence. Lane stood thoughtfully examining the lock of the desk, then strolled into the hall and tried the key of the front door. As he stood there under the swinging lamp, the clink of an infantry sword was heard at the gate, and the voice of Captain Brodie:

"What are you youngsters doing at this hour of the peaceful night? Come out here and worship nature and visit sentries for me. Oh! beg your pardon, Lane: I thought it must be some of the boys."

"Major Kenyon and I have been keeping Hearn awake," was the answer. "We were just going."

"Hello, Brodie," quoth the major, as he, too, came forth. "Have you been to see how Brent is?"

"Delirious, I'm told. Only the doctor and the steward are with him. I was just waiting for twelve o'clock to go down and stir up the sentries. There ought to be none but cavalry officers of the day at this post, by Jove, so that they could ride around among these outside sentries. It's too far for a Christian to walk twice in twenty-four hours. Thank God, there's the call now."

At the first words from the lips of the sentry at the guard-house the lamps at the two western gates were promptly extinguished, and then the forms of two men could be discerned flitting from post to post, extinguishing each lamp in turn. Soon the entire quadrangle was wrapped in total darkness, and the silent stars gleamed all the more brilliantly in the unclouded sky. Far over to the westward the reflection of the electric lights, a pallid, sickly glare upon the heavens, suddenly faded into nothingness.

"That's the first time the town clock and ours have been so close together since my coming to the garrison. Where did we get this custom of dousing the glim at midnight?" asked Lane.

"The —th started that when they were here. Got it from town, perhaps. Listen a moment," answered Brodie. "I want to hear the sentries down towards the bridge."

Faint and far, though borne on the wings of the soft night-wind,

the call of No. 7 had just sounded. It was now the turn of the farthest sentry, No. 8, whose post was down the winding road at the haystacks and wood-yard. A rich, musical Irish voice, softened by distance, began its soldier trol:

"N-umber Eight.—Tw-el-ve o'clock,—and a-a-all's—— *Who goes there? Halt! Halt!* Corp'l the gu-a-ard—Number Eight!" Bang!

Hearn was the first of the four officers to reach the southwest gate. He could hear the footfalls of the officer of the guard running rapidly down the road past the stables, and without hesitation followed full tilt. The guard was hurriedly turning out and forming. It was the sergeant who faced it to the front and made the customary report to Captain Brodie, as the officer of the day came panting to the spot:

"Sir, the guard is present and the prisoners secure."

An audible snicker in the prison-room followed these words. A corporal file-closer stepped back into the guard-room and gruffly ordered silence among the prisoners, which only evoked more tittering and whispering. A sudden thought occurred to the officer of the day.

"Bring your lantern here," he said, as he strode through the guard-room into the narrow passage beyond. On one side was the prison-room whence the sound proceeded; on the other were the cells.

"Open these doors," he ordered.

"There's only one cell occupied, sir; the third."

"Open that, then."

The heavy door creaked on its hinges. A gust of cool night-air blew through the cell. The window was wide open. The iron slats were sawed away. The bird had flown. Private Goss, the assailant of Corporal Brent, was gone.

## VII.

In the soft, June-like weather of that memorable week at Ryan the ladies spent but little of their waking moments in-doors, and even the broad verandas of the colonel's quarters on the north side were no more popular or populous than those of Captain Lane at the southwest corner. Mrs. Lane and Miss Marshall attributed this to the fact that the sun on its westward way passed behind their cosey home and left the front piazza cool and shaded, whereas even the canvas hangings in front of the Morris'es could not quite shut out the glare. But Mrs. Morris laughingly declared that since their coming into the society of Fort Ryan she had become "a decided back number." Whether the theory of the colonel's wife were true or not, it must be said to her credit that she accepted the situation with charming grace, and was quite as frequent a visitor at the Lanes' as many of the younger women. Her own guests had departed, leaving her somewhat lonely, she said; and, while she thought it by no means a proper or conventional thing that she should be so constantly visiting people who so seldom honored her, she could not but have ocular proof at all hours of the day that Mrs. Lane and her fair friend Miss Marshall could not sally forth to make calls except at the price of leaving a number of callers in the lurch. There were other young ladies in garrison, just then,—Miss Wharton, visiting her brother, and Miss McCrea, staying at the Burn-

hams'. There were several pretty girls in the neighboring town, who frequently came out and spent a few days with the families at the post; and all these, of course, as well as the young married ladies, were the recipients of much attention on the part of the officers, young and old. It is a fact well understood in army circles that few officers are too old to tender such attentions, and no woman too old to receive them.

And Mrs. Lane was rejoicing in the success of her projects for the benefit of Georgia Marshall. Her friend was a pronounced success from the day of her arrival; and yet it was somewhat difficult to say why. She was not a beauty, despite her lovely eyes; she had none of those flattering, soothing, half-caressing ways some women use with such telling effect on almost every man they seek to impress. She was not chatty. She was anything but confidential. She was rather silent, and decidedly reserved, yet a most attentive listener withal; and then she had the courage of her opinions. Her prompt and prominent part in the little drama enacted the night of her arrival had made her famous in the garrison; her frank, unaffected, but gracious ways had done much to make her popular. The statement that she was an orphan and poor, combined with the fact, which the other women so speedily determined, that she was not pretty, had removed her, presumably, from the range of jealousy. The other girls found her very entertaining, since she let them do much of the talking, and were willing to accord to her a certain quiet style of her own. The men were glad to be civil to any friend of Mrs. Lane's. And yet Georgia Marshall had not been there a week before, as Mabel confidently predicted, she was having in abundance *tête-à-têtes* of her own.

It was the third morning after the escape of the prisoner Goss, and for forty-eight hours nothing else had been talked of among the soldiers, and nothing had excited so much comment among the families at the post. Up to this moment not a trace had been found. The two iron slats in front of his window had been cut through swiftly and noiselessly from within with watch-spring saws, and the tallow and iron-filings lay about the stony window-sill. He had been thoroughly searched before being put in that cell, and it was absolutely certain that neither files nor tallow were then in his possession. The guard swore that no man had had access to him afterwards. A wire netting prevented anything from being thrown to him from the outside, and this had been forced upward and outward after the bars were cut. The sergeant of the guard was sure that no man had touched or even spoken to him, except when he, himself, had seen his dinner and supper handed in. There could have been no collusion on the part of the sentries, for the men on No. 1 all through the day and night were of the infantry, and warm friends of Brent, who would have lost no chance of putting a bullet through the supposed assailant in the event of his attempting to escape. The blacksmith said it would take several hours—at least five—to file through those two bars, and the man must have worked with the patience of a beaver. It was a drop of only seven feet to the ground without, for the window overlooked the up-hill slope back of the guard-house; and yet, as he probably had to come through head first, that was quite a fall. The prints of his outspread hands

were found in the dust-heap, and it looked as though he must have lain there some moments before stealing away.

The sentry far down by the wood-yards, No. 8, stated that just as he was calling off and standing faced to the east so that his voice might carry to the guard-house, he heard a sudden stumble behind him ; a man tripped over a log between him and the road, then ran like mad down toward the old station. It was too dark to recognize who it could be. The officer of the guard had stopped to interrogate the sentry on reaching his post, but Mr. Hearn had pushed ahead, and down at the foot of the hill had plainly heard a horse's hoofs and the light rumble of wheels crossing the bridge and going at a spanking trot ; yet soldiers returning from pass, reliable men, had neither seen nor heard horse or wagon anywhere on the flats along which lay the road to town. An effort had been made to trail the wheel-tracks from the bridge, but, though a place was found among the trees near the old station where a horse and buggy had evidently stood for two or three hours, it was impossible to determine which way they had gone after crossing the stream, for the farm-wagons coming from every by-road in the morning had totally obliterated the tracks.

Goss's escape while under charges of such grave character was regarded as tantamount to admission of his guilt.

Meantime, Corporal Brent's case seemed to have taken a turn for the better, and, though there was still danger, there was hope. What struck many inquirers was the fact that the doctor seemed ill at ease, and invariably evaded the question, when pressed as to the nature of Brent's delirium. This, of course, simply served to whet public curiosity ; and the young soldier became, all unconsciously, an object of greater interest than ever. The ladies of the infantry, who had known him by sight some time, were certain that from the very first he had borne all the outward appearance of a gentleman, and in every word and gesture had "given the world assurance of a man" of birth and breeding. Their sisters of the cavalry, who had but recently reached Fort Ryan, were not slow in accepting their theories. Such things were by no means uncommon in the service ; and wouldn't it be delicious, now, to have a romance in the ranks at Ryan ? Only fancy ! Mrs. Burnham, Mrs. Brodie, and, above all, Mrs. Graves, were quite ready to go to the hospital at any time the doctor would permit and become the nurse of the young corporal ; but the medical man almost bluntly declined the services of two of these ladies, and with positive insolence, said the third, had told her she could much better devote her ministrations to her own children. "Just as if I didn't know best what my children needed !" said the offended matron.

And it was about Dr. Ingersoll that Mrs. Graves was discoursing this very morning on Mrs. Lane's piazza, while her own olive-branches were clambering the fences and having a battle royal with the progeny of Mrs. Sergeant Flynn at the other end of the garrison. And, as luck would have it, who should come along the gravel walk but the major and the doctor, arm in arm ! at which sight Miss Marshall's expressive eyes, brimming with merriment, sought the half-vexed features of Captain Lane, who had been fidgeting uneasily in his chair during her

ladyship's exordium. Like many another excellent soldier, this practised trooper had no weapon with which to silence a woman's tongue.

"You'll find I'm right, Mrs. Lane. See if you don't," proceeded Mrs. Graves, all unconscious of the coming pair. "You found I wasn't mistaken about Major Kenyon; and they are just as like as two peas in a pod,—both of them."

Then, recalled to the possibilities of the situation by the mirthful gleam in Miss Marshall's eye and the audible chuckles of Mr. Lee, she whirled about and caught sight of the object of her dissertation.

"Oh, it's you they're laughing at, is it?" she hailed. "I was just talking about you."

"Then how could you find the heart to laugh, Mrs. Lane?" said the major, raising his cap with simulated reproach of mien. "Does it amuse you to see fellow-mortals flayed alive? Is it not bad enough that, like Sir Peter Teazle, I am never out of Mrs. Graves's sight but that I know I've left my character behind me? The doctor and I were wondering whether there was a vestige left of the good impression we strove to make upon Miss Marshall."

"I'm sure you ruined all possibility of that three days ago, major, when you showed her what a cynical old party you were. No wonder the young officers in our regiment lose all love for their profession after hearing you talk. If I were Colonel Morris, I wouldn't have you contaminating the lieutenants of the Eleventh the way you were trying it on Mr. Hearn the other day."

"Where is Mr. Hearn, by the way?" asked Mrs. Lane, eager to put an end to such unprofitable controversy. "He hasn't been in here for nearly two days. Come, major,—come, doctor, walk in and sit awhile. We want to hear how Corporal Brent is, too."

"Brent seems easier, Mrs. Lane, thank you," answered the surgeon. "I cannot stop just now; we came over to meet the mail, for the orderly seems to have an unusually big load this morning. Here come the youngsters up from the post-office now."

And, as he spoke, perhaps half a dozen young cavalrymen, still in their riding-boots and spurs, as though they had but just returned from drill, came slowly up the slope. Wharton had an open newspaper which he was reading aloud; the others were hanging about him, evidently listening with absorbed attention, to the neglect of their own letters.

"What's the matter with the boys?" asked Kenyon, whimsically, as they approached. "They look as solemn as owls."

Naturally, all eyes were drawn toward the coming party. Lane, bending forward, saw that Hearn's face was pale, even under the coat of tan and sunburn. He would have passed them by, simply lifting his cap, as Wharton half folded the paper when the group filed in through the main gate, but again Kenyon spoke:

"What makes you look so like a pack of mutes, lads? What's gone wrong? Is Congress sailing into us again?"

"Major Kenyon," said Martin, deliberately, halting in front of the gate, "I said some disparaging things about your remarks here the other day. I beg your pardon, sir. You were right; I was wrong.

—Hold on, Hearn : don't go now and brood over this thing. Stay here with the crowd, and we'll take it all together."

Lane had half risen, anxiety deepening in his dark-gray eyes :

"What is it, Hearn? Come in here,—come in, all of you."

And Georgia Marshall, glancing from one face to another, noted the silence and gravity that had fallen on each. Some looked full of suppressed wrath, others simply perplexed and annoyed. Without a word to any one, Hearn stepped in and stood beside her chair.

"You best know your own papers, major : you read this aloud," said Martin.

And Kenyon, looking about in momentary surprise, unfolded the great pages of the Chicago daily. His eyes gleamed as they caught the heavy head-lines at the top of the sheet.

"Hello ! hello ! what's this?" he said. "Army Brutality. - Outrageous Treatment of Private Soldiers. Civilians Insulted and Abused. A Thug in Shoulder-Straps. Lieutenant Hearn a Cowardly Bully. Special Despatch to the *Palladium*. CENTRAL CITY, May 3.—For years past the citizens of this thriving frontier town have had frequent cause for complaint as to the swaggering and insolent bearing of the officers of the army stationed at the neighboring post of Fort Ryan ; but of late the feeling has reached fever-heat, due to recent occurrences which attracted wide-spread attention. Acting under instructions, your correspondent reached this city five days ago, and has made a thorough, impartial, and exhaustive investigation into the matter ; has talked with many, if not all, of the prominent citizens ; has personally visited the post and conversed with a number of intelligent enlisted men ; and, as a result of his painstaking observations, he is enabled to send you the following account, for the absolute accuracy of every detail of which he vouches unreservedly.

"So far as the enlisted men are concerned, the people have no complaint to make. It is, indeed, the contemplation of their wrongs and sufferings that has roused the popular clamor against their aristocratic and overbearing taskmasters. Just why it is that the instant a young man escapes from that hot-bed of flunkeyism and snobbery, West Point, and dons the straps of a second lieutenant, he should imagine that he owns the earth and that the nations should bow down to him, is something no intelligent mind can understand. But to become convinced that it is so beyond peradventure, one has only to visit this representative army post, garrisoned as it is by large detachments of so-called distinguished regiments ; though, from all accounts, the distinction they have earned seems chiefly to be connected with drinking-bouts and gambling-tables.

"On every side it was declared to your correspondent that civilians who ventured out to the fort were treated with contumely and insult ; that the officers rudely ordered them off the reservation and forbade them to enter the sacred precincts of the barracks, and even caused their ejection from the public store and saloon, kept at the post by one Stone, who truckles, of course, to his official neighbors and obtains in return the mandate that the soldiers must spend their money with him at swindling prices, and the prohibition against their having any deal-

ings with the reputable merchants in the city. On the other hand, the merchants who have been so unfortunate as to trust the officers are not able to collect their bills at all, and are absolutely forbidden to enter the garrison when they seek to press their claims.

"Here is the brief history of one day's experience. In company with one of the oldest, wealthiest, and most respected business-men of this section, your correspondent drove to Fort Ryan this morning to see for himself how far the facts would justify the allegations, and if a lingering doubt remained it was at once and forever rudely dispelled. A case of particular hardship had been brought to our attention, and we desired to see Trooper Welsh in person. He was on sick-report, excused from drill by reason of the treatment that had been accorded him by the commanding officer of his troop, or we probably could not have seen him at all. Seizing a moment when the officers were away at drill, Mr. S. sent a message asking the young soldier to come out. A fine-looking, intelligent man of about twenty-five years was presented to your correspondent, and briefly and simply told his story. It was enough to make an American's blood boil in his veins to note the emotion and humiliation it seemed to cause him. He came of an excellent family in the East, but, having long desired from patriotic motives to become a soldier of the flag, he had against their wishes enlisted under an assumed name. From the very start his captain had compelled him to work about his house like a common drudge. He had to black boots, build fires, sweep the kitchen, actually do chores for the captain's cook. In vain he begged to be allowed to join his troop and learn his duty as a soldier: he was sternly refused. It made his own comrades among the soldiers look down upon him, and when he could find time to visit them at the barracks the sergeants abused him like a thief. But the man who particularly hounded him was Second Lieutenant Hearn, a young martinet fresh from West Point, who never lost a chance of cursing him for errors on drill or mistakes made afterward. The captain had taught him that when at work for him he must not quit it to jump up and salute every lieutenant who happened along; and just because he remained seated and at work when Lieutenant Hearn passed by, the latter cursed him like a dog, had him thrown into a filthy dungeon, and there he lay until he was tried by court-martial and sentenced by a gang of Hearn's comrades to fine and imprisonment for obeying his captain's orders. Another time, when he was cleaning the captain's horse, the lieutenant's horse, which was next him on the line, kept backing over him, treading on him, and knocking his brushes out of his hand; and because he simply pushed him back and spoke sharply, Lieutenant Hearn rushed in and swore he had a mind to kick him black and blue. 'If he had,' said Welsh,—and the young soldier's eyes blazed with pent-up feeling,—'I could no longer have controlled myself. I would have knocked him down and appealed to the people of America to uphold me.' For this he was again thrust into the vermin-haunted dungeon, and this made him so ill that the surgeon himself had been compelled to interpose in his behalf. 'I would desert and end it all,' said the poor fellow, with tears in his eyes, 'but I have sworn to serve my



country, and I shall keep my oath.' When told that the *Palladium* would see him righted, though the heavens fell, his emotion was something that would have melted the stoutest heart.

"But now comes the crowning peak of blackguardism. Warned by some spy, doubtless, of the fact that his victim was telling his story to citizens, Lieutenant Hearn suddenly appeared on the scene, and before our eyes, with vulgar abuse and tyrannical bearing, ordered Private Welsh instantly to leave. In vain the young soldier respectfully pleaded that he had a right to speak with friends who came to see him. In vain he pointed out that he was on no duty at the time. In vain Mr. S. interposed in behalf of justice and decency. The brutal bully seized the weakened invalid in an iron grasp, dragged him like a dog to the gutter in front, and then, with cuffs and curses, drove him before him into the guard-house. Meantime, Mr. S., who had formerly many friends at the post, hastened into the officers' club-room, hoping to explain the matter and secure justice for the unfortunate fellow. But it was a hapless move. What business had he, a civilian, to intrude uninvited into the mighty presence of half a dozen beardless young satraps in shoulder-straps? He was rudely ordered to leave the premises; and when, in his indignation, he protested against such treatment, Lieutenant Hearn himself came back boiling with rage, calling for his troopers to come and eject these intruders from the garrison. We were actually driven by force off the reservation.

"Your correspondent has, of course, made immediate and respectful representation of these facts to the general commanding the department, and when next he visits the fort will do so with a safeguard that no bully in the uniform of a second lieutenant will dare gainsay. This is but the prelude of further details still more disgraceful to the pampered minions of a too long-suffering public."

For a few moments there was silence. Then the major glanced around his circle of listeners.

"Well, Hearn," said he, as he folded the paper, "somewhere I have heard the expression, 'Didn't I tell you so?' *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*. I don't wonder you love your profession."

"Surely they cannot believe such an outrageous tissue of lies," burst out Mrs. Wharton, vehemently. "Surely the moment our side of the story is heard the public will see the difference."

"Our side, my dear madam, is never heard. The newspaper has the public ear. Scandal spreads world-wide; truth never reaches half as far. Hearn has only one recourse,—grin and bear it, and pray God nothing worse may follow."

"What worse can follow, I should like to know?" asked Lee, indignantly.

"What worse? Why, man, you don't suppose a Chicago paper sends an emissary a thousand miles to work up only one scene in a sensation? Look for the next day's issue, and the next. Wait till the letters demanding explanation begin coming in from department, division, and army head-quarters. *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*, will be the *Palladium's* cry; *Parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus mus*, the outcome. But all the same, my friends and fellow-citizens, we don't get



through this row without the biggest kind of a court-martial.—Ah, the orderly of the commanding officer! Whom does *he* want?"

Not a word was spoken, and every eye was fixed upon the trim figure of the approaching soldier, who entered the gate and, halting respectfully a few yards away from the foot of the steps, saluted:

"The colonel's compliments to the officer of the day, and desires that Private Welsh, now in the guard-house, be sent to the office immediately."

"Aha!" said Kenyon, as the soldier turned away. "Already somebody's been tickling the colonel with a telegram. He's hardly had time to read the papers. Now he will hear Welsh's story; and when Welsh has sufficiently blackened the character of his commanding officer, Hearn will be afforded his chance.—Hearn, my boy, my hearty sympathies are with you. By all means go on and prosper in your profession, and learn to love it as I do.—Martin, you and he have a moment to spare, come over to my quarters with me: I want to talk this thing over with you.—Good-afternoon, Mrs. Lane. Good-afternoon, Mrs. Graves. A sudden thought occurs to me. What was it Cambronne is reported to have said at Waterloo?—'The Guard dies, but never surrenders.' Here's a more modern epigram for you: The Press lies, but never retracts."

#### VIII.

With all his soldierly qualifications, Colonel Morris, like most of his sex, had certain defects of character. He was a tireless worker as a regimental commander, and had done a great deal to bring up the "tone" of the Eleventh, which had suffered vastly during the reign of old Riggs, his predecessor. He had won a good name as a young officer in the war days, and had borne himself well in the more trying and hazardous campaigns of the far frontier. But Morris, both during the war and since, had seen staff duty that had brought him into social and political circles in Washington; had learned there the lesson that an ounce of influence is worth a pound of pure record; that in most matters affecting army legislation it was the men who were the farthest away from the army whose opinions Congress sought; that in all appointments to the staff departments personal and professional excellence might plead in vain unless backed by Senators by the score; and that while judicious use of the gifts that God had put in his way in the shape of the public press might result in the gradual rearing of a monument of popular esteem, a single unguarded word or petulant expression would tumble the whole fabric about his ears. He had seen the highest names in legislative, financial, and social circles dragged in the dust; the head of the House of Representatives dethroned; a Wall Street monarch execrated; a gallant soldier, maimed in battle, ridiculed. In combined and resistless assault the press had overwhelmed the record of years. Morris had faced death in a dozen fields without a flinch, but he trembled in the presence of a reporter.

Nervous, irritable, and unstrung, he called his officers about him on the following day. Guard-mounting was still in progress; the band was playing sweetly on the grassy parade; the ringing voice of

the soldierly young adjutant swung the column around in its jaunty march in review. One after another the troop and company officers came quietly in, bade their flushed commander a courteous good-morning, and took their seats. He was pacing the floor, tugging at his moustache, another telegram in his hand.

"Where's Dr. Ingersoll?" he asked, suddenly stopping in his walk.

"Here, colonel," said the post surgeon, stepping within the office from the brick pavement outside. "I was waiting a moment to see the steward, to give some directions as to Brent's case."

"Ah, yes. He's better, I believe. Now, I see you have marked Welsh for duty, and the man tells me he couldn't sleep all night because of pains and chills."

"Welsh is as well as I am, Colonel Morris, or if ill has only himself to blame. He knows as well as I do that he has no business to go to the store and drink when under treatment and taking medicine. It is my firm conviction, sir, that that man is simply trying to shirk."

"Well, well, Dr. Ingersoll, it is a matter in which we cannot be too careful. You haven't the faintest conception, sir, to what this most unfortunate affair may lead. It is infinitely better that we should be imposed upon by a shirk than that the public should get to look upon us as this man's persecutors. The *Palladium* that came yesterday was bad enough, in all conscience, but here's another telegram from department head-quarters demanding immediate investigation and report upon the allegations contained in the second day's issue of the series. How many are there to be, in heaven's name?—Mr. Hearn, have you submitted your explanation?" said the colonel, turning abruptly upon the young lieutenant, who was sitting in pained silence by Captain Lane.

"It is in the hands of the adjutant, sir," answered Hearn, rising.

"I have not seen it,—I have not seen it. I hope you have been full and explicit, Mr. Hearn."

The lieutenant's pale face flushed with sudden sense of indignation:

"I have never yet been accused of any attempt at concealment of my actions, Colonel Morris. Gentlemen present who have known me nearly six years will tell you that."

"I'm not accusing you of anything, Mr. Hearn. Pray keep your temper, sir. But you do not seem to appreciate in the least the very trying and unpleasant position in which you have, however unwittingly, placed every officer at this post, especially me, on whom the burden of responsibility must fall. If I had known four days ago that you had used violence—or at least force—in ejecting that soldier from the bar-room, I should certainly have discountenanced his further punishment. This sort of thing cannot be tolerated, Mr. Hearn.—And, gentlemen, I say it to you one and all, this sort of thing cannot be allowed. It creates a wrong impression among the people. It gives the press an opportunity to criticise our methods of discipline. It makes a martyr of the man in the eyes of the public, and we can't stand it. I have felt compelled to release him from confinement and to direct the quashing of the charges against him."

There was a moment of dead silence. Hearn was struggling to control himself and to protest that he had used neither violence nor any force worth speaking of. But Captain Brodie took the floor:

"I must ask your pardon, Colonel Morris, but I was witness to that transaction from beginning to end, and I myself ordered Welsh taken to the guard-house. It was after that, not before, that force was used. Welsh cursed and resisted the corporal of the guard——"

"Never mind, Captain Brodie: what seems to have infuriated the man, and what has given rise to all this uproar of the press, is the fact that Mr. Hearn, as they say, dragged him out. Of course that may be exaggerated."

"It's a d——d lie," muttered old Kenyon, under his breath. "But all the more it goes."

"I do not wish to be unjust to Mr. Hearn in this matter," continued the colonel. "But I cannot too strongly deplore the consequences of his—of his action. And then in threatening to expel civilians from the garrison! What earthly right had you, Mr. Hearn, to arrogate to yourself the faculties of commanding officer? I am the only man to say who shall and who shall not be kept on or off the reservation. And now, of all men on earth that you young gentlemen should have been particularly careful not to antagonize, it turns out that one of them is a representative of the press."

And, in the full realization of a circumstance so calamitous, the colonel sank into his chair. Hearn would have explained that he had made no personal threats, but Lane's restraining hand was laid on his knee.

"Patience, lad!" he whispered. "Say nothing now. It will all come right in the end."

"I'm sure I took the utmost pains to be civil to the a—gentlemen," drawled Martin, with his innocent eyes on the vacancy of the opposite walls. "I implored Stone not to eject them. I had to beg off drinking with the—a-Israelitish party because I had to shoot. Of course, colonel, if I had known that the other gentleman was so highly connected, there's no saying to what length I wouldn't have gone to attain the elevation they had already reached,—one of them at least. A dozen drinks, I think, might have done it."

"This is no occasion for the exercise of your sarcastic powers, Mr. Martin," said the colonel, severely. "It is to be hoped your civility was less transparent a sham than your present remarks."

"Pardon me, colonel," interposed Lieutenant Lee, whose seat was near the window. "Here comes the gentleman himself."

Surely enough, a buggy drew up in front of the office, a bulky form slowly descended, and, with much deliberation of manner, Mr. Abrams, of Chicago, looked about him, then proceeded to tie his horse to a young maple at the edge of the walk. The orderly sprang forward:

"Beg pardon, sir, but it's against orders to tie horses to the trees. The horse-posts are across the road."

"Against whose orders?" said the gentleman from Chicago, with slow and impressive movement, turning upon the trim soldier.

"The colonel's orders, sir. Even the officers can't leave their horses in front of head-quarters, sir."

"My God! Here! this will never do!" fidgeted the colonel, springing to his feet. "Mr. Adjutant, send a man out here."

"Shall I take care of the gentleman's horse?" said Martin, with grave humility of mien, rising slowly to his feet, as the colonel strode to the door. But Morris was too hurried to hear him, or even to rebuke the titter with which the words were greeted. By this time, paying no attention to the orderly, the representative of the *Palladium* had reached the door-way and was brought face to face with the post commander:

"Colonel Morris, I presume. I am the bearer of an order to you from department head-quarters."

"Colonel Morris, sir, at your service," replied the post commander, with much suavity. "A letter, I presume. Walk in, Mr.—Mr.—Take a chair, sir."

Several of the officers nearest the door had risen promptly, as though in readiness to receive with due honors the colonel's guest. Others slowly followed their example. Some remained seated and continued a low-toned chat. All gradually resumed their seats, and, while some with evident curiosity studied the appearance of the stranger, Brodie and Lee looked at him with eyes that plainly spoke their resentment, while Hearn's hands were clinched and his lips compressed. No word was spoken to the new arrival, however. He, with entire indifference of manner as to all the rest, fixed his gaze upon the commanding officer, who rapidly read. The note was short and to the point. Morris had reason to be thankful for his diplomatic training.

"I am greatly pleased to give you welcome, Mr. Abrams," he said, extending his hand with much apparent cordiality of manner. "This, while by no means necessary, of course adds to the readiness with which we open our doors to you. Had I known you were here and desirous of visiting the post for any purpose in the interests of your paper, I should have found means to welcome you before, and am only sorry you did not make your presence known to me."

Major Kenyon had risen as the colonel was speaking, and now in low tone and with much respect of manner accosted him:

"By your leave, colonel, if there be nothing further in the way of business, may I request your permission to retire?"

"Certainly, Major Kenyon.—And, gentlemen, there were some matters to which I desired to call your attention, but it is so near time for 'boots and saddles,' we will defer the matter until to-morrow. I will not detain you further."

There were one or two among the score of officers present who desired to see the colonel on some routine matters; these contented themselves with going over to the adjutant's desk, as he entered, and whispering their requests to him; the others promptly took their leave and sauntered out into the sunshine. Mr. Abrams noted the occurrence with a quiet but suggestive smile.

For a moment no one among the little group seemed to find any-

thing to say. It was Mr. Lee who gave the first expression to personal opinion. He burst out into a fit of laughter.

"I'm blessed if I can see anything to laugh about in this affair, Mr. Lee," said the major, whose face was a shade moodier than ever. "If anything was needed to confirm what I have hitherto said on the subject, here you have it. Perhaps it pleases you to see a comrade vilified by the press and then bulldozed by his commanding officer, who well knows the paper lied, but daren't stand up for one of his subalterns. And then to think of the fellow's impudence, announcing himself as the bearer of an order from head-quarters! If I had been in command I should have told him orders were never sent by the hand of civilians."

"Sail into the paper, if you like, Major Kenyon, but leave the colonel alone; that's purely our business," was the prompt reply.—"Captain Lane, may I ask if the colonel has requested an invitation to dinner to-night for his friend Mr. Abrams, of Chicago? I understand that Mrs. Morris and the chief are among your guests."

"He hasn't yet, Lee, and, if he should, the quartermaster will have to knock down a partition, for my dining-room can only hold twelve or fourteen by severe squeezing."

"Captain," said Hearn, as they walked away, "I'm going to ask you to excuse me to-night. I would only be a cloud at your feast, and after what has passed I don't feel as though I could sit at dinner with the colonel."

"Hearn, my boy, you must come. We are not going to let you crawl into a corner now and brood over this. It is the very time when we want to stand by you and show how much we hold you in esteem."

"Yes," was the bitter reply, "yes, my colonel has given a glorious exhibition of what constitutes *esprit de corps* in the Eleventh. No, captain, I would do anything for you or Mrs. Lane, but I can think, speak, dream, of nothing now but the wrong that has been done me, and I would only be a drag. You will excuse me, won't you?"

"Come in, come into the house, Hearn," answered Lane, as they reached the gate. "Come in and talk it over with Mrs. Lane and Miss Marshall; they will do you good. They are both full of sympathy. Come; it's quarter of an hour before drill."

But Hearn shook his head and drew away.

"I cannot," he said; "I must go; there's my home letter yet unwritten."

And so, with Lane's anxious eyes following him, he strode rapidly away to his quarters. There Jim Wallace joined him at the gate.

Three hours later, however, with drill over and the mail in, the question of dinner became of minor importance. Marked copies of the *Palladium* had been received by several officers, and the faces of the group on Captain Lane's piazza were studies.

"Did the orderly take one to him, do you know?" asked Mr. Lee, with a world of pent-up indignation in his tone.

"One!" answered the major; "one! the insult wouldn't be complete without it. I think there were a dozen papers, marked copies, in his name."

"Has no one gone to see him?" asked Mrs. Lane, her sweet face full of sorrow.

"The captain was there when the mail came; so was Mr. Wallace," answered Miss Marshall, in low tones. "He seemed to anticipate something of the kind."

"This will have a tendency to make Hearn rather homesick, I fancy," drawled Martin, after a solemn pause. "I never quite appreciated the benefit of Southern institutions before."

"Sick, I admit,—sick at heart, sick of his cherished profession, perhaps; but why homesick, Martin?" queried the major.

"Oh, only because down South they shoot a man who publishes an outrageous slander like that, and the jury brings in a verdict of justifiable homicide."

## IX.

The afternoon was lovely and full of sunshine. Thanks to the startling and sensational disclosures in the *Palladium*, the post had become an object of unusual interest to the surrounding populace, and, as the hour for dress-parade approached, vehicles of every description came streaming across the bridge, and before the trumpet sounded "first call" the road in front of the officers' quarters was well filled with carriages, buggies, carry-alls, and light wagons, while some enterprising livery-stable-keeper had fitted up a few open stages and placarded them with inscriptions setting forth that "To the Fort and back only a quarter" was a luxury now within the reach of everybody.

The populace was beginning to gather as the cavalry officers came sauntering back from the stables, and Mr. Abrams, of Chicago, again alighted from his buggy with an air that fully conveyed his appreciation of the fact that he was the popular hero of the moment,—the daring journalist who had bearded the lion in his den, had publicly denounced the brutality of these arrogant wearers of straps and swords, and had even brought to the bar of justice one of their number. There was the utmost curiosity to see the representative of the *Palladium*, and that eminent journalist, true to his principles of conforming with the views and wishes of the public, graciously accorded every opportunity. It was in passing this gentleman, surrounded by a gaping party of Central citizens, that the colonel somewhat ostentatiously called out, "Orderly, give my compliments to the adjutant, and say that, in view of the presence of so many gentlemen and ladies from town, I desire him to have the band ordered out at once," and went on his way amidst such audible evidences of popular approval as, "Ah! that's business!" "Ain't he a Jim Dandy?" "That's my candidate for Brigadier!" "He ain't no stuck-up second lieutenant!" And the poor devils of bandsmen, just seating themselves at their supper of hot potato-stew and coffee, were compelled to drop the savory bowls, and hastily button their full uniforms over their anything-but-full stomachs and march forth upon the parade to entertain the populace until the rest of the show was ready. If but now an apoplectic stroke were to create a vacancy among the brigadiers, Morris's star might indeed be in the ascendant.

It had been the custom of the ladies at Captain Lane's to appear on the piazza about the time that the officers came up from evening stables, and, reinforced by the Whartons, next door, and sometimes by other fair ones, to serve a fragrant cup of tea to such of their regimental friends as had time to drop in. To-day, too, the cosey little tables had been set upon the veranda, but the close proximity of the southwest gate, through which all the teams came driving in, and the rude stares of the occupants of the various vehicles, speedily drove the ladies away; and Sam Ling, the Chinaman, an old retainer of Lane's, was busily carrying the pretty china within-doors again and lamenting in voluble "pidgin" the coating of dust which had been received, when the captain walked by, with Hearn at his side. In vain Mrs. Lane called to him from the door-way to bring in any one who would come. He shook his head and walked on, talking gravely and earnestly with his younger friend. Miss Marshall, standing at the window, noted the inexpressible sadness and distress in Hearn's once buoyant, handsome face. He had grown years older in one day, she thought; all the color had fled from his sun-tanned cheeks, and the light from his brave blue eyes; yet there was a gleam in them, as he bent his head to talk with his friend the captain, that spoke of the smouldering fire within. She had thought him grossly wronged in the occurrences of the previous day, but it was the coming of the *Palladium* on the noon train that capped the climax. Omitting all the ingenious and alluring head-lines, condensing the sensational details in which the correspondent had worked up the case, Lieutenant Hearn stood accused before the whole United States of having forcibly ejected from the reservation a highly-respectable business-man who had vainly importuned him to pay the sum he for years had owed the estate of the former post trader, "most of it borrowed money to help him out of gambling scrapes," and had at last ventured to press his claim in person, only to be met with outrage and insult. There could be no doubt of the truth, said the correspondent: the books were open to the whole world, if need be, and the sum involved exceeded five hundred dollars.

Georgia Marshall, gazing at the pair from the lace-draped window, clasped her shapely white hands in deep perplexity. The slander, the scandal, the wrong, was spread world-wide; a refutation could never overtake it, even with the proofs of utter innocence at hand, and where were they?

It was some comfort at least that he should look up, and, as though in search of one friendly face, search the window with his sad blue eyes. He should feel that, no matter what the press might say and the Jews might swear to, more than one among his friends believed in him through thick and thin. Her dark eyes were full of sorrow and sympathy, and yet flashing with scorn of his defamer. And it was this picture of her face, framed by those shimmering curtains and by the trailing, twining tendrils of smilax that hung thickly about the window, that suddenly met his troubled gaze, and that he carried in his memory day and night long, long after.

Half an hour later the orderly came hurrying to Captain Lane's quarters with a note, and then ran on down to the stables.



"This will settle the question for you, Mabel," said Lane, who was getting into parade uniform. "Colonel Lawler comes on the sunset train, and Colonel Morris writes to know whether we cannot excuse him, or whether, perchance, there should be room for one more."

"Oh, Fred, and we've got to say yes, for Mr. Hearn won't come," answered Mrs. Mabel, with grief in her eyes. "We've got to say, 'Bring him by all means,' and yet how I hate to have our pretty dinner spoiled! If the train could only be late!"

"That would spoil it still more, Mabel, for then your—— Oh!" said the captain, suddenly recollecting himself, and turning back to his particular little shaving-mirror, before which he began busily arranging the loop of his gold helmet cord.

"For then?" exclaimed pretty Mrs. Lane, speeding across the space between her toilet-table and her liege-lord's shaving-corner, and laying her white hands upon his shoulder-knots and gazing up into his half-averted face with sparkling eyes,—“For then, you dear old—— You haven't sent East for flowers?"

"Perhaps it was some other fellow, then," said the captain, dubiously.

"Oh, Fred, you darling! I hadn't hoped for anything half so lovely. Will they be here on this train, really? That's why you didn't want dinner served until so late, was it? Georgia and I were saying, just now, if we only had a few flowers the table would be perfect. I must run and tell her." And impulsively she raised her soft lips to his face and kissed him enthusiastically. "You are so thoughtful, Fred!"

"Very," he responded, with much gravity of mien. "And that's what prompted me to suggest to your ladyship the propriety of throwing a wrapper over those snowy shoulders. The orderly has left the hall door open, and all Central City seems out here to-night. There goes the 'assembly,' and your train should be here in fifteen minutes. I suppose I can tell the colonel as he drives past on the way down to meet him?"

Ordinarily the announcement of the advent of some such high functionary as the judge-advocate of the division would have been quite sufficient to induce the colonel to turn over the command at parade to Major Kenyon and to go forthwith to meet the coming man. But here was the *élite* of Central City, as well as a strong delegation of the masses, gathered to see the garrison, and Morris particularly prided himself upon the soldierly grace and style with which he presided at the most stately ceremony of the military day. If he were to fail to appear at the head of his troops, if all that line of officers were to march to the front and salute Major Kenyon instead of him, people might really get the idea that it was the infantry field-officer who was the post commander, not himself. No. In all the yellow radiance of his cavalry plumage Morris strode forth from his veranda and stood revealed in the rays of the westering sun. His orderly hastened through the groups on the gravelled road in front, and, halting, raised his hand in picturesque salute, the eyes of Central City looking on:

"The colonel's messages are delivered, and the carriage will be at the station."



"Very well, Brooks. Now you yourself go down and be on the lookout for Colonel Lawler, a tall, sandy-haired, sandy-bearded man, rather slender, nearly sixty years of age; report to him, and get his baggage into the wagonette and bring him here to my quarters, and say that I would have met him, but was detained at parade."

Again the orderly saluted, then faced about and strode away through the swarm of curious eyes which followed him a moment, then turned once more upon the gorgeous and gleaming proportions of the warrior putting on his white leather gloves and buttoning them at the wrist with much deliberation. Mrs. Morris being in her own room arraying herself for the Lane dinner-party, and the veranda being vacant, he then called to his adjutant, who came along the pathway at the moment, a vision of floating yellow plume and brilliant aiguillette, and after a moment's conversation with his chief that young gentleman made his way to where a couple of town carriages were drawn up along the edge of the parade and presented the colonel's compliments to the occupants, the ladies of the postmaster's and leading banker's households, inviting them to bring their friends and come and sit on his piazza. Mr. Abrams, of Chicago, who was at the moment the centre of a knot of men, young and old, quitted their society, and, with his customary deliberation, sauntered over, opened the colonel's gate, and with careless ease of manner accosted that official, "Fine evening, colonel," and then lowered himself into the nearest chair just as the officer, with a face that flushed unmistakably, excused himself, passed him by, and hastened down the steps to greet the entering ladies, while the adjutant, hurrying on to where his sergeant-major was awaiting him at the edge of the greensward, signalled the band, and the stirring notes of "adjutant's call," followed by the burst of martial strains in swinging six-eight time, heralded the coming of the troops of the whole command.

Company after company, the cavalry from the west, the infantry from the east end of the quadrangle came marching forth upon the level green carpet, seemingly intermingling in confusion as they neared the centre, yet unerringly and unhesitatingly marching onward, until presently, with the solid blue-and-white battalion in the centre, and with the yellow-plumed helmets of the cavalry parading afoot on both flanks, the long statuesque line stretched nearly half-way across the longest axis of the quadrangle. Company after company the white-gloved hands clasped in front of each man as its commander ordered, "Parade rest," and Colonel Morris himself, who had with much deliberate dignity of manner marched out in front of the centre, now stood in solitary state with folded arms and glanced quickly along the motionless line, while back of him some thirty yards, all along the edge of the parade, in buggies, carry-alls, 'busses, in long sombre rank afoot, Central City looked admiringly on. For a moment the main interest seemed to centre on Lieutenant Hearn, and fingers could be seen pointed, and voices heard announcing, "That's him," as he stood, tall and erect, in front of the troop he was commanding in old Blauvelt's absence.

With flourish of trumpets and three resounding ruffles the band

swept out from the right front, and then all eyes were suddenly greeted by an unaccustomed sight. On the troops, long schooled in military etiquette, the effect was not at the time apparent,—neither by word nor sign was there indication that anything unusual had occurred; but in the populace, long accustomed to individual visits to the fort and to observation of its military requirements, “Keep off the grass” and by no means intrude upon the space reserved for military exercises; the sensation was immediate. Elbowing his way through the crowd standing at the edge of the parade-ground, with cigar tip-tilted in his mouth, his light spring overcoat thrown back, with the same cool deliberation that characterized all his movements the representative of the *Palladium* sauntered forth upon the sacred precincts, and, never hesitating until he had almost reached the commanding officer, presently came to a species of “parade rest” of his own, half sitting on the backs of his hands, which were supported on the knob of his massive cane, and there coolly surveyed the proceedings from the very spot reserved for the adjutant, one yard to the rear and three to the left of the commanding officer.

Some of the soldiers in ranks, unable to repress their merriment at the sight of so unusual a breach of etiquette, could not refrain from tittering. The voices of the file-closers could almost be heard in stern, low-toned reproach: “Stop that laughing, Murphy!” “Quiet, there, Duffy!” Morris himself could see that something unusual was going on, but, totally unconscious that his own official precincts were the scene of the solecism, never changed his position, but stood there statuesque, soldierly, and precise, all unconscious of his self-appointed staff-officer slouching behind him. As for Mr. Abrams, happy in the conviction that the people could not but look on and envy the proud prominence of the representative of the press, he appeared to have no other care than that of the criticism due the public of the martial exercises now taking place. That it was probably the colonel’s intention to make a speech of some kind to his men, Mr. Abrams did not doubt, and that the *Palladium* should have every word of it he fully intended.

The band by this time was hammering half-way down the line, and the officer of the day, coming suddenly in the northwest gate from a visit to the guard, became aware that something was exciting the merriment of the few men on the verandas of the cavalry quarters, and then caught sight of this strange figure out on the parade. He looked hurriedly about in search of the colonel’s orderly, but Brooks, as we have seen, had already gone on his mission to the station. Not a soul was there to whom he could intrust the duty, yet he knew he could not allow such a breach of military propriety to occur right under his eyes. There seemed no help for it; he had to go himself; and, by no means liking his duty, Captain Cross, of the infantry, hastened out on the parade, and with the eyes of both lines upon him, though the heads of the troops remained scrupulously fixed to the front, he stepped up to Mr. Abrams, tapped him on the shoulder, and civilly said,—

“I beg your pardon, sir, but no one is allowed on the parade-ground. I shall have to trouble you to fall back to the road-way.”

Mr. Abrams looked angrily around. What! Be compelled to quit his position?—to fall back in humiliation before all those people and meekly take his station among them, and actually to have to confess that, after all, a newspaper man wasn't the monarch of all he surveyed? Never!

"I'm here in the interests of the journal I represent, and I have full authority from the commanding general to inspect anything at this post," was his instant answer, accompanied by a shrug of his shoulders and an ugly scowl.

"I cannot help that," was Cross's cool yet civil reply. "You can see just as well from the edge of the parade, and here you will be in the way."

"I can't see it clear back there, and I mean to stay where I can see and hear. If there's anything I don't understand, I wish to be where Colonel Morris can explain."

Thanks to the banging of the band, all this was inaudible to the colonel, who remained in blissful ignorance of the colloquy taking place so near him.

"You cannot stay here, sir," was the firm, low-toned answer. "I will take pains to explain everything to you after you retire some twenty yards, but I trust you will not make it necessary for me to be more imperative. Come, sir."

And so, with the worst possible grace, Mr. Abrams had to give ground, and, accompanied by the officer of the day, fall back to the general throng. To cover his mortification as much as possible, Cross, in a smiling and courteous manner, went on to explain the purpose and details of the parade. But Abrams only turned angrily away. Twice he essayed to stop and face about, but Cross was getting his blood up by this time, and determinedly marched along to the very edge of the tittering line of towns-people, and there, raising his cap, said, with the utmost civility,—

"And now, sir, if I can be of the faintest assistance in making this ceremony clear to you, command me. You will observe that the adjutant is coming out to occupy the very position you were in."

But Mr. Abrams was in the sulks, as was to be expected, and still more wrathfully turned his back, refusing to listen, so that Cross promptly left him to his own devices. The representative of the *Palladium* had sense enough not to attempt to resume his place, but he had lost interest in the performance simultaneously with his own loss of prestige among the crowd, and so, after a moment's wavering, he turned about, and shouldered his sullen way toward his buggy, only stopping long enough to inquire of a civilian the name of the officer.

"Cross, eh? Captain Cross. Sure of that, are you? All right; I'll fix him," he growled between his set teeth as he strode away.

When a few moments later the long line of officers halted in front of the colonel and raised their hands in simultaneous salute, he responded with something less than his customary graceful deliberation, and inquired,—

"What on earth was going on there, that there was so much gig-

gling in ranks? It was mainly in front of you, Mr. Martin. Have you been attempting any witticisms, sir?"

"Not that I can now recall, colonel," responded Martin, with his usual drawl. "Possibly the appearance of our Chicago friend in the rôle of adjutant was what prompted their merriment. If you invited him to accompany you, I trust you will excuse it."

"Whom do you mean, and what do you mean?"

"Why, Mr. Abrams took post on your left and rear, sir, until Cross invited him elsewhere. I'm sorry for Cross: he has a wife and family, and yonder goes the gentleman, bound for the telegraph-office, no doubt. What won't the *Palladium* say now?"

"You don't mean he was right here by me during parade?" said Morris, growing very red.

"Certainly, sir," spoke Captain Brodie. "You could have smelt his cigar if the wind hadn't been blowing from the stables."

But the appearance of the wagonette whirling into garrison with the tall form of Colonel Lawler, a dust-colored figure from the crown of his felt hat down to his very boots, put an end to further remarks. Morris hastened to meet his guest, merely nodding response to Lane's courteous invitation to bring him to dinner.

## X.

Captain Lane's quarters, as has been said, were charmingly furnished, and adorned with attractive pictures and bric-à-brac. The dining-room was small, as dining-rooms generally are in army garrisons, but by dint of moving out the stove which until now had cumbered one corner, and then crowding the sideboard into its place, sufficient room had been gained to admit of extending the table diagonally and seating fourteen people thereat. And now, with the curtains drawn, but the soft evening breeze playing through the open casement and the broad hallway, in the soft yet brilliant light of dozens of wax candles set in sconces on the walls or in heavy candelabra on the damask-covered board, a merry party had gathered for one of the "lovely dinners" for which Mrs. Lane was already famous. Three of the infantry captains were present, with their wives. Pretty Jeannette McCrea, who was visiting the Burnhams, was escorted in by Dr. Ingersoll, popularly reputed to be an intractable bachelor, yet privately believed to be melting beneath the tenderness of that young lady's sweet blue eyes; and Georgia Marshall found herself sitting *vis-à-vis* with Mrs. Brodie, a somewhat portly matron, who seemed capable of imbibing information through every pore and storing it for further use, and yet at the same time imparting new and startling opinions on all current topics with intensified volubility. Her eyes took in every detail of the tasteful appointments of the table. Her nostrils inhaled the fragrance of the roses and carnations lavished on every hand. Her lips parted to receive the succulent little clam—rare and unaccustomed luxury west of the Missouri, yet easily expressed from St. Louis—and to give utterance at the same instant to liveliest comments upon the unusual feature of that evening's parade. It was not until after soup and the tiny thimbleful

of sherry that audible conversation seemed to extend beyond her, and then Miss Marshall, who had been endeavoring to entertain Captain Brodie and distract his mind from contemplation of his better half's undaunted conversational powers, found herself addressed by the gentleman on her right:

"And so you are from Cincinnati, Miss Marshall, and paying your first visit to the West? Now, what do you think of the army?"

"Pardon me, Colonel Lawler, but isn't that a trifle like the query we are said to propound to Englishmen who have just landed?—How do you like America?"

"But I inferred that you had been here long enough to form an opinion."

"To form one vaguely, perhaps, but probably not long enough to subject it to the test of experience."

"And do you never express opinions until assured of their justice? Really, Miss Marshall, I must compliment you on such wisdom and discretion. You should have been a lawyer."

"Yes, colonel?—and that, I understand, is your profession. Now I am indeed complimented."

Colonel Lawler's eyes had been wandering about the table as he spoke, but now he turned suddenly and suspiciously upon the girl at his side. He was a man of singular mental mould. He had been a clerk in the office of his uncle, a prominent lawyer in the distant East; had had merely a common-school education, and was laboriously reading law, when his patron found himself suddenly called upon to assume responsible duties at the national capital, and hastened thither, taking his clerk with him. Lawler at that time was nearly thirty-five, and had not yet been called to the bar. It was the third year of the great war. His patron soon found that the requirements of his office were such that a man of far higher attainments would be needed as secretary, and, being thrifty and unwilling to pay the salary of a clerk out of his own pocket, he decided on the not unusual expedient of shunting him off on a paternal government. Lawler had no idea whatever of entering the army as one of the fighting force, but the proposition of his uncle was almost dazzling. He wasn't much of a lawyer, to be sure, but quite good enough for the purpose, said the old gentleman to himself. And so it resulted that the green New-Englander was transferred to a clerkship in the bureau of military justice, and speedily blossomed out as a major and judge-advocate of volunteers, with station in the city of Washington. The first thing the excellent fellow did, after getting his uniform and sword, was to post off to the Granite State and marry the middle-aged maiden who for ten years had been patiently waiting the day when he could accumulate enough money to buy a little home, and, with his bride, he returned to honest toil at the department. No man ever worked harder to master the details of unaccustomed duties, and no man, probably, ever encountered greater difficulties. But such was his perseverance that he became a walking glossary of information on army legal affairs. It was not that he ever mastered the niceties of martial jurisprudence, but he knew the inside history of every case that came up for trial in the bulky records of the bureau. He could quote

the charges and specifications preferred against any and every officer, the findings of the court, the names of the principal witnesses, of the judge-advocate and the members, and little by little the seniors in the office had grown so to lean upon his memory and his opinion that he became an almost indispensable feature. And so when Peace once more spread her wings over the troubled walls of the Capitol, and the army was sent home, and a chosen few were retained from the million of volunteers to close up the records and accounts of that vast establishment, the bureau announced that it couldn't get along without Major Lawler, and Lawler was shrewd enough to see his way to a life-position. With the brevet of lieutenant-colonel for faithful and meritorious services during a war in which he had not once heard the whistle of a bullet, he was presently announced as transferred to the permanent establishment and duly commissioned one of the array of officers of the regular army.

At this time his sole acquaintance with the gentlemen with whom his future lot was to be cast was what he had derived from the court-martial proceedings which for three years he had spent ten to twelve hours a day in reviewing; and, knowing them through that medium alone, it became somewhat difficult for him to estimate them through any other when at last he was ordered to duty at a far-Western city as judge-advocate of a division. He had been so many years within the shadow of the War Department that army life in any other shape looked to him as might a strange garret to an exiled cat. When he met an officer for the first time his mind reverted to the records which he had reviewed: this was not the man who led the assault on Bloody Angle at Spottsylvania, who planted the first colors on the heights of Mission Ridge, who made the perilous night ride to Crook after the disaster of the Little Horn, but the officer who preferred the charges against Colonel Blank, or who was tried for duplicating pay-accounts at Nashville, or who was the unwilling witness in the case of old Barry at Fort Fetterman. To his pragmatism every soldier was a past or prospective figurant before a court-martial, and long contemplation of innumerable counts in the shape of specifications had so charged his mind with distrust of his fellow-men that, whatsoever might be his rank or record, no officer stood so high as to be above suspicion, none so impregnable that, judiciously handled, a court could not down him. "I consider it my bounden duty," he had once said, "to convict an officer if I possibly can." And while in his regard an acquittal might temporarily and partially vindicate the party accused, it must forever blight the fair fame of the judge-advocate who tried the case.

Some years of rubbing had so far modified his original views as to teach him that until charges were actually preferred it was not well to look upon any of his new associates as actually and absolutely attainted. But, once that formality had been accomplished, *primâ facie* evidence of guilt was firmly established, and only with reluctance and inward, if not active, rebellion could he bring himself to accept a verdict otherwise. Proceedings of courts which convicted he skimmed through with lenient eye; there could be no error there. But when, as was his invariable custom, he glanced at the findings before beginning the

review, and there discovered the unwelcome words "not guilty," no vigilance could exceed that with which he scrutinized every line of the record, hoping anywhere to light upon a flaw. Friends in the service at large he neither sought nor made. Secure in his position, abstemious, frugal, and even niggardly, he had no small vices on which to trip. Life to him was one long contemplation of the failings of his fellow-men.

And this was the gentleman who, being on some temporary investigation within the lines of the department, had received telegraphic orders to proceed at once to Ryan and look into the matters thus loudly heralded by the press. Standing not upon the order of his going, he had taken the first train, and reached the post at nightfall, eager to begin. It was a source of positive discomfort to him to find that he was expected by the post commander to dine at Captain Lane's; but his uneasiness was in no wise due to the lack of proper apparel. The colonel and the other officers were in full uniform, as was army custom then, before a merciful and level-headed general authorized the wearing of civilian evening dress on such occasions. But Colonel Lawler was quite at ease in a travelling-suit of rusty tweeds. Morris had offered the colonel the use of his own dress-suit, and in fact had rather urged it, as due to Mrs. Lane, but Lawler promptly replied that Mrs. Lane must have known when she asked him that he did not travel around on military duty with a spike-tailed coat, and declared that he thought it all unnecessary. "Spike-tailed coats are too high-toned for me, anyhow. I never see a man in one but what he reminds me of some butler I've seen in Washington." Morris said no more, but Mrs. Morris had looked volumes, and it was very ruefully indeed that the colonel presented his visitor to their gracious hostess. Dinner was announced almost immediately, and, ignoring for the time-being the young lady whom he had taken in on his arm, Lawler sat for some minutes looking in no little surprise about him. The sight of so much elegance at a frontier table could only convey to his mind the vague impression of peculation in the past. He was surprised to find that Lane could have had no connection whatever with "cotton cases" during the war.

And now was this young girl with the big dark eyes, looking so frankly yet scrutinizingly up into his face, quizzing him? The fact that for nearly a quarter of a century he had been a commissioned officer and was now high in rank, if not in public esteem, had given him a certain self-confidence of manner, and the consciousness of being the custodian of a host of official secrets added to his sense of self-importance. Yet, small and suspicious by nature, he was forever looking for some covert ridicule. He had come to the board a total stranger to Captain and Mrs. Lane, yet he felt a certain sense of superiority to them because he could, were he so disposed, tell that young matron a host of ugly things about her first husband. Of Lane himself he knew little or nothing beyond the fact that the proceedings of courts-martial of which he had served as judge-advocate were always correct. That he was known in the fighting force of the army as a brilliant and gallant soldier, who had been through many a hard campaign and had



twice or thrice been wounded, was of no avail in Lawler's eyes. That might be a very proper thing in its way, but did not interest him. Just now he was casting up in his mind the probable cost of the dainty feast and wondering what means Lane had outside his pay. Miss Marshall, being from Cincinnati, would doubtless know something, and he proposed to put her on the witness-stand forthwith, but, lawyer-like, to lead up to the matter by adroit circumlocution. Yet at the first clumsily-essayed compliment she had looked up into his face, a merry light in her big, dark, scrutinizing eyes, and he became instantly suspicious that she was quizzing him. Lawler reddened at the very thought.

"You seem to have a very correct appreciation of the legal profession," he said, however, with an effort at a gallant bow. "Most young women, I fancy, are far more partial to that of a soldier, for instance."

"Most women, you know, admire courage and truth and straightforwardness, colonel."

"And you mean that these are more frequent in the army—that is, among the—the officers of the line—than in the legal profession, I suppose. Now, Miss Marshall, a celebrated chief justice, from whom you may be descended, as you bear the same name, was the embodiment of all these traits."

"And his mantle fell on the shoulders of many, I doubt not, colonel; but—was it big enough to go round?"

"I'm afraid you're satirical, Miss Marshall," said Lawler, with a superior smile. "You young ladies not infrequently see only the glamour and froth of army characteristics. We who have spent many years in the endeavor to keep the army straight cannot look upon the officers quite as partially as you do. We see both sides of the double lives led by so many of the 'youngsters' in the line."

"Only by the line, colonel, and by the young officers? Then who looks after the staff, and the elders?" And Miss Marshall's face was bubbling over with fun.

"They have stood the test of years, Miss Marshall, and need no guardian, as do these young fellows who so captivate school-girls," answered Lawler, shifting uneasily in his chair. "Now, Mrs. Brodie has a mature conception of their merits and defects. She was speaking of this very case of Mr. Hearn's a moment ago.—You seem to have known him quite a while, Mrs. Brodie. Were you ever stationed together?"

"My! no, Colonel Lawler: only one cannot help hearing things," answered Mrs. Brodie, totally unaware of the facial contortions of her better half, who was helplessly, hopelessly striving to catch her eye and restrain her tongue. "Everybody in town seems to think he was such a popular young fellow; only, don't you know, so careless."

Colonel Morris and everybody at Mrs. Lane's end of the table happened to be deep in general chat at the moment, and neither saw nor heard anything of this sudden introduction of personal affairs at a social occasion. But Mrs. Morris lost no time. She saw Brodie's glowering eyes across the board; she noted Lawler's keen, shrewd gaze, and the troubled look that flashed over Lane's kindly face, and had



just time to whisper to him, "How can you ever forgive us for bringing the man? The colonel was in misery at the idea. He said he knew he would be talking 'shop' before dinner was half over. I can check Mrs. Brodie; at any rate." Then, aloud, "Pardon me, Colonel Lawler," and now her face was wreathed in sweetest smiles, "I'm not going to let Mrs. Brodie prejudice you against one of my prime favorites."

"Oh, indeed, Mrs. Morris," protested Mrs. Brodie, "I wouldn't think of such a thing. I was just going to point out to the colonel the very great difference between what he might have been then and what he has been ever since he joined the Eleventh."

"But the point at issue seems to be what he was then, as Mrs. Brodie puts it," said Lawler.

"But I wouldn't for the world have you suppose I thought Mr. Hearn had done anything that was ungentlemanly. I'm only saying what rumor was," burst in Mrs. Brodie again, who had at last caught the signals on her husband's face, and now only sought to excuse her own impetuosity, even though in so doing she more deeply involved the young gentleman himself. "I can't bear to hear such things said of him without any one to defend him; but what can one do?"

This was getting simply unbearable. While all at the other end of the table were having a merry, laughing chat, here was this professional investigator—an accidental and by no means welcome guest—taking advantage of the circumstances and of the well-known volubility of Mrs. Brodie to start her on the subject which called him to the post, and striving at a social party to "pick up points."

"By Jove!" muttered Captain Cross, "he's as bad as Mr. Abrams himself. What can we do to stop him? Nothing short of Divine Providence will ever stop Mrs. Brodie."

But the desired interposition came. Footsteps were heard on the piazza beyond the hall. The Chinaman, answering the summons to the door, came back, raising the portière that hung heavily over the entrance, and handed his master a card. Lane took it, and glanced quickly at Colonel Lawler.

"If you will excuse me," said the latter, rising at once, "these are gentlemen whom I telegraphed to meet me, and I will save time by seeing them here. I will just ask them into your parlor, Captain Lane." And, quitting the room, he passed through the hall-way and met his untimely callers at the door. Sam came shuffling back an instant after, having gone to turn up the parlor lights, and Miss Marshall, glancing over her left shoulder as the portière was again raised, saw that one of the men thus introduced beneath the captain's roof was the German Jew, Schönberg. Lane, busy in striving to restore the tone of general chat, did not see them at all.

It was an hour later. The ladies had risen and betaken themselves to the front piazza; the men remained to smoke a cigar with their host. The absence of the legal luminary, oddly enough, had dispelled the atmosphere of gloom that hung for a few minutes about the lower end of the table. He and his strange visitors were still closeted, so to speak, in the parlor, but now they came forth. In some mysterious

way every woman had by this time learned that Mr. Schönberg was there, and at the sound of the opening parlor door and of the mellifluous accents of that gentleman's voice they instinctively huddled to the other end of the piazza. Lawler walked with the two men as far as the gate, and, when they finally disappeared in the direction of the store, came sauntering back to join the ladies.

"As I don't smoke," he said, "I will take my enjoyment here. Where shall I sit?"

"Take this chair, Colonel Lawler," said Miss Marshall, noting the aversion with which all the others of the party had become inspired. "May I send for coffee for you?"

"Miss Marshall, I have no small vices. I never drink anything stronger than milk; never smoke; never chew; never swear."

"Never even swear, colonel?"

"Never. What is it you are smiling at?"

"Have you ever read the works of Josh Billings, Colonel Lawler?"

"I have no time to waste on nonsense, Miss Marshall. And I never could see anything funny or witty in such men as Billings and Artemus Ward."

"Well, it wasn't his fun I was thinking of quite so much just now as his insight into character," said the young lady, musingly, as she still gravely looked him over with her big eyes.

Two young officers came strolling along the walk at the moment, and, passing beneath the lamp, raised their caps in salutation to the ladies. Miss Marshall nodded and smiled with marked cordiality.

"All wasted, Miss Marshall: they could not see it."

"No, colonel, and I particularly wanted one of them at least to do so. Now, that's a part of the army that I decidedly like."

"Who are they, may I ask?"

"Mr. Wallace and his especial friend, Mr. Hearn."

"And is it possible that you find such young men to your taste? I gave you credit for having rather a higher standard."

"But it is their standard that I so much admire, Colonel Lawler. I don't suppose anything would tempt either of those young men to say or do a mean or cowardly thing."

"No?" said the colonel, with a superior smile; "and yet, do you know, I'm ready to stake my professional reputation that one of them at least is quite unworthy your trust or confidence."

"Now, are you not a trifle prejudiced, colonel? I thought the law presumed a man innocent until proved guilty."

"Theoretically, yes; practically, men who have studied human nature through the courts, as I have had to, get to see through the veneering of high tone that these 'youngsters' are so apt to assume."

"And so you are probably quite ready to agree with the correspondent of the *Palladium*, colonel, that most officers are frauds, especially the second lieutenants?"

"My experience has certainly not given me a high opinion of the young men, Miss Marshall."

"And, now, do you know, colonel, my intuition is very much in their favor."

"But is your intuition as well founded, do you think, as long legal experience?"

"Well, your experience has been confined to the limited few that have come before courts-martial, has it not? My intuition covers the great array of their number,—the ninety-and-nine. Now, I haven't any especial knowledge of the matter you seem to be investigating, Colonel Lawler, but I fancy that evidence such as Mr. Schönberg might give would have little weight before a court of intelligent men."

"You will change your mind when you come to see the books, young lady."

"Have you changed yours?"

"No: they simply confirmed my judgment."

"Then my intuition was right, colonel."

"How so, may I ask?"

"It told me that you had prejudged the case."

At this moment the officers came sauntering out into the open air, joining the group of ladies, who had fled back to the western end of the piazza as soon as they saw their obnoxious visitor safely anchored by Miss Marshall's side.

"Where's Lawler?" queried Morris, in no pleasant tone. "Has he gone off with those fellows?"

"No; I'm here, colonel, getting a lesson in law which this young lady is so good as to give me." Miss Marshall flushed at the discourtesy in his tone, but gave no other sign. "I shall expect to see you appearing in the rôle of counsellor yet, Miss Marshall."

"Very well, colonel; if it ever comes to that I shall fall back on my intuition."

Miss Marshall's cheeks were still flushed and her eyes had a dangerous gleam under their dark and fringing lashes when she stepped a moment after into the lately-desecrated parlor.

"You appear to have had quite a tilt with our friend the judge-advocate," said Lane, who had come in for more cigars for his guests. "I think I once told you I would not care to be cross-examined by you, Miss Marshall; and it looks as though he were not a little nettled."

"I hope I haven't been rude to a guest of yours, Captain Lane; but that gentleman makes me wish over and over again that I were a man. Did you know who his callers were?"

"I have just heard," said Lane.

There was sudden lull in the conversation on the piazza without, then the colonel spoke quickly:

"I wonder what that can be. That fellow yells in earnest, doesn't he?"

"What is it?" asked Lane, stepping to the door.

"Number Eight yelling for the corporal of the guard. Yonder they go."

Captain Cross, who was officer of the day, had quietly picked up his sword and hurried out of the southwest gate, while down the roadway could be heard the sound of rapid foot-falls. The call, however, was not repeated. Conversation soon became brisk and general, and in five minutes Cross came back.

"What was the matter?" asked Colonel Morris.

"Some civilians, sir, and one of our men, in a buggy, who said they came out by order of the general commanding the division, and had been detained here until after taps."

"Certainly; that's all right. Those were doubtless the witnesses Colonel Lawler sent for. Why wasn't the corporal of the guard sent down with them to pass them out?"

"Their buggy was tied the other side of the store, sir, and no one at the guard-house could see them start."

"Well, the sentry ought to have let them go anyhow, as soon as he saw who they were. We have no authority to hold civilians here."

"It wasn't the civilians the sentry was after, sir; he was perfectly willing they should go; but they had an enlisted man with them."

"Who?" asked Morris, with uncomfortable premonition of the answer.

"Private Welsh, sir, of C troop."

## XI.

The week that followed the advent at Fort Ryan of the staff-officer from division head-quarters was one that the good people at the post have not yet ceased talking about. Lawler had remained in the garrison only twenty-four hours, and went back eastward without a word as to his intentions, and, to the surprise of even Colonel Morris, without having sent for or spoken to the man most interested in his coming, —Lieutenant Hearn. This in itself was something that excited most unfavorable comment, for it was known that he had had long interviews with Mr. Abrams, the busy representative of the press, and that he had driven in town to spend some hours in questioning certain dubious-looking citizens presented to him one by one at the establishment of Mr. Schönberg. He had furthermore sent to the guard-house for Trooper Welsh,—once again there incarcerated by order of Captain Cross, who as officer of the day had arrested him for attempting to slip across sentry's post the previous night. And once again, to the dismay of the cavalry officers and the unconcealed ridicule of the infantry battalion, Colonel Morris had directed Welsh's immediate release.

"It was a misunderstanding, probably, Captain Cross," said the colonel, in conciliatory mood, to the old officer of the day, as he relieved him after guard-mount. "Welsh was given to understand that these gentlemen, who had just come from an interview with Colonel Lawler, had the authority of the department commander to take him to town with them, so as to be ready to make certain depositions early in the morning."

But Cross eyed his commander unflinchingly and said no word.

Among the infantry officers the opinion was openly expressed that between Abrams and Lawler and Trooper Welsh the colonel was simply demoralized. The crowd at dress-parade for several evenings was almost as big as that before spoken of, and, though the *Palladium* man did not again take position on the colonel's left during the cere-

mony itself, he was frequently at that officer's side when he made his way through the curious throngs, both in going to and returning from his post. And afterwards, with the eyes of the towns-people upon them, Private Welsh and the unterrified correspondent paced up and down the road in front of the cavalry barracks for half an hour; and the group sitting on Lane's piazza one evening especially could not help noting how ostentatiously the two conversed as they neared the white wicket-gate.

"Wharton," quoth Martin, as for the sixth or seventh time the swarthy trooper and his champion approached the captain's quarters, "I'm consumed with envy. The time was when good-looking cavalrymen, like you and me, could command some small attention from the eyes of our friends and fellow-citizens in town; but our day is done. There are the popular heroes of the hour. Now, here comes Hearn's first sergeant. Surely he's not going to have the unbearable effrontery to remind Trooper Welsh that he ought to be cleaning up for guard to-morrow, when a gentleman of the press wants to talk with him?"

"Is Welsh for guard to-morrow?" asked Captain Lane, in some surprise.

"He is. The colonel relieved him from durance vile before guard-mount this morning, and I heard the first sergeant tell Hearn an hour ago that it was Welsh's turn for guard, and wanted to know whether he was to order him or not. Hearn said certainly."

"And the man cut parade to-night on plea that Mr. Abrams wanted to talk with him. He was the 'one private absent' reported from C troop," said Wharton. "That's the reason the sergeant is after him now, I fancy, either to arrest him, or else warn him for guard."

"If I were Hearn I'd quit attempting to discipline that young man," said Major Kenyon, pessimistic and glowering as ever. "He ought to have sense enough to know that the worst blackguard in the service, with the press behind him, is more than a match for any officer who seeks to do his duty."

"And if I were Hearn," drawled Martin, "I'd make that particular *protégé* of the *Palladium* do his duty, if I died for it, especially after the marked copies that came to-day. Now watch."

The first sergeant, a trim, soldierly fellow with determined face and manner and quick energetic step, had by this time overtaken the pair who, strolling together, had almost reached the picket fence and were within ear-shot of the Lanes' piazza. Mrs. Lane glanced eagerly up the road, for Miss Marshall and Lieutenant Hearn at that very moment came from the Whartons' quarters next door and appeared upon the gravel walk, Wallace following with Jeannette McCrea.

Sergeant Wren had stopped short on overtaking the trooper, and, with scant ceremony, addressed him in tones that all could hear:

"Welsh, you're for guard to-morrow, and you've got mighty little time in which to get ready. Did the lieutenant excuse you from parade?"

"I didn't ask him. Colonel Lawler was good enough for me."

"Colonel Lawler left the post at five o'clock, and couldn't have wanted you."

"All the same I was acting under his orders and nobody else's. If you want any other authority you can go to Colonel Morris: I'm busy now." And with his hands in his pockets, and a jerk of the head to his companion, Welsh whirled about and led the way down the road toward the store, Abrams slowly following in his wake, but looking back as though curious to see the sequel. The first sergeant stood an instant flushing and with wrathful eyes, but raised his hand in respectful salute as the young troop-commander came quietly along, Miss Marshall leaning on his arm.

"You warned him for guard, sergeant?" said Hearn, answering Wren's salute.

"Yes, sir; and he says Colonel Lawler excused him from parade."

"I reported the absence to Colonel Morris, and he tells me that there may have been some such understanding, sergeant. At all events, as Colonel Lawler has gone, he would give Welsh the benefit of the doubt: so we have nothing further to do with that matter."

Wren ground his teeth as he briskly strode back to his quarters.

"What does the loot'nant say?" demanded Duffy, as he with half a dozen of his comrades clustered about the office, eagerly watching the sergeant's face and his clinching hands, as he returned.

"Nothing. Don't ask questions now, you men. The lieutenant can't do anything to him; the colonel won't let him."

"The colonel won't, is it?" said Duffy, with a wrathful grin. "Be jabbers, if I were colonel I'd command my regiment, and no damned newspaper man would scare me out of it. It's the *Palladium* that commands Fort Ryan to-night, and that blackguard Welsh is post adjutant,—more shame to us all!"

"Silence, there, Duffy! No more of that talk!" ordered Wren, as he banged to the door of his own little den, and the knot of troopers scattered away. "All the same," muttered he to his faithful second, Sergeant Ross, "Duffy only tells the truth, and damn me if I ever thought the day would come when my old chief would knuckle down like that."

And if in garrison circles that night it was predicted that something would be the outcome of the detail of Welsh for guard-duty, no one was destined to disappointment. He appeared at the appointed time, and was curiously scanned by the other members of the troop, as, carbine in hand, he came slowly and indifferently down the stairway just as the trumpets began to sound the assembly of the details. Unluckily for everybody who hoped to see Welsh brought up with a round turn by the snappy young adjutant, a drizzling rain had set in, and undress guard-mounting in overcoats was the result. Welsh's forage-cap and accoutrements might pass muster in a shower, but his full-dress rig every man knew to be woefully out of shape, and such was the fellow's unpopularity among his comrades by this time that audible regrets were expressed by the men that the weather had "gone back on them."

"Step out, there!" shouted Wren sharply to the dawdling soldier, as he gave the command to fall in.

"Get a move on you, Misther Welsh," laughed Duffy from the upper gallery. "Or don't they ever shtep out in the excellent family

down East? Sure, isn't he a fine-looking, intelligent young man of twenty-five?"

"Twenty-five? 'Faith, it's thirty-six in months he'd get, if I was commanding," muttered Kerrigan. "How are your patriotic motives this morning, Mister American-Blood-with-the-Asshamed-Name?"

"Sure his name is Dennis," laughed Duffy again. "Quit your sneering, Kerrigan. The young soldier's eyes are blazing with pent-up feelings again, don't you see?" And indeed a most malignant scowl was that which Welsh launched aloft at his persecutors, whose fun was cut short by the stern voice of Sergeant Ross, ordering silence. And in another moment the detail of C troop was dancing away in double time, with a parting adjuration from Duffy not to go too fast: "it's too aisy to set the blood boiling in Welsh's veins, anyhow."

It was in the ugliest possible mood that Welsh tossed up his carbine for the inspection of the officer of the guard. He had expected to pose as a hero and martyr. But, whatever might be the mistaken sentiments aroused in the East by the efforts of a paper that had exhausted local well-springs of scandal and sensation, here among those who knew the facts, and, above all, knew him, he had gained only ridicule and contempt. In all the garrison, now that Goss was gone, there was not a soldier who had ever stood his friend. In his own troop especially, where the rank and file were devoted to their young lieutenant, there was wrath and indignation at his expense, and well he knew that nothing but discipline saved him from a ducking in the river or a hearty kicking down the barrack stairs. Still, with Abrams to stand by him and the *Palladium* to champion his cause, he felt secure against fate; only he had thought to be looked upon as liberator and leader among the men, and they were all laughing at him. This was bitter indeed. He almost hoped that the adjutant would order him back, replaced by the supernumerary, for the rust he knew to be about the breech-block of his carbine, and which the officer of the guard would be sure to discover. But the young lieutenant contented himself with pointing to it with white-gloved finger and passing on, probably thinking it best to get him on duty at any price.

All day long on guard the men had taken frequent occasion to declaim quotations from the *Palladium*, until by evening stables they had rung the changes on Welsh's excellent family connections, his American blood, his patriotic motives in enlisting, his ardor for the flag, and his fidelity to his oath, until he was ready to wish to heaven the *Palladium* had singled out anybody else to be the martyr for its preconceived exposition of official tyranny in the army, and heartily sick of the part he had been induced to play.

But where, meantime, was Abrams? The day wore by, and not once had he come to the garrison, and Welsh, sulkily plodding up and down his muddy post near the stables, and knowing well that every time the men looked at him or nudged each other in the ribs they were guying him, had earnest desire to see his champion, and to prevent the publication of other letters they had projected, since the only effect, locally, of the assault upon the good name of his young officer was to bring down the indignation of the enlisted men upon himself. It only



made him rage the more spitefully against Hearn, and he longed for an opportunity to vent his spleen.

When the devil is working in the human breast, opportunity is seldom lacking. The evening gun had thundered, the last notes of "retreat" had died away, and the sun, that had been obscured all morning, went down in a golden radiance, leaving a sheen of beautiful color lingering along the crest of the opposite bluffs and reflected in myriad millions of rain-drops still clinging to the clumps of buffalo-grass. Tempted by the loveliness of the evening, Mrs. Lane had ordered out her carriage, and the moment the report had been made after retreat roll-call and Mr. Hearn was returning sadly to his own quarters, Lane headed him off:

"No. I'm going to take you away from Wallace and Martin to-night, and I don't mean to let old Kenyon get his hands on you again. Mrs. Lane and Miss Marshall want you to drive with us an hour or so; then we'll come back and have a quiet little bite just among ourselves." And Hearn pressed the captain's hand and silently thanked him.

Half a dozen of the guard were seated about the rough stone porch of the gloomy old guard-house as the carriage came rolling by, and at sight of the occupants they quickly laid aside their pipes and respectfully arose and raised their hands in salute. The sentry on No. 1, facing sharply to the front, brought his rifle to the carry with a snap that made the bayonet ring. The one man who remained seated and staring sulkily at the carriage wore the cavalry uniform: it was Welsh.

Both officers noticed the fact as they touched their caps in acknowledgment of the courtesy of the infantrymen, and exchanged significant glances. The ladies, too, were quick to note what had happened, and they, too, looked at each other and then somewhat anxiously at Hearn. But the carriage whirled along. The instant it had passed, Corporal Stein turned on Welsh. So did others of the guard.

"What do you mean by sitting there like that?" was the demand.

"I know my business," was the surly reply. "Just you 'tend to yours. You'd better study Tactics and Regulations before you try to learn me anything."

"Oh, do let the high-spirited scion of our finest families alone, corporal. Can't you see it's turning his stomach to be civil to anybody?" protested a tall infantryman.

"Ah, let up, now, on Mr. Welsh, né Mulligan—that's what they called ye in the Twenty-Third,—wasn't it Mulligan? Or was it Sullivan? Sure I know the family, and it's a foine one," protested Private Kelly, his blue eyes twinkling with fun.

Welsh sprang furiously to his feet, clinching his fist and making straight for the laughing little "dough-boy." That young Celt, though a head shorter than his dark antagonist, in no wise disconcerted, stood squarely facing him, and awaited the attack with a grin of genuine delight on his freckled face. Stein sprang forward, however, and interposed.

"No fighting here," he ordered. "Wait till you're off guard in the morning, and settle it then."



"Don't thwart the gentleman, corporal. Here comes his friend the police reporter," laughed the group of guardsmen. But the unusual chaff had summoned the officer of the guard to the spot, and at sight of the lieutenant every Irishman in the party assumed an instantaneous expression of preternatural innocence. Mr. Abrams, too, had reined up in front of the trader's store, a few yards away, and, noting the little knot of soldiers peering across the road, divined at once that something was going on, and so, with the instinct of his profession, hastened to the scene in time to catch a part of the colloquy that ensued.

"The corporal tells me the trouble grew out of your refusing to rise and salute when Captain Lane passed," said the officer of the guard, addressing the stalwart trooper.

Welsh glanced furtively over his shoulder until sure the *Palladium* man was in range of his voice, and then loudly replied,—

"I'm a member of the guard, sir, and the Regulations forbid guards paying compliments of any kind after 'retreat,' and I can show you the paragraph."

"You know perfectly well, Welsh, that that applies to the guard collectively when under arms, and not to individual members. I want no hair-splitting here. See to it that you pay proper courtesy to every officer while you're under my command." And the lieutenant, a young infantryman, with decidedly resolute face, looked squarely into the glowering black eyes of the trooper, and then, turning quietly toward his little office, his eye lighted on the *Palladium* man. For an instant it looked as though he had something to say to him too; but, struck by a sudden thought, he passed in without another word, and presently the sergeant of the guard appeared in the door-way. There was evident purpose in his coming.

Half an hour later Welsh was standing some twenty yards away, engaged in low-toned eager chat with his civilian friend. The faces of both men were clouded, and every little while the gypsy-looking soldier shot an angry glance toward the guard-house door. Presently they moved across the road and headed for the open bar at the trader's, wherein the lamps were just beginning to gleam. Before they reached its open portals, Corporal Stein was at their heels and his stern voice ordered Welsh to halt:

"Go back to the guard-house, Welsh: it's against orders for a member of the guard to leave it, and you know it as well as I do."

"My relief don't go on post for two hours yet, and this gentleman has business with me: you'd better not interfere with him."

"The gentleman can see you over there. You can't see him here."

Already the sergeant was striding across the road; the lieutenant appeared at the door; a dozen members of the guard were eagerly watching the scene. Welsh half turned. Mr. Abrams bent and muttered a few words in his ear, but the soldier, after one glance around him, shook his head. Slowly and reluctantly he turned.

"I'll get even with you for this, Stein," he hissed. And then, with shrugging shoulders, the two objects of general interest—the civilian and the enlisted man—slouched back across the road, the eyes of all upon them.

It was at this instant that the rapid whirr of wheels and the click of iron-shod hoofs were heard upon the drive, and briskly the Lane carriage came around the turn. Lieutenant Lewis stepped out from the door-way. Again the sentry faced the road and carried arms; again the soldiers of the guard arose, and those about the trader's door, also, faced the road-way; again the white-gloved hands were raised in soldierly salute, and one man only turned his back and slouched away. Every soldier within range saw that Welsh was determined to disobey the orders he had just received. In six giant leaps the tall sergeant had reached his side.

"Halt, Welsh, and face about," he thundered, and then, as the man still strove to edge away under the wing of his civilian associate, laid a brawny hand upon the hulking shoulder and spun him about as he would a top.

"Heels together, now. Look square at Captain Lane. Now, then, damn you, left hand, *salute*."

"Not badly done, sergeant," said Lieutenant Lewis, a moment after, as with kindling eyes he reached the spot just as the carriage had flashed by.—"Finish what you have to say to your friend in fifteen minutes, Welsh, and then report to me at the guard-room."—"Not badly done," he repeated, as he turned away with the tall infantryman by his side; "only you shouldn't have said 'damn' in the presence of ladies, or," with a grim smile under his moustache, "or—of the press."

"The ladies couldn't hear, sir, and I meant that the press should. I know that according to 'Pinafore' and the *Palladium* I should have said, 'if you please.' But mules and blackguards pay no attention to politeness. I've been thirty years a soldier, sir, and I know what fetches them."

## XII.

There were sore hearts at Ryan in the week that followed. As had long been anticipated, orders came for the summer practice march to the Indian Territory, and the Eleventh—band and all—had jogged away, leaving Major Kenyon to command the post, with his little battalion of infantry to guard it. The orders were received two days after Welsh's enlivening tour of guard-duty. The command was to march in forty-eight hours, equipped for field-service, and Lieutenant Hearn, with the other troop-commanders, was occupied every instant in getting his horses and men in thorough shape. Kenyon and Lane, after consultation among some of his friends, had induced the young fellow to promise not to open one of the marked copies of the newspapers which now began to crowd in with every mail, but to leave them all to be considered by the little council of three in whose hands he had been persuaded to rest his case. He had written a full denial of the *Palladium's* scandalous statements with regard to his financial entanglements, and a full description, as has already been told, of the original trouble at the trader's store with Private Welsh. These had both been duly handed to Colonel Morris in his office. No one had heard from Lawler. No one knew just exactly what disposition the colonel had

made of these papers. Mr. Abrams, too, had disappeared the day after Welsh's tour of guard-duty; but the whole garrison now was flooded with newspapers by the hundred. It would seem as if the guild of the Western press had resolved on a sudden and simultaneous assault on the army in general and as if Fort Ryan was the vortex of the storm. Sensational despatches were published from various quarters. Other journals, envious of the *Palladium's* exploit, unearthed other victims, long since out of the army for general worthlessness, and with flaming head-lines displayed to a sympathizing public the tale of official abuse and tyranny which had compelled these several gallant and patriotic sons of America to quit the service they were so well fitted to adorn. Dozens of tramps and tatterdemalions reaped sudden and unexpected harvest of eleemosynary quarters and lunches from gaping audiences in the beer-saloons by detailing individual experiences of their own when serving under Lieutenant this or that in the Eleventh Horse or the Thirty-Third Foot. Dozens of Munchausens wore the reporters' pencils down to the wood with details of their harrowing sufferings. Then the editorials began, and gravely lectured the people on the wrongs of the whole system,—the unrepudicated character of an army anyhow, the repugnance in the American mind to all idea of discipline. Meantime, of course, the *Palladium* was firing hot shot by the ton, and new so-called scandals at Ryan, fresh outrages on the helpless and down-trodden soldiery, were the subjects of Mr. Abrams's lurid delineations, until it was to be wondered at that in their wrath the offended public did not wipe the foul blot on their civilization from the face of the earth.

It was on Friday evening that, in answer to certain despatches he had been firing at department head-quarters, Colonel Morris received a message that at least put him out of uncertainty. That day the *Palladium* had outdone itself, and no one not conversant with the illimitable faculties of the paid correspondent can begin to imagine the heroic size attained in its columns by the incident briefly sketched in the last chapter: "Continued Persecution of Trooper Welsh! Heaped-up Humiliations on his Head! Forced to Show Slavish Homage to his Insulter! Helpless Wrath of Comrades!" etc. The details of the incident as told by the special correspondent lost nothing of sensationalism; and Lieutenant Lewis came in now for his share of obloquy. Poor Welsh was represented as having been marched out and with brutal curses compelled to salute Lieutenant Hearn, despite the fact that he as member of the guard was by law and Regulations exempted from the requirement. "In vain did the young soldier plead that paragraph 391 of the Regulations fully excused him. His relentless persecutors defied the laws of Congress and compelled him to 'stand and deliver' for the purpose of adding to the indignities already heaped upon him. Could the readers of the *Palladium* have heard the low, deep mutterings of the men in the garrison this night, no mutiny on their part need have surprised them." The editor, too, backed up his correspondent in a three-quarter-column assault on the ridiculous etiquette of the army. "It may be," he said, "all well enough in the conscripted camps of Europe, where whole nations are forced to service

under arms, to exact of the rank and file this slavish exhibition to superiors; but it is an insult to the high intelligence of the soldiers of free America, that because a beardless boy happens to have a strap upon his shoulder, thousands of scarred veterans should be compelled to do him homage. The whole idea of the salute is repugnant to the republican mind, and should be abolished; and for that matter, as we have no further use for an army, why stop at the salute?"

No doubt the ninety-and-nine of the *Palladium's* readers thought their editor was sound, and were as opposed to the idea of that courtesy which is officially declared to be "indispensable among military men," as to any exhibition thereof in the streets of their own peaceful and remarkably well regulated metropolis.

But Colonel Morris was himself wofully perturbed about this time. After immolating Cross and other officers by name, as was to be expected, the *Palladium* man had taken to poking ugly little insinuations at the post commander; and this, thought Morris, was the height of ingratitude. He was in no pleasant mood when the men came marching up from stables, and it stung him to see how cordial everybody was to Hearn, who, confound it, was the cause of the whole row. The telegram he had just received settled that matter once and for all; yet he was glad he had an adjutant on whom to devolve the coming duty.

Ever since Hearn's trouble began, Captain and Mrs. Lane had lost no opportunity to make him understand that they were devotedly his friends, and that if he would but come to them in his sense of utter wrong the shelter of their home, the welcome of their fireside, would be some compensation at least for the harsh treatment accorded to him by the world at large. Thanks to the efforts of the Western newspaper, a million or more of free people had learned to look upon his name as the synonyme for all that was swaggering, brutal, drunken, and bullying; and it was easy to see that the young soldier was cut to the heart.

But an unexpected ally had been discovered. Hearn, who had at first held aloof in solitude, brooding over his troubles, began to show decided readiness to come. And though at all times grateful and most attentive to Mrs. Lane, that clear-sighted young matron speedily noted how his handsome blue eyes would wander about in search of her quietly-observant friend, and that ever since the night of her tilt with Lawler Miss Marshall's interest in the case had been quadrupled. Now, this was not exactly what Mrs. Lane had planned. She wanted Georgia to marry in the army, but she also wanted, and saw nothing in the least unreasonable in so wanting, to select that spirited young woman's husband for her. She did not for a moment think that there was any danger of Georgia's falling in love with Hearn. He was several years her senior, to be sure; he was handsome, distinguished as a soldier, a man of unimpeachable character, as modern men go; but, she argued, "he is so much younger for his years than Georgia for hers." She had had to think so much for herself, and now the man she should marry was—well, not crabbed old Major Kenyon, of course; he was a widower,—sour and yet susceptible. It was only too plain that he loved to come to the house and talk with Miss Marshall by the

hour, especially when the cavalymen were all down at stables. Neither did she want the doctor, whom Jeannette McCrea could have if she would only make up her mind to drop Jim Wallace, who was now so devoted that the yearning medical man had no chance whatever. No; she didn't see, after all, just the right man for Georgia: still, she had always thought of some one so much older, utterly ignoring the fact that when left to themselves most women have very different views of their own. Not a word had she uttered to Georgia, of course, but to her loving and indulgent spouse she had gone so far as to say,—

"It is lovely to see how he is beginning to find comfort in her society; but, Fred——" And Madame breaks off, irresolute yet suggestive.

"But, Mabel——" responds her gray-eyed lord, with indefiniteness equal to her own.

"Just suppose——" And then another pause on her part.

"Just suppose what, Mrs. Lane?—that it should snow before September?"

"Now, Fred, you know; or else you haven't any eyes for——"

"I haven't—except for one," says Lane, parrying the situation with the very words he knows will most delight her.

"You absurd boy!" But she comes fluttering across the room to reward him as he deserves. "What I mean is, Georgia might get to think of him."

"Well, everybody is thinking of him just now, and in the light of such a catastrophe I suppose I'd have to make him think of her."

"He does now; and if he doesn't—you can't make people fall in love, can you?"

"Agreed, Mrs. Wisehead. Neither can you prevent it, can you? I know I couldn't stop a fellow from falling in love with you some few years ago, hard as I tried. The more I tried to put you away, the more you kept coming into that fellow's empty head." (Here Captain Lane is rewarded again, and as soon as able to speak resumes.) "So why worry now?"

"Well, I'm not worrying, exactly, only——"

"Only what? Every man can't have a wife like mine. Still, wouldn't she make rather a good one?"

"Good? Goodness! But the question is to find the right man. However, I know what you mean, Fred,—Don't interfere; so I won't. And there they are chatting in the parlor yet, and it's time for him to get ready for parade—— Why, here's Mr. Mason!" And Mrs. Lane, who had slipped into the dining-room, caught sight of the adjutant at the front door.

"What is it, Mason?" asked Lane, a sudden trouble in his eyes, as he hurried through the hall.

"The colonel wishes Mr. Wharton to assume command of C troop temporarily. I'm ordered to place Hearn in arrest," was the answer, in tones that trembled a little despite Mason's efforts at impassibility.

Lane's hand was extended, as though to close the parlor door, which stood ajar, but he was too late. The clink of the scabbard without had

already been heard, and almost at the instant Hearn stepped forth into the hall.

"You won't have far to look, old fellow. Here I am."

"My heaven, Hearn! I thought to find you over home, or I would never have come here on such an errand."

"Never mind; I am with you. Good-by, captain; say good-afternoon to—to the ladies for me."

"By Jove! I'm going over with you," said Lane, snatching a forage-cap and springing down the steps. He did not want to encounter the questioning eyes within.

But Mabel and Georgia Marshall met at the parlor door.

"Have you heard—do you know?" was the faltering question of the former.

"Hear! Know! Who could help hearing? Is it not an outrage?"

### XIII.

If Frank Hearn were a wronged and unhappy man before the regiment marched away, his troubles seemed only intensified now. Deprived of the command of his troop and confined to his quarters in close arrest, he was confronted by a new sorrow, one least expected, yet hardest of all to bear.

The sharp assaults of the *Palladium* to a certain extent had been discontinued. One great and influential journal of the Northwest had taken the pains to investigate the situation independently, and was now giving its readers the benefit of the facts in the case of the much-heralded martyr Welsh. And when that eminent patriot was thus shown up in his true colors the other papers had to moderate their ecstasies on his account. Very few managing editors, indeed, had not already been shrewd enough to see what he must inevitably turn out to be. But the originators had hoped to effect their onslaught on the army before the actual character of their witnesses was exposed. The moment the *Pioneer* came to the rescue it was time for them to change the line of attack, for no one of their number dared lock horns on a question of fact with a journal so fearless and respected. Still, as a lie can never overtake the truth, and as in this case the lie had a week's start, these exponents of the ethics of American journalism had reason to feel moderately well satisfied. It would be prudent, however, to let the matter "simmer" now; and there were other reasons, too: so Mr. Abrams was recalled from his mission to Central City, and set to work at the foundations of the character of a gentleman just spoken of in connection with the coming municipal elections. He had hitherto borne an unimpeachable name in the community, but his friends had committed the grievous offence of speaking of him for mayor before the *Palladium* had been consulted, and it therefore became the *Palladium's* duty to pull his props from under him.

Contenting himself for the time-being with the announcement that the military authorities at division and army head-quarters had expressed their deep sense of obligation to the *Palladium* for having brought to light the scandalous condition of affairs at Fort Ryan, and

that it had received their assurances that as the result of its efforts Lieutenant Hearn would be brought to trial by court-martial, this public-spirited journal wisely turned its attention elsewhere. Other papers, of course, kept up the hue and cry, but, the *Pioneer's* columnus having warned them that their martyr was, after all, only a scamp, and their victim a young officer with a capital military record whom the court might, after all, acquit, it became necessary to prepare the public mind for such a *bouleversement* by pitching into military courts in general as "Star Chamber" affairs, organized only to convict privates and whitewash officers; one journal going so far as to announce that a "court-martial for Lieutenant Hearn meant simply that a body of men, each and every one of whom was in the daily habit of violating every rule of decency and humanity, was to sit in judgment on his case and declare him innocent."

All this, of course, came duly marked and with pencil comment to Mr. Hearn from scores of anonymous senders, as he sat dazed and disheartened in his cheerless room; but this was not all. Nearly two weeks had elapsed now since the first assault, and the home letters, for which he had looked with mingled fear and longing, had begun to come. The first he opened was from his mother. She had received the marked copies of the *Palladium* of the first three or four days, sent no one knew by whom, and they were quickly followed by others.

What was it Thackeray wrote?—"There are stories to a man's disadvantage that the women who are fondest of him are always the most eager to believe."

A devoted woman and mother was Mrs. Hearn, but her sole knowledge of army life was derived from what she had seen around their nearly ruined home in a Southern city about the close of the war. Frank's boyhood was spent in straitened circumstances, but little by little his father's toil and pluck had restored their fallen fortunes, and, a stanch soldier himself, he could not wonder that the young fellow's heart should be wrapped up in the hope of a commission. Poor Mrs. Hearn! she had looked for something far different, and even her pride at Frank's winning a cadetship at West Point by competitive examination did not reconcile her to his entering upon a profession which would associate him with such characters as she had seen about the time the great army was being disbanded and hundreds of officers seemed to have nothing to do but carouse. By the time he was graduated, his father's practice had become so well established as to warrant the squire-colonel's yielding to his wife's pleadings. Secretly he rather wanted the boy to go on in his career, and was prouder of the chevrons the handsome young cadet captain had worn than of the old tarnished sleeve-knots that he had put away so reverently the day after Appomattox, where Lee's kindly hand had rested for a moment on his arm when he went to bid his beloved chief adieu. Yielding to her entreaties, he offered Frank good inducements to drop the army and come home and study law, but the youngster said his heart was bound up in the cavalry. The mother had let him go with prayers and tears. The letters from Ryan were buoyant, and made no mention of care or trouble of any kind. How could he ask his father's help when he had



refused his offer? The colonel rejoiced at the youngster's independence and decision, although he said nothing to his wife. Then came Frank's orders for Arizona, and Mrs. Hearn sobbed herself to sleep. Again the father said, "Resign if you like, and I'll start you here," but in the solitude of his library he kissed the boy's letter and blessed him in his heart of hearts for replying, "I wouldn't be my father's son were I to resign now, with the prospect of sharp fighting ahead." Heaven! with what trembling hands and tear-dimmed eyes he read the glowing words of old Captain Rawlins's despatch telling how brilliant and daring the boy had been in the first fierce battle with the Apaches! He draped the stars and stripes over Frank's picture in the parlor, and bade the neighbors in to drink to the New South and the old flag, and even Mrs. Hearn, ever pessimistic and filled with secret dread of vague temptations that she knew not of, fearing them more than peril or ambuscade, took heart and strove to rejoice that Frank was such a soldier. How shocked and sorrow-stricken they were when but a short time after came the tidings of the old captain's lamented death! How they studied all Frank's letters, and learned to know the regimental officers through his eyes, and longed to meet that capital adjutant, Lane, when he came to Cincinnati recruiting! Colonel Hearn even took a few days off and the north-bound "flyer" on the Queen & Crescent to go thither and make the acquaintance of his boy's friend, and sat for hours with Lane at the club, listening to his praise of Frank. Then came the eastward move again, and a brief leave, and the mother's heart yearned over her stalwart son, wondering at the bronze and tan of his once fair skin and rejoicing in the strength of his handsome face. Mother-like, she sought long talks with him and strove to catechise him as to what they did when not actually in the field. Was there not a great deal of dissipation? Did they not play cards? Were there not too many temptations to drink wine? What opportunity had they for attending divine service? etc. So far as he himself was concerned, he answered frankly, but as to his comrades, all these questions he had laughingly parried. He had now been six years an officer, and had never once asked his father for money, yet she nursed her theory that under it all there was something hidden. From childhood she had been taught that army life meant frivolity and dissipation, if not vice; and now at last, when her husband was miles away from home, looking after investments he had made in Florida, came this startling and terrible confirmation of her fears. In glaring head-lines, in crushing, damning terms, in half a score of prominent Northern papers she read of her son as a drunken bully, a gambler, an abusive tyrant to the helpless men committed to his charge, and, utterly overwhelmed, the poor soul had thrown herself upon her knees to implore of Heaven the strength to bear the dreaded blow, and wisdom to guide her aright in the effort to reclaim her wayward boy. The gray-haired pastor, for whom she had sent, came and mingled his tears and prayers with hers, and then they had between them written the letter that was now before him:

"It is but the confirmation of a long-haunting fear. I have all along felt that you were holding back something from me, my son; and God



only knows how I have prayed that this cup might be spared me and this sin averted from you. I dreaded the temptation of army life for one of your impulsive temperament. I strove, I rebelled, against the idea of your being subjected to such companionship. I hoped against hope that it might not be as I feared; but, alas! my intuition was right, after all. Do not think I am angry, my boy. Do not let this drive you from us. As soon as it is over, come home, and all that a mother's love can do shall be done to spare you further bitterness. My first impulse was to wire your uncle James at Washington to ask if something could not be done to avert the court-martial; but good old Dr. Wayne, whose son was in the army before the war, tells me that it is hopeless, and that the best that can be done is to get your resignation accepted, so that, though you have to quit the service, as he says, it may not be by the disgrace of a sentence. I have, therefore, wired James to go at once to the Secretary, and Dr. Wayne has also invoked the aid of some influential friends. Wire me instantly on receipt of this, that I may know that you are bearing up manfully. It will soon be over. May God sustain you, my son, is the prayer of your devoted and distracted

"MOTHER.

"P.S.—Frank, my worst anxiety is on your poor father's account. I dread to think of the effect this news will have upon him. He never appreciated the danger as I did."

And this was the letter poor Hearn was almost raging over when the door opened, after a single prefatory bang, and in came the major:

"Hello, lad! how are you to-day? The regulations which forbid your visiting the commanding officer don't prevent his coming in to see you, I suppose. Any more newspaper attacks? You couldn't have got much worse if you had been running for President of these United States. I see that three papers of my beloved home are now calling me ugly names because my brother published a letter in which I had the temerity to say to him that Welsh was a sneak and Abrams a slouch and you a soldier; but I never expect anything better. Why, Hearn, my boy, forgive me. Something's wrong, and here I'm rattling away and never seeing it."

"Read that," said Hearn; and the major read, with wonderment and concern deepening in his grizzled face, then turned away to the window with a long whistle.

"Well, lad, that is something even I hadn't thought of. By gad, I'm going to write a few lines to your good mother on my own hook: she reminds me of mine. No; no shutting yourself up in your bedroom now. Come out here on the piazza, where there's sunshine, and where there will be roses presently. Mrs. Lane and Miss Marshall have gone over to the hospital with some jellies for Brent, and it's time for them to return. Come out, I say, or, as commanding officer of the post, I'll send a file of the guard to haul you out. You've lost three shades of tan in four days, and I'm not going to let you mope in here, if I have to annul your colonel's order of close arrest and give you extended limits. Come out."

There was no resisting the major; there was no resisting the deeper

longing in his heart. Every day since his incarceration Mrs. Lane had found means to send him some friendly little note, together with dainties of domestic manufacture; every day she and Miss Marshall had appeared at least once or twice upon the walk in front, although he could not join them; and now they were interesting themselves in Corporal Brent, said the major, and the corporal was getting well enough to be read to a little while and to see some of his chums for a few minutes and to inquire how he had been hurt. Kenyon fairly towed his prisoner out through the hall and landed him on the veranda just as the noon-day drum was sounding orderly call, then rattling out "Roast Beef of Old England" in hoarse accompaniment to the piping of the fife.

Half an hour later, two parasols could be distinguished above the low shrubbery farther east along the row, and the ladies on Burnham's veranda, where the doctor was seated in clover, now that Wallace had ridden away, stepped forward to the hedge and accosted the bearers and strove to persuade them to stay. Hearn's heart seemed to halt in protest, then pounded gladly away again, for the delay was but momentary, —phenomenally short for feminine chats; but the mail was coming, and Mrs. Lane was impatient to get her letters. Once more the parasols came floating along above the hedge. One, held some six inches higher than the other, was on the outside, farthest from the fence. That was *hers*, and she it must be who would first come in sight from behind the big lilac-bush in Brodie's yard. If Mrs. Brodie should happen to see them and stop them! But no; Mrs. Brodie went across the parade to the Crosses' half an hour ago, thank heaven. Hearn's eager eyes were fixed upon the outer edge of that lovely lilac screen, longing for the first glance of the face he had seen in his dreams night and day now for nearly a week. If she were thinking of him, if he were anything to her, would not she be apt to look toward this veranda the instant she hove in sight around that sheltering bush? "Yonder they come now," said Kenyon, slowly lowering his boot-heels from the balcony rail. "I'm going to stop them at the gate to see how Brent is."

Another instant, and once more the floating fringes of the outer parasol came sailing slowly into sight beyond the lilacs, then the white ferrule, a daintily-gloved hand, a white-draped shoulder, then a proudly-poised, dark-haired head, thick, low-arched eyebrows and long curling lashes through a flimsy web of veil that hung almost to the rosy lips, close compressed; then sudden upward sweep of lash, a quick, straight glance from two deep, dark eyes, a gleam of joy, of glad recognition, an instant parting of the curving lips and a flash of white, even teeth, and Hearn's heart throbbed and bounded. She had seen him instantly, and was glad.

Yet it was Mrs. Lane who had to do most of the talking, for Georgia Marshall was strangely silent. Every now and then her eyes seemed to take quick note of the pallor of his face and the lines of care and trouble. Kenyon had held open the gate and quietly steered the two ladies to the veranda, where Hearn was hastily placing chairs; and though the mail-orderly was approaching and Mrs. Lane knew there must be letters from her captain, she could not take Georgia instantly away, and so for a few moments they sat there, in their dainty summer

gowns and with deep sympathy in their eyes,—eyes so different in color, yet so like in expression, they would have cheered a sorer heart than Hearn's.

The orderly carrying the mail came briskly in at the gate.

"I left Mrs. Lane's letters at the house, ma'am," he said, as he handed a package to Kenyon and proceeded to unload half a dozen bulky newspapers on Hearn. Kenyon had opened his official letter with brief "excuse me," and then began to chuckle:

"Hearn, my boy, they mean to do you all proper honor. Just look at this detail, will you? Four or five colonels and majors and half a dozen captains to sit in judgment, and——well, if this don't beat all! old Lawler himself for judge-advocate."

Hearn's face was flushing and paling by turns.

"You don't mean that Colonel Lawler himself is detailed?"

"Certainly I do; and what do you want to bet the *Palladium* doesn't say that this was done in deference to its suggestion that no biassed associates of the accused officer should be allowed to officiate, as the people will tolerate no whitewashing of character in this most flagrant case, or words to that effect? Oh, I know those fellows! There's more conceit in one newspaper office in my beloved home than in all the armies in Christendom."

The ladies had risen, Mrs. Lane's eyes saying plainly to her friend, "We ought to go."

"Does the court meet here?" asked Hearn, quietly. "Please don't go, Mrs. Lane,—not just yet."

"Indeed we must, Mr. Hearn. I know you need to confer with the major now, and we will only be in the way."

Hearn's eyes had sought Miss Marshall's. She was standing by the balcony with half-averted face, yet listening intently.

"The court meets here, and on Monday of next week. Verily, Hearn, public wrath demands a prompt trial of your villany. Now, with Lawler to prosecute, you'll need a friend to defend. Who is it to be?"

"I have not asked any one," said Hearn, slowly. "The charges have not yet reached me. I do not know of what I am to be accused, who are the witnesses, or anything about it. Whom could I ask to oppose Lawler?"

Miss Marshall had slowly turned, and now looked full at Kenyon's troubled face. Her slender hands were clasping; her breath seemed to come and go almost too quickly.

"There's no man here fit to advise you, Hearn, and I know of no one quite a match in subterfuge for that 'Tombs Lawler,'" was the reluctant answer.

"Then I'll fight it out alone as best I can," said Hearn, at last.

The ladies were going; Mrs. Lane was down the steps already, and the major gallantly striving to raise her parasol. Hearn had clasped Miss Marshall's slender hand as she turned to say adieu, and the frank cordial pressure emboldened him. He would have held it firmly, but as firmly, yet gently, it was withdrawn.

"Only a week yet, Mr. Hearn," she spoke, her bosom rising and

falling quickly. "Is there no officer you know to take up this case for you?"

"I fear not, Miss Marshall. You know I'm not even a first lieutenant yet; and he is a lieutenant-colonel."

She looked up one instant in his eyes, then with sudden impulsive movement held forth the hand she had just withdrawn.

"Good-by," she said, turned quickly, and was gone.

For a moment the two friends walked on in silence.

"A penny for your thoughts, Georgia."

"I wish I were a man."

"On his account, is it? Don't you know—he would far, far rather have you just as you are?"

#### XIV.

A general court-martial was in session at Ryan, and for three days had been sitting in judgment on Lieutenant Hearn. It was the first occasion in many a long year on which Colonel Lawler had appeared in the rôle of judge-advocate, that complex and contradictory position wherein the so-called legal adviser of the court, having prosecuted in the name of the government to the extent of his ability, proceeds to demolish his own elaborately-planned attack. It is the not infrequent result of such a system that the exertions of the prosecution so exhaust its representatives that the defence is left to its own devices, and in the case of Colonel Lawler, as has been said, he had always held that when an officer was under trial the moral obligation of the government was to find him guilty, if a possible thing.

No one on the court could quite understand why Lawler had been detailed for this duty. It was a most unusual thing to call upon the officers of the department of military justice itself to furnish the prosecutor; rather was it their province to remain at the office of the division or department commander, and, in reviewing the records, to sit in judgment on the judges. But the *Palladium*, true to Kenyon's prophecy, was not slow in explaining the situation. It was a case in which the whole people, with itself as their representative, had demanded the trial of the officer who dared maltreat the man. No ordinary occasion was this, but one to attract wide attention throughout the entire nation and be daily reported by the press. Colonel Lawler saw opportunity for distinction hitherto unequalled; he *asked* of his general the detail as judge-advocate of the court, and the general, though surprised, saw no way to refuse.

So carefully had the court been chosen that of its entire array of thirteen members every man was personally a stranger to the young soldier whose fate lay in their hands. Of all his regiment not another officer was at the post when the court began to arrive, and the only soldier—heaven save the mark!—was Welsh, now assigned, much to their disgust, to Captain Brodie's company of the infantry for rations and quarters until his evidence should be given; and Welsh was the constant centre of a group of newspaper men now billeted at Central City and resenting it not a little that they were not invited to put up at the fort.

But, as matters stood, the fort was already taxed to its utmost capacity: the only quarters in which there was room for the arriving gentlemen were those of the absent cavalry officers. Mrs. Morris had two spare rooms, and promptly invited Colonels Grace and Maitland, old friends of her husband, to be her guests. Kenyon took in three of the seniors. Mrs. Wharton happened to know Captain Chase, who was one of the detail, and scandalized Mrs. Brodie by borrowing the Lane barouche, meeting him at the depot, and driving him straight to her roof.

"Mind you," said that young matron, "*every* man on this court shan't go to its first session without knowing something of Frank Hearn's real character. I only wish I had room for more."

Mrs. Lane had no spare bedroom, but bade her regimental friends who had, to fill them up with members of the court. "Georgia and I will board the whole array, if you will only let us," she declared. "I'll set a lunch for the court at noon, and dine the entire party at seven every day they are here, if some one will only agree to take Colonel Lawler."

Nobody wanted Lawler, and so he was one of the three relegated to the gloomy precincts of old Kenyon's quarters and compelled to rough it at bachelor mess. It was arranged that eight members of the court should be quartered among the cavalry homesteads and otherwise be entertained at the Lanes'. Of such are the expedients to which garrisons are subject.

It was not until Monday afternoon that the court began its session. Two officers had telegraphed that they could not reach the post until the arrival of the noon train; but all that morning and most of Sunday the judge-advocate had been bustling about the garrison, full of importance and enthusiasm. Recognizing the interest felt in the case by an entire neighborhood, and sedulously active in providing for the needs of the press, Lawler had caused the quarters of C troop to be cleared of all the iron bunks. Arm-racks and lockers were shifted away; a long table had been brought up from the mess-room underneath and set in the middle of the big room, the president's chair at the head, his own at the foot, those of the members at the sides. Another long table was provided for the swarm of newspaper correspondents, and then, for the general public, the mess-rooms of the cavalry had been ransacked, and benches and chairs to accommodate several hundred people ranged about the room. It was Saturday night when Lawler arrived and was met by Major Kenyon and escorted to his quarters.

"You might tell Mr. Hearn that whatever he may desire to say to me about the case I can hear to-night. You have no objection to his coming to your quarters, I suppose?"

"Lord, no! I like it. So does he, generally; but if you want to see Hearn you'll have to go yourself."

"Why?" said Lawler, reddening. "He ought to know that it is to his interest to seek the advice and assistance of the judge-advocate. Of course he knows that I must do my full duty in prosecuting the case; but, outside of that, any service I can render him he has a right to call for."

"Oh, he understands ; but, as he was given no opportunity to speak for himself when you were investigating the case, I fancy he will ask none now, until he comes before the court. Then you probably will hear from him."

"It might be very much better if he were to frankly consult the judge-advocate," said Lawler, gazing keenly at Kenyon from under his shaggy brows.

"Very much better for the prosecution. But—how better for him?"

"Well, those young men never gain anything by fighting a case. He had much better throw himself on the clemency of the court. But I suppose some one has undertaken to defend him?" Another shrewd glance.

"Some one! yes, I've heard that several some-ones offered their services by first mail the moment it was known you were to be prosecutor. What the devil did you take it for, anyway?"

"You seem to forget, Major Kenyon, that it was a matter of very grave importance to the army as well as to the public," said the colonel, with much dignity. "Officers who are rash enough to seek to defend him can have little conception of the feeling aroused throughout the entire North."

"True," said Kenyon, with sarcastic emphasis. "It's one of the singular traits of some fellows in the army that, instead of meekly knuckling under to what they know to be an outrageous misrepresentation of themselves and their profession, they should have the consummate effrontery to resent even newspaper attacks. Now, you can hardly conceive it possible, Colonel Lawler, but, do you know, there are actually officers who think Hearn a thousand times more sinned against than sinning? And, that being their conviction, they are so blind to their own interest as to be willing to fight for it. It is incomprehensible—to some people; but it's a fact."

And—will it be believed?—when Colonel Lawler sent his orderly to say that he would receive Hearn at Major Kenyon's quarters in case he desired to see him, the orderly came back with the lieutenant's compliments and the singular response that the lieutenant knew of no reason whatever why he should want to see the colonel at any time.

Lawler had conceived it his duty then to accost Mr. Hearn on the piazza of his quarters, and blandly to inform him that he was entitled, if he saw fit, to call in the services of some suitable friend as *amicus curiæ*. Brodie and Cross were both sitting there at the moment, and glanced at each other with a grin, as Hearn coolly looked the judge-advocate straight in the eye and remarked that he was aware of the fact.

"I thought you might not know it, and I desired to say that I should interpose no objection," said Lawler.

"I am not aware, Colonel Lawler, that it is the judge-advocate who either denies or consents. It is the court, as I understand it, that settles the question." And Lawler went away with tingling ears: Hearn's temper was being sorely tried. No less than four times that Sunday morning had he been called upon by gentlemen representing

themselves as correspondents for some paper or other, each one of whom desired to interview him as to the line of defence he proposed adopting, and really seemed astonished that he should decline to give any information on the subject. And Hearn's replies to Lawler had been buzzed around the garrison with added emphasis at every repetition.

And yet, when Monday afternoon came, and, in the presence of a crowded array of civilians from all over the neighborhood, Colonel Lawler impressively inquired the name of the gentleman whom the accused desired to introduce as counsel, and even the fans ceased to flutter, and all ears were intent upon the reply, and a dozen pencils were poised over the pads on the reporters' table, Mr. Hearn astonished almost all hearers by placidly, even smilingly, responding,—

"Nobody."

"Why, I understood from gentlemen here at the post that you intended to introduce counsel," said Lawler, much nettled.

"With all deference to the court," said Hearn, "the understanding of the judge-advocate is at fault."

There was instant titter, and a ripple of applause. The correspondents glanced quickly at one another and then in surprise at Hearn. For a man who refused to talk at their bidding, he was displaying unlooked-for ability now. Lawler reddened to the roots of his hair and glanced angrily around.

"The audience must keep order," he said. "You are at liberty to witness these proceedings, but audible comment or any levity at attempted witticisms on the part of the accused will not be tolerated."

But Hearn's face wore a provokingly placid smile. And the president, rapping on the table with the hilt of his sword, called for silence and curtly demanded of the judge-advocate that he proceed with the case.

Not ten feet from where Mr. Hearn sat by his little table, whereon were his memoranda and a few books, Georgia Marshall, with sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks, bent and whispered to Mrs. Lane,—

"One for our side."

And Mrs. Wharton, catching the eye of some friends across the room, very improperly tapped the back of her kid-covered thumb-nails together in mute applause. The press and the populace might be with the prosecution, but it was easy to see that there were loyal and lavish hearts there staunch for the defence.

The court had not been authorized to sit without regard to hours. Lawler argued that in a case of such wide-spread interest the sessions should be held when it would be most convenient for the world at large to attend, and by adjourning at three P.M., the conventional hour, all good citizens would be able to get home in abundance of time, secure in the belief that nothing would transpire before they could return to their post of observation on the morrow. Nothing of great consequence was accomplished on the first day, beyond the ceremony of swearing the court, which Lawler rendered as impressive as possible, the administering of the judge-advocate's oath, which Colonel Grace rattled through in a perfunctory style that robbed the legal gentleman of the dramatic effect he had contemplated, and the reading of the charges and specifi-



cations, which were breathlessly listened to by the throng and most oratorically delivered by the judge-advocate. There was something especially fine in the air with which he turned and faced the soldierly young officer who, in his trim fatigue uniform, stood opposite to him at the table.

"To the first specification of the first charge, how say you, sir?—guilty or not guilty?"

And, in the simplest way in the world, the answer came in tones sufficiently clear to be audible beyond the open window:

"Not guilty."

And so to each and every specification and to the charges of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman and of conduct prejudicial to good order and military discipline, Lieutenant Hearn calmly protested his entire innocence, and the pleas were duly recorded.

Then Colonel Lawler announced that in view of the importance and probable length of the case he desired the services of a stenographer and requested the authority of the court to call one in. The president looked perturbed; stenographers were expensive, and the last court he was on had been rapped over the knuckles for employing one, although the record exceeded a hundred and fifty pages in length.

"How long will you need one, and how soon can you get him here?" asked Colonel Grace.

"Well, we can get through with the case in very short time with a stenographer, but it will take a week at least without one." He did not say, however, that he had one already in the room, in the shape of a newspaper man from Chicago. Some of the court began to consult among themselves.

"Make him write his own proceedings," whispered Colonel Maitland to the president. "By gad, he was probably the man that rapped your court for employing one there at Omaha last month." Then he scribbled a line and tossed the scrap of paper over to Major Putnam on the other side, and passed word down to Captain Thorp, who had been judge-advocate of the court in question. It was evident that the members thought that here was an admirable chance to "work" the judge-advocate, a thing seldom enjoyed; and at last old Grace, humming and hawing a little, said that the court could not see the necessity, in view of the remarks made by division head-quarters on a recent case, and must for the present decline the request. Whereat Colonel Lawler, in manifest ill humor, remarked that he could be safely expected to say what would and what would not be approved by the division commander, and that, if the court would not order it, he would get the order by telegraph.

"All right," said the president; "and meantime we'll proceed without one. I suppose you are ready with your first witness, Mr. Judge-Advocate?"

"If the court insists, yes; but I prefer to wait until I hear from the telegram which I am now writing."

"We had better go right ahead," said Colonel Grace.

And so, amidst profound silence, the name of the first witness



was called; and with the eyes of the entire room upon him, neatly dressed, cleanly shaved, and looking his very best, Trooper Welsh was ushered in from the outer gallery, was sworn impressively by Lawler, and was asked for his name, rank, and regiment, and whether he knew the accused. The new correspondent of the *Palladium* described the hasty glance which Welsh cast at the lieutenant as one in which "his glowing, dark eyes kindled with the pent-up sense of the wrongs and humiliations heaped upon him by the officer in question." Major Kenyon, sitting close by Mrs. Lane, looked at Brodie with swift whispered comment on that furtive glance. Miss Marshall never took her eyes from the witness's face.

"State how long you have been in service, and with what company you have served."

"I've been——" then there was a sudden flutter of the eyelids and a moment's hesitation, but only a moment's,—"I've been in Troop C, Eleventh Cavalry, about eight months, stationed here at Fort Ryan. I enlisted in St. Louis a year ago."

The judge-advocate was just writing out the answer, when Miss Marshall leaned over and whispered a word to Kenyon. The major nodded appreciatively and looked eagerly along the faces of the members of the court across the table. Captain Thorp's eyes met his, and it was Thorp who suddenly spoke:

"The witness has not answered the question, as I understand it."

"He has answered as the court understands it," said Lawler, sharply, "and entirely to my satisfaction."

"He may have answered to the satisfaction of the judge-advocate, but I suggest that the court can speak for itself," was Thorp's cool reply. "The question should have elicited an answer as to the entire service, possibly in other commands, on the part of the witness; and he replies only as to C troop."

"He has given the exact information I desired," said Lawler, hastily, "and all my question was intended to cover. I protest against interference with my witnesses."

Bang! came old Grace's sword-hilt on the table.

"It is three o'clock, Mr. Judge-Advocate, and the court will adjourn."

Lawler drew a long breath, and glanced triumphantly at Thorp.

But, however little the first day brought forth, the second in no wise lacked sensation. Welsh and Mr. Levi Schönberg, in terms most emphatic, had described the assault upon the principal witness; both declared that with brutal violence Welsh had been dragged forth from the bar-room and then kicked and cuffed all the way to the guard-house; both denied the faintest provocation or excuse; and then, amid oppressive stillness, Mr. Schönberg had described his connection with the trader's establishment six years before, and his knowledge of the pecuniary dealings of the accused. In positive terms he asserted that old Mr. Braine had lent the accused sums aggregating six hundred dollars at different times, and that he had frequently and vainly importuned him, in letters written by Schönberg, for payment, had been ignored, and that finally, when he, after the accused returned to the

post, strove to collect the amount, he, the witness, was met with curt refusal, denials of all indebtedness, and finally with threats and assault. Nothing much more connected could well be imagined. Both men were positive and precise as to facts and dates, and both when cross-examined by the accused stuck stoutly and positively to their versions. Another witness was Mrs. Schönberg that was and Mrs. Braine that had been, and her testimony, though by no means truculent or positive, was largely in support of that of her Jewish spouse. She was sure of the loans to Hearn; sure he had never repaid them; sure that Braine had directed them placed upon the books, and had frequently spoken to her of them, because she thought that he was too open-handed and credulous, and had told him so.

When court adjourned at three P.M. on the second day the case had gone dead against Hearn, and Colonel Grace gravely inquired if he could not procure counsel even now; it might still be allowed. But Hearn quietly shook his head. Wednesday morning was to have brought the redoubtable Mr. Abrams to the scene to aid the case for the prosecution, but Colonel Lawler was compelled to say that the witness was not forthcoming, and had not even answered telegrams sent him. There was some quiet grinning at the reporters' table, and old Kenyon breathed a sigh as he bent over and whispered to Brodie,—

"D—n that fellow! He never meant to come, and Lawler knows it. Cross-examination would have broken him all up."

But two other civilians were produced, who claimed to be old friends of the late trader, and one of these testified that the week before his death Mr. Braine had declared that Hearn had refused to repay the money and he regarded it as good as lost. Hearn protested against this as "hearsay" and not testimony under oath. Lawler vowed it was material and confirmatory, and the court was cleared, to the utter indignation of the correspondents thus compelled to quit the room with the common herd. Thrice again this happened during the day, and people grew disgusted, many of them leaving; but those who remained, including the officers, could see no earthly hope for Hearn. Everything had been as conclusively proved as such witnesses could establish matters, and the only chance lay in the impeachment of their testimony.

It was nearly three o'clock on Wednesday when Lawler said that if the other witness, Mr. Abrams, did not put in an appearance he would rest the case for the prosecution. Colonel Maitland inquired why the books of the late post trader had not been produced in court in support of Schönberg's testimony, and Lawler promptly responded that they were too bulky to be appended to the record, were property of the estate, and he had not considered them necessary. However, if the court insisted— And the court did. Schönberg was directed to bring his books at ten o'clock the next day.

That evening the party gathered on Lane's piazza was very silent and sad. Kenyon had been there awhile, and gone away with bowed head and thoughtful eyes. The defence, of course, had not begun. There would be no difficulty in utterly defeating the charge of assault upon the soldier Welsh; but what worried one and all was the testi-

mony of Schönberg and Braine's relict. If that held good with the court, then Hearn had been guilty of disgraceful conduct in stating orally and in writing that he had long since paid those debts. There could be no sentence but dismissal. Hearn had shut himself up in his room. That day had brought a long letter from his father, and it was this he was studying, sore at heart, when Kenyon entered.

"You haven't slept a wink for two nights, lad, and I know it," said the major, anxiously, as he studied the worn face of his friend. "I'm going to call Ingersoll in to prescribe for you." And, despite Hearn's protest, the orderly was sent for the post surgeon.

Meantime, with many emphatic nods and "humphs," Kenyon read the long, long letter which, without a word, Hearn had placed in his hand, finishing it at last, going over several pages, and finally sighing deeply as he refolded it:

"It is just what I feared, my boy; it is just what I feared. Still, I'm glad he didn't look upon it as your mother thought he would. Wonder what she thought of my letter—— Hello, here's Ingersoll now."

"I was at the hospital with Brent," said the medical man, in some haste, "and had to go to Lane's first."

"No one ill at Lane's, I hope?" spoke Kenyon, as Hearn's face was suddenly uplifted. "I've just come from there."

"Oh, no, no; but Miss Marshall and Mrs. Lane have been going to see Brent every afternoon, and this evening he asked me to take a message over there. He wanted to see them to-night, but I had to say no; he's too feverish. They were much concerned to hear I had been called in to see you, Hearn, and I promised to come back at once and let them know how you were."

A brief examination showed the skilled practitioner the extent of Hearn's malady, and he insisted on his coming out. He would have added, "over to Lane's piazza," but members of the court were calling there, and it would hardly be the proper thing. Returning thither, however, he found the gentlemen gone and Colonel Lawler just seating himself for a social call.

"Nothing serious," he murmured to the ladies, as he took a chair, and in low tone began chatting with the Whartons. It was Lawler's voice that broke the stillness; and Lawler, full of his profession, could talk nothing but "shop."

"I could not but observe your presence in the court-room, ladies, even among the host of curious spectators. And how does a military court impress you, Miss Marshall, now that you have seen it?"

"I can tell you better when I have seen it all, colonel. Thus far we've had nothing but the prosecution. It will seem less one-sided after the defence."

"Ah, that, I fear, will hardly amount to anything. The young man has been very ill advised,—very. Possibly you heard that I had offered him my services,—that is, any in my power to render,—and that he had refused?"

Miss Marshall simply looked at the colonel a moment, making no reply. Finally,—

"May I ask what services you could render him? I thought the prosecution was your specialty."

"Oh, it is, certainly; that is my bounden duty. Still, if I knew what evidence he had to offer,—what witnesses he meant to call,—any experienced lawyer could tell him how best to conduct the case."

Miss Marshall fairly laughed:

"That strikes me as one of the most unique ideas I ever heard, colonel. If you belonged, we will say, to the combatant force of the army, and had a position to defend, would you detail your plan of defence to the adversary?"

"My dear young lady, you totally misapprehend the peculiar mechanism of our system. After having finished the government's side, then I am free to assist the accused."

"And the accused, as I understand it, is free to 'play it alone,' as we do in euvre. Now, do you know, I think I would prefer that course to having an advocate who was more than half an opposer?"

"Well, certainly, Miss Marshall, you cannot congratulate the accused on his conduct of the case thus far. He would have stood better with the court at this minute if he had taken my advice, as he wouldn't. Then I had only one course to pursue."

"Doesn't that look just a wee bit as though he were being prosecuted for declining eminent legal assistance rather than for alleged misconduct?"

Lawler flushed, and again glanced sharply from under his sandy brows and out of the corners of his twinkling eyes.

"You have a sharp tongue, young lady," he said, "but I presume your wit is made to match it. It is a pity they could not be brought into requisition in defence of your friend before the court itself. You cannot influence me." And he laughed loudly, and glanced around as though in triumph.

"Faith, Lawler, it's just as lucky for you that Miss Marshall isn't counsel for the accused. You'll get knocked endwise when it comes to the defence, anyhow," said the doctor.

"You think so, do you? Well, well, we'll see; we'll see."

The gate had opened, and an orderly entered.

"A telegram for the commanding officer," he said.

Kenyon took the brown envelope, tore it open, and stepped to the hall door-way, where the light would fall upon the page. A gleam of sudden satisfaction shot across his face, and he turned eagerly toward Miss Marshall, whose dark eyes had followed him. "Come," he signalled; and she rose and went to him.

"Read this," he said, in low tones, as he thrust the paper into her hand and sauntered back to his chair. "I can trust you to keep a secret."

Lawler gazed after her with unmistakable curiosity, studying her face as she read, then turned and looked at Kenyon, who was ostentatiously humming the air Miss Wharton had just begun playing on the piano. What did it mean? Was his entertainer in league with this girl who so dared him? Mrs. Lane strove to cover her friend's somewhat abrupt quitting of the group by a timely word or two, but

her question failed to catch the lawyer's ears. In a minute Georgia was back, had dropped the despatch over Kenyon's burly shoulder with the brief whispered word, "Splendid," and then almost laughingly turned on the judge-advocate.

"And now tell me, colonel, isn't there such a thing as impeaching the credibility of witnesses?"

"Oh, I suppose so in certain cases; but what has that to do with mine?"

"Yours? Well, one would hardly think your witnesses assailable, of course; but even truthful men, you know, are sometimes mistaken."

"Books and figures don't lie, Miss Marshall. You forget the books."

"Oh, true! I forgot the books. And Mr. Schönberg was book-keeper, too."

## XV.

Ten o'clock had come; so had the court; so had the public, in numbers largely increased. In Central City it was generally understood that on this day the proceedings would be brought to a close. The case for the government would be concluded by the evidence of Mr. Abrams,—when he arrived,—and by the exhibition of the books of the late concern of Braine & Co. The defence really had not a leg to stand on. Everybody in the enterprising community had been assured of this fact by the repeated assertions of Mr. Schönberg and the oracular announcements of the press; and it was the popular belief that all the unfortunate officer could do would be to assail the integrity of the witnesses, which attempt would be utterly overthrown by the vigilant prosecutor, who would then conclude by a scathing review of the evidence, after which the court would promptly adjudge him guilty and sentence him to be stripped of his uniform and drummed out forthwith. Probably half the populace that thronged the court-room that bright June morning fully expected before returning to their homes to see an army lieutenant degraded of his rank and thrust forth from the reservation at the points of the bayonets of the garrison. Dozens there were who knew better; but a community reared on the pap of sensationalism as supplied by the modern press could not accept the mild and moderate views of the minority as a possibility.

"Ten-fifteen," said old Grace, thrusting his watch back into the breast of his hot uniform coat, and looking about in some impatience. "What keeps Lawler?"

"Waiting for that Jew with his books. I believe he's somewhere in that crowd on the piazza. They say his newspaper man hasn't turned up yet; but I wish you would call the court to order and give him a rap for delaying matters."

"Ah! another 'bus-load from town," said the president, as there entered at the moment a party of ladies, escorted by the sandy-haired judge-advocate himself. All around the room the benches were occupied, but behind this party came three or four soldiers carrying chairs, and, much to the disgust of Mrs. Brodie and Mrs. Graves, who had obtained, with a party of their friends, the front row nearest the table

of the accused, these chairs were planted before them, and their view was cut off by the households of some of the prominent business-men of Central City. So closely did they surround Mr. Hearn that he drew his seat a trifle nearer to that of the judge-advocate.

There was a little more space on the other side of the table, where the correspondents were, but they seemed to prefer not to crowd these gentlemen, and nobody, of course, would think of intruding between them and the court. It was almost half-after ten when a soldier made his way through the throng, and, saluting Lawler, said something in a low tone, at which the judge-advocate went over and whispered to Grace. A moment later the burly form of Major Kenyon was seen shouldering a way through the court-room, while Dr. Ingersoll's spectacled face appeared just behind him. Escorted by these gentlemen came Mrs. Lane, fresh, smiling, nodding cheerily to acquaintances in the court and around the room, looking cool and radiant in a spring costume which attracted the instant attention of the ladies and diverted their eyes from Miss Marshall, whose simple but inexpensive toilet was hardly worthy their glance, while to the grosser masculine understanding it was every whit as lovely as that of her friend and hostess. Behind them all came Sam, with four folding chairs, and, there being no other place available, the major promptly plumped them down in front of Lawler's friends and motioned his party to seats. Georgia Marshall's color deepened, as any one who looked might see, for the chair to which she was assigned was so close to that of Hearn that by simply putting forth her hand she could have touched his sleeve.

His back was to the door, and he had not seen them enter, yet at the perceptible hush that fell upon the chatter of the feminine spectators he knew who must be coming, and his pale face brightened with a sudden smile as, turning, he saw her almost at his elbow. Mrs. Lane nodded thrice, looking brightly and affectionately in his eyes, before she took her seat, just as though her efforts were to show all the throng that the women of the army held him guiltless. But Georgia Marshall's eyes were hidden for a moment behind their drooping lids. It was not until after she was seated, and a glance around had told her that the gaze of all women was still on the lovely toilet that Mabel wore, that she stole a sudden look at him and met the brave light in his wan face.

"Good-morning," he whispered. "I had not looked for anything half as good as this,—to have you here so near me."

"It was my fault we were late; they were waiting for me. I—I had been to the hospital with Dr. Ingersoll— There's so much to tell you."

"Has any further news come?"

"Not that. Something else,—something better. Don't you see how excited the major is?"

And indeed old Kenyon seemed fairly aglow. His eyes were snapping; his face was twitching and redder than ever. He was standing at that moment, searching all the windows with keen glance and looking along the faces of the soldiers who had gathered on all sides of the piazza without. Suddenly he seemed to see the features for which he

was so eagerly looking, and with a quick gesture he called an orderly to his side and hastily scribbled these words on a piece of paper: "That third window on the west. Get around there, and don't let him out of your sight this day."

"Give that to the provost-sergeant," he said. And the orderly disappeared.

Then came the voice of Colonel Grace impatiently demanding of the judge-advocate that he proceed, and Lawler, who had been fidgeting uneasily, arose:

"May it please the court, the witness Abrams has still failed to respond; but the evidence of the other witnesses has been so conclusive that I feel that I need not detain the court. All that now remains is to examine the books of the late post trader, which, as you have demanded, are here in my possession."

"The court will come to order," said Grace, loudly.

A hush fell on the assembled throng, and all eyes were on the judge-advocate, who was busily unwrapping the package which he produced from the folds of the linen duster he had, with apparent carelessness, thrown upon his chair. Two ordinary-looking, leather-bound volumes presently appeared, which he proceeded to lay before Colonel Grace:

"I now have the honor to submit for the examination of the court such books of the former post trader as bear upon this case. In them will appear the entries of the various amounts advanced by him to the accused, with their dates, etc., and, just as stated by the witness Schönberg, it will be seen that no payments, beyond a few trifling sums, have been recorded. The amount of the indebtedness as claimed in the specifications will be found to agree with the figures."

As he spoke, Lawler had opened the volumes at points indicated by slips of paper and spread them upon the table. Grace adjusted his eye-glasses and conned over one of the books, while Maitland took the second. The other members of the court silently awaited their turn.

"I do not profess to be an expert at book-keeping," said Maitland, presently; "but do I understand the judge-advocate to say that the witness Schönberg swears that these entries are correct?"

Lawler briskly turned over the leaves of the record before him.

"Here are his very words," he said. "'I myself made entries for the years '83 and '84, both in the day-book and in the ledger. I kept all Mr. Braine's books. He gave me the items just as they occurred, and these entries were made by me at the different dates in those years just as they were directed by him.'"

"Oh, yes, yes: I remember," said the colonel. "I suppose it is all correct. Possibly other members of the court can tell more about this business than I can." And he passed the book down the table.

"Nothing could be more confirmatory of Schönberg's statements," said the judge-advocate, loudly. "One has only to look at these pages. You can see that different ink, different pens, have been used here,—*prima facie* evidence of their having been entered at totally different times, instead of being jotted down at once, as might be claimed by the defence but for this significant fact." And Lawler looked triumphantly



about the room, ending with a glance at the little group that was near Hearn's table.

Miss Marshall was leaning forward, her dark eyes eagerly scanning the faces of the members of the court, and watching the books as they passed from hand to hand. Hearn, pale and patient, seemed waiting for the court to finish before asking that he, too, be permitted to examine the books.

"Do you suppose you could get them one moment?" whispered Miss Marshall to the major, who was sitting at her left. "I had to study books and book-keeping once."

"I'll try," whispered Kenyon. "Hearn will, anyhow."

It was some time before they reached the foot of the table. Captain Thorp and his next neighbor spent several minutes in studying the dates and figures, and at last handed them successively to the junior member. As soon as this gentleman had finished his scrutiny of the first, Lieutenant Hearn held forth his hand:

"I presume I may be permitted to examine these exhibits?"

"I submit to the court that the accused has had frequent opportunity any time these last three months to examine these books, that he has been importuned, even, to do so, time and again, and has contemptuously refused. In view of these facts, his anxiety to see them now strikes me as an assumption." Lawler's manner was loud and truculent. He knew he was making a point.

"Assumption or not," said the president, coolly, as Hearn's face flushed hotly under the sting, "it is the undoubted right of the accused to see any exhibit produced in court."

"I feel bound, then, to prevent their being improperly dealt with while in his hands," said Lawler, hanging on to his volumes and bent on making the scene as effective as possible.

"I will take all responsibility, sir. You may be sure the accused will not injure them," was Grace's prompt and indignant rejoinder.

And so, having interfered as long as possible, the lawyer grudgingly handed the book to Mr. Hearn, ostentatiously holding it open so that all near at hand could see the array of items and figures charged against him. In doing so he even raised the volume to the level of his own shoulder, and the leaf flapped lazily open until it stood in bold relief.

Never moving from her seat, Miss Marshall, with glowing eyes and compressed lips, had silently noted every word and motion. She was bending forward eagerly, as though striving at a distance of six or seven feet to decipher the writing on the page thus glaringly exhibited. When finally Lawler laid it on the table and Mr. Hearn began slowly studying the page, she still retained her position. Forgetful, apparently, of everything around her, the young girl was now so near that she could have touched the table at which sat the accused soldier.

Studying with pained, troubled face, Mr. Hearn at last began slowly turning over the pages and looking at the headings of the other accounts. There was something which he evidently desired to satisfy himself about, yet everything looked straight and plausible. Again bent on taking every opportunity to score a point against the accused, Lawler suddenly arose:



"I submit again, if the court will but hear me, that, while the accused has been accorded the privilege of examining his long-neglected account, he has no right whatever to pry into the affairs of other officers. I maintain that he should be compelled to confine his attention to his own page: there is quite enough there."

Kenyon suddenly felt a slim white hand gripping his wrist like a vice. Hearn was just turning down a page after briefly scanning the dates, but a rustle at his side attracted his attention. To his amazement, Miss Marshall had bent forward out of her chair and was eagerly motioning and whispering to him:

"Again! Let me see through that page again."

The court was discussing at the instant the question raised by Lawler. Maitland and Thorp protested that Hearn had a right to compare other accounts with his own if he suspected fraud of any kind. Hearn himself, with throbbing heart, could only see and hear her. Obedient to her signal, he again raised the leaf, and would have turned the book, so that she could read it right side up, but with imperious gesture she forbade.

"Hold it as it is," she signalled, as, still bending low, she seemed studying every line of the paper thus vertically placed between her and the sunshine flooding in at the open barrack window.

"Quick, now! More! more!" she motioned. And, wondering, he turned several pages, holding each a moment or two. But she shook her head impatiently and signalled, "Go on!" until in succession half a dozen leaves were turned; then, with eager light in her eyes, again she held up a warning hand, and the page was stopped.

"Very well, then," Lawler was saying at this moment, with sarcastic emphasis. "On the principle that misery loves company, I suppose we must accord him the privilege of viewing the accounts of his fellow-debtors." And, with this fresh piece of civil legal practice on his lips, the judge-advocate turned to the group on his left and stopped short in amaze.

Hearn, utterly lost to what was going on, was gazing with all his eyes at Miss Marshall, who, flushed, eager, almost radiant, once more was leaning back in her chair, but signalling to close the book. It was Kenyon now who was half rising and whispering sudden impetuous words to Hearn.

For a moment Lawler knew not what to think or say. Something told him that the cause he represented was in peril. A sense of disaster flashed upon him.

"At least the accused will have the decency to refrain from exhibiting officers' private accounts to the public," he said, with sudden return to his old manner, "and, if he be through with the examination, return these exhibits to me, that I may close the case,—unless, perhaps, he desires to offer something further upon this subject."

Miss Marshall's fingers were twisting a tiny slip on which she had hurriedly pencilled a word or two. One instant more, and it was with Hearn. She had bent forward to pick up a fluttering scrap of paper; her deft fingers had but for the instant touched his drooping hand. Opening it, he read, "Recall Schönberg instantly." Surprised, he

glanced at her, but purposely she had averted her eyes. Kenyon was vehemently nodding.

"I must ask that Mr. Schönberg be recalled," said Hearn. "There is new matter here, upon which I need to question him."

"The accused has already had opportunity to cross-examine the witness, and has no further right," said Lawler.

"I repeat that there is new matter before the court in the introduction of these exhibits, on which I have a perfect right to question," replied Hearn.

"It is simply delaying matters," persisted Lawler. "When the accused said he had no further questions to ask, yesterday, I excused the witness, and he is now miles away, and cannot be had until morning, if he can then."

"The man is not fifty feet away at this moment," said Kenyon, with sharp emphasis and a voice that rang through the room.

"When did the gentleman become counsel in this case, I beg to know?" sneered the judge-advocate. "I protest against this disorder and interference with the court."

"Major Kenyon gives us important information, Colonel Lawler," said Grace, "and if the man is here the court desires that he be recalled at once."

Lawler reddened with wrath. "If you know where he is, call him in," said he to Kenyon. And all eyes were turned to the door, where presently, escorted by the orderly of the court, Mr. Schönberg appeared, hat in hand, bowing profusely and politely to the court, yet looking, as Mr. Martin expressed it, "rather pasty about the gills." He was scuttling down the back stairs when headed off by the provost-sergeant. He had doubtless heard the summons for his recall, and had hoped to get out of the way. All eyes but Hearn's and Kenyon's, Mabel Lane's and Georgia's, were upon him. With lightning speed the latter was writing a little note, and this, too, a moment later, was in the young lieutenant's hand. He read it. A wild light of wonderment and incredulity leaped into his face. He hastily raised the volume between him and the opposite window, held a leaf between him and the sunshine, gazed quickly and earnestly, and then, laying the book once more on the table, turned with swimming eyes and looked full upon her, his lips quivering, his face aglow with joy, hope, gratitude, and a fervor of admiration and worship no woman on earth could fail to see; but Georgia's downcast face was hidden; she had drawn her fan like Spartan shield between her glowing cheek and the kindling eyes she dared not meet.

It was Lawler's rasping voice that recalled the young soldier to his senses:

"Well, sir, the witness is here."

There was a silence as of solitude in the great heated room. Obedient to the clumsy formality of a military court, Mr. Hearn slowly wrote his question on a slip of paper and handed it to the judge-advocate: the latter read it, threw it down, and pettishly exclaimed,—

"This is mere waste of valuable time, I say. The witness has practically answered this all before."

"What is the question?" asked the president.

"The accused asks the witness to state to the court what reason he has for being so positive about the time these entries were made. So long as my witness is positive, I conceive it to be no affair of the defence why or how he is."

"Oh, I see no especial object in the question," said Grace, "yet there is no impropriety in asking it. At all events, I am entirely willing to bear the responsibility. The witness will answer."

Could he but have seen the flash of gratitude in Miss Marshall's eyes! It was only a flash. Almost instantly again they were fixed on the pudgy features of the witness.

"Why, certainly, gentlemen, I can answer. Mr. Braine died in the spring of '85, and couldn't have told me to make those entries after he was dead, could he? No. They were made, just as I said, in the winter of '83 and during the year of '84, just when he told me to make them."

"Are you satisfied?" asked the judge-advocate, turning sharply to Hearn.

"One moment," answered that young gentleman, placidly, as his pencil rapidly copied another question on the slip before him. Finishing this, he arose. "I beg to ask the especial attention of the court to this question," he said.

There fell a hush as of death upon the throng. With parted lips Georgia Marshall again bent eagerly forward until she could see the Jew's twitching face. Schönberg turned a shade paler and glanced half appealingly up at the lawyer, who, with a sneer of assumed contempt, held forth his hand for the slip. But Hearn looked straight into Lawler's eyes. The judge-advocate took the paper, turned it carelessly over, elevated his nose with apparent indifference, leaned back in his chair, glanced at it,—started.

"Let me see that book," he exclaimed, as he sprang to his feet, holding forth an eager hand.

"Presently, sir," answered Hearn, holding the volume behind him.

"Kindly put the question first."

"Don't let that book go!" whispered Miss Marshall, hastily, her words addressed to Kenyon, yet meant for and heard by Hearn. Mabel Lane's face was flushing with excitement. Every eye in the room was intent on the scene.

"What is the question, Mr. Judge-Advocate?" sharply inquired Colonel Grace. "Why do you seek to suppress it?"

"I protest against the insinuation, sir. I simply seek to protect an honest man from insult. I ask the accused for a book that I may satisfy myself he has reason for a question otherwise unjustifiable."

"Mr. President, I demand the question as a right!" exclaimed Hearn, in tones thrilling with excitement and ringing through the court. "The witness has sworn he made these entries in '83 and '84. Look, gentlemen, look at this page, one and all, and compel the answer."

He sprang forward and laid the book in Grace's hand:

"Hold it to the light, sir. Look at the water-mark. I demand an answer to my question."

Trembling with emotion, his blue eyes ablaze, his fingers working nervously, the young soldier towered above the heads of the court. Every breath in all the great room seemed hushed, though hearts beat and hammered like mad. All eyes were on Grace now, as he adjusted his glasses, held the page aloft, and scrutinized the paper. Then, with a quick gleam in his sharp old eyes, he beckoned excitedly to Maitland, pointed with his forefinger to the waving lines of the water-marks, and dropped the book upon the table, his finger between the leaves, a threatening frown on his brow.

"Put the question, Mr. Judge-Advocate," his stern voice was heard through the room.—"And you, sir, answer."

Lawler hesitated one minute, glancing dubiously around. Then, as though seeing the hopelessness of resistance, he read, in accents that trembled despite his efforts, these words:

"How was it possible for you to write in '83 and '84 on paper that was not manufactured until two years afterward?"

## XVI.

When, half an hour later, Colonel Lawler announced that, in view of circumstances to which the court appeared to attach so much significance, he would rest the case for the prosecution, he had, despite every effort, and the professional bravado assumed for such occasions, all the air of a whipped man. For half a minute after hearing that stunning question Mr. Schönberg had sat glaring at the judge-advocate, his eyes protruding, his mouth wide open, his face ghastly white. Then he mopped his forehead, recalled to himself by Grace's sharp tones, as the president again demanded answer, and faltered out,—

"I ton't understand the question."

"You are called upon to explain to this court how it was possible for you to have made those entries in '83 and '84, as you have solemnly sworn you did, when the paper itself was not made until 1886," thundered Grace; "and the court is waiting for your answer."

"The paper vasn't made until 1886?" faltered Schönberg.

"No, sir!" fairly shouted the wrathful old soldier in the president's chair. "No, sir! You failed to study the water-marks. Here it is repeated on a score of these leaves: 'Sconset Valley Mills, 1886.' I say, explain this if you can."

"I ton't know anything about that," muttered the Jew at last, gulping down the big lump that arose in his throat. "I know when I made those entries, anyhow."

But the whole roomful could see that the wretch was only lying,—desperately lying. The pencils of the correspondents were flying over their blocks with furious speed. One excited ambassador of the press had already made a lunge through the crowd for the door-way.

"Mr. Judge-Advocate," said the president, at last, "I fancy you can now excuse your witness from further attendance. Stop, though.—Have you anything else you would wish to ask, Mr. Hearn?" And now his manner was all courtesy.

"Not a word, sir," was the smiling answer. "I shall beg to submit the list of my witnesses in a few moments."

People seemed to draw aside and make a wide lane for the wretched Hebrew and his crest-fallen counsellor, as the latter led his unscrupulous witness to the outer gallery, whither Lawler said he desired to retire for a moment's consultation. So entire had been the confidence of the mass of the people in the guilt of the officer that Schönberg's shady reputation had not sufficed to warn them of the possibilities in the case. But among educated and better-informed people present there broke forth suddenly, after a moment's breathless silence, a ripple of applause that speedily swelled into a joyous burst of hand-clapping which was taken up all over the room, and for a moment, mingled with angry hisses on the part of a few pronounced socialists in the throng, who were furious at the sudden turn in favor of the hated official class, the clamor was unchecked. Stern as he was, old Grace could not deny the audience the right of such a reaction. Then he rapped for order.

"You are not ready, I presume, to proceed with your defence?" said Lawler, a moment after, as he re-entered the room and glanced nervously around. All his airy, confident manner was gone. He looked almost dazed.

"Certainly," was the prompt reply. "Have the goodness to call in Private Welsh."

"May it please the court," said Lawler, "I submit that the accused should furnish the list of witnesses he desires to summon, in order that it may be determined for what purpose they are called, and whether the expense will be justified," said Lawler, in response. "And as for Welsh, I maintain that that unfortunate trooper has already suffered too much at the hands of the accused to warrant his being subjected to further ignominy, as he would be if the court allowed such treatment as was accorded my last witness."

"If he is at all like your last witness, Colonel Lawler, ignominy will not inaptly express the idea," was Grace's sarcastic response; whereat "an audible grin" spread over the room.

"Do you wish to summon witnesses from abroad, Mr. Hearn?"

"Not one, sir. Every man I need will be at the post by one o'clock this afternoon; and, except Welsh, who is understood to be under the especial charge of the judge-advocate and amenable to orders from nobody else, I will not trouble the court to call on anybody: the others will be glad to come."

Lawler shook his head and looked dissatisfied. If he could only know the men whom the defence was introducing and could find out what they meant to testify, it might be still in his power to avert at least public catastrophe. Shrewd enough to see the evident antagonism he had created, and knowing that matters were going topsy-turvy at the moment, he bethought him of a ruse by which he could get rid of the crowd:

"I beg the indulgence of the court. I have allowed the case for the prosecution to rest rather than infringe longer on time that is so valuable, but I find myself unable to proceed at this moment, and I beg that you take a recess until two P.M."

The court demurred. It was utterly adverse to a recess. Hearn's witnesses were all ready to proceed,—four or five, at least.

"What is the need?" asked Thorp and Maitland, neither of whom felt like giving Lawler an inch of leeway. But courtesy to the staff-officer of the division commander prevailed.

It was barely eleven o'clock when the throng came pouring forth from the court-room, and Lawler hoped that, rather than wait three hours, the mass of the people would depart. But his hopes were vain. If anything, the number seemed augmented. The noon train brought a couple of car-loads from the eastward towns. It also brought a sergeant and private of infantry escorting a dilapidated-looking party in shabby civilian dress whom old Kenyon, the adjutant, and a file of the post-guard were at the station to meet. The stranger was bundled into an ambulance and trotted up to the guard-house, into which he slouched with hanging head and an air of general dejection; and while the men were at their soldier dinner Kenyon was busily interviewing his tough-looking prisoner, a squad of excited newspaper men, meantime, kicking their heels outside and raging at the military assumption which gave the post commander precedence over the press. The word had gone out all over the crowded garrison that the escaped prisoner Goss was recaptured, and the commanding officer's orderly had been rushed with a note to the provost-sergeant.

"You bet he'll not get away," muttered this veteran of Brodie's company, as he glanced along the lively mess-room, where the big bowls of bean soup were being emptied by rare soldier appetites. "You bet he don't, unless he can carry a cart-load of lead in him."

Twenty minutes after, Corporal Greene of the guard came to the door-way and sung out,—

"Say, fellers, who do you think's captured and brought back? Trooper Goss, begad, the bosom friend of the patriotic Welsh."

And Welsh dropped his spoon and his eyes and turned a dirty yellow. He essayed presently to quit the table, but the old sergeant bent over him:

"Finish yer dinner, me buck. Don't let eagerness to see yer friend spoil yer appetite. You can't see him, anyway, till he has given his testimony before the court; and they'll want you, too, Welsh, me jewel, and I'm charged not to lose you,—d'ye mind that, Welsh?—and I never lose anything but an occasional slice of me temper. Ate yer dinner, like the high-spirited American ye are, now." But Welsh's appetite was gone.

The court-room was crowded to suffocation that afternoon when, sharp at two o'clock, Colonel Grace rapped for order:

"I suppose you are ready now, Colonel Lawler? Call in the first witness."

Lawler looked resigned, even martyred. The court had come back from luncheon at the Lanes' in high spirits. The ladies again sat close to Hearn's table. Private Goss, with untrimmed beard and an air of general dilapidation, was sworn by the judge-advocate, gave his name, rank, regiment, etc., and responded, in answer to Lawler's question, that he did know the accused very well.

"What do you want to ask the witness?" said Lawler, in a tone as much as to say, What *could* you ask that would be of any earthly account?

"State where and how long you have known Private Welsh, C troop, Eleventh Cavalry," were the words on the pencilled slip, and Lawler read them grudgingly.

"I've known him six or eight years. Knew him when he enlisted in the Twenty-Third, where he went by the name of Webster. Served with him at Fort Wayne until he got a 'bobtail' discharge, and when I got mine I went to his home in Ohio and hunted him up. He owed me money, but he was no good,—couldn't pay it. His people wouldn't do anything more for him. He was Mrs. Blauvelt's nephew, but she had about got tired of trying to support him, so we came away and enlisted again, in the cavalry service this time, and then he got things fixed to go into Blauvelt's troop for both of us."

"What was your reason for deserting here while awaiting trial?" was the next question.

"Well, both Welsh and Schönberg told me I was bound to be convicted. Everything pointed to my being Corporal Brent's slugger, though I swear to God I never left the barracks that night. They said if I didn't get away before the court tried me I might get several years in State's prison at hard labor, and worse still if he didn't recover. Welsh and Schönberg both said that there was no show for me, the evidence was so clear, even to the red pepper in the pockets. Some scoundrel put it there, and wore my things, too. Welsh got put into the guard-room, purposely, opposite my cell, and threw a stone with a string through the grating, and I hauled on it and got a letter from him and Schönberg telling me how to escape. There were saws and tallow in the package I drew in, and Schönberg was down in the bottom with a buggy after I got out, and he drove me nearly all night around by way of Barclay to the other road, and sent me by rail to Omaha, where he promised that plenty of money would come to me; but no money came at all, and I was recognized and arrested by the police."

"Had you any idea that there were other reasons for getting you to desert than the one given?"

Lawler bounced up and objected to both question and answer; but both were ordered recorded.

"I hadn't—then," was the sullen reply: "I'm not so sure now. That Jew got me to go because I accused him of being a receiver of stolen property. It was him Welsh gave the papers he took from the lieutenant's desk in Captain Blauvelt's quarters. I went there with him one night after taps when the lieutenant was officer of the guard, and Schönberg gave Welsh ten dollars and me five to keep mum. After that Welsh began to run with Schönberg entirely and turn against me, and it was through him that I was always getting into trouble."

In vain Lawler propounded questions tending to show his witness, thus assailed, in a better light; but the more he examined the more damaging was Goss's testimony. At last the witness slouched out under escort of a sentinel.

But a greater sensation still was awaiting the patient listeners in



the court-room. The next man to enter, leaning heavily on the arm of the hospital steward, and accompanied by Dr. Ingersoll, was Corporal Brent, looking white and feeble, but very calm and self-possessed.

"Give your full name, rank, and regiment," said the judge-advocate, without looking up.

"The name under which I enlisted is Malcolm Brent, corporal Company C, —th Infantry."

"The court will note, I trust, the singular character of the witnesses introduced by the accused," said Lawler, promptly. "The last, by his own admission, is a thief and a deserter whom Welsh very properly essayed to cut loose from on discovering his real character; and now we have a second who plainly intimates that the name he gives is not his own."

"It is the one by which he is known to military law all the same, Colonel Lawler. Please to proceed," said Colonel Grace, testily.

"You know the accused, I presume, or he would not have called upon you?" was Lawler's snapping query of the witness.

"Only as a soldier knows an officer whom he has every reason to respect. I have never exchanged a word with the gentleman, but I recognize him as Lieutenant Hearn, of the Eleventh Cavalry."

Again there was a ripple of applause in the crowded court, which brought Lawler, angry and protesting, to his feet. Silence restored, he presently read aloud the next question from a slip handed him by Mr. Hearn, which he slowly pasted on the sheet before him:

"What do you know with regard to the amounts charged against the accused on the books presented before this court and alleged to be unpaid?"

"I know that they were paid long ago. I heard the story of the whole transaction from the lips of Captain Rawlins himself."

"Hearsay evidence," promptly interrupted the judge-advocate, rapping on the table.

"But Schönberg's written acknowledgment and this letter of Captain Rawlins will not be so considered," answered the witness, respectfully, and, bending forward, he placed on the judge-advocate's table a little package of papers. The court-room was hushed. Even the pencils of the correspondents were arrested. Every eye in all the throng was on the pale face of the young corporal. Members of the court had whirled around in their chairs, so as to look full upon the new witness. Old Kenyon, with lifted spectacles, brimming over with eagerness and excitement, was fidgeting on his chair. Pretty Mrs. Lane, all smiles, was keeping her fan in lively yet noiseless play. Georgia Marshall's heavily-fringed lids were drooping over her downcast eyes; but the soft, summer fabric of her dress rose and fell upon her bosom like the billows of an unquiet sea. She was seated where every word of the witness could reach her ears, but no longer so near the little table where sat the calm young soldier whose trial had nearly reached an end. There was no longer need of counsel for the accused; yet his eyes, time and again, glanced yearningly at her.

Lawler was the first to speak. He dandled the papers contemptuously as he glanced them over:



"These are of no earthly account,—mere forgeries, possibly. One only purports to be a duplicate, anyhow."

"Duplicate of what, sir? The court will be glad to look at those papers when you are through with them," said Colonel Grace.

"I object to their introduction as evidence, in any event, and protest against their admission here. What possible business can a corporal of infantry be having with the private papers of a deceased officer, anyway?—Where did you know the late Captain Rawlins,—even supposing that he did write that letter?"

"Any question on that score the court may choose to ask I will answer," was the reply, with quiet self-possession. "But I can swear to the genuineness of both papers."

Captain Thorp had already possessed himself of the duplicate receipt, and, after a brief glance, tossed it over to the opposite member.

"Schönberg, without a doubt," he whispered.

Meantime, old Grace had received and was conning over the other, which he suddenly lowered and looked in amaze at the calm face of the witness, then handed it to Maitland, who read, started, and gazed too.

"I know this hand, sir. I know it as that of an old and valued friend," said Maitland, with lips that quivered perceptibly. "I could almost swear to its genuineness myself. It is probably one of the last letters the dear old fellow ever wrote, and it is to his boy at college. Here, Thorp, you read it aloud." And, though Lawler would have protested, protest was useless. Thorp arose, clicking his heels together as though on drill, and, in a voice that was audible all over the big room, read:

"FORT GRAHAM, NEW MEXICO, June 14, 188—.

"MY DEAR MALCOLM,—

"It seems hardly possible that three weeks ago I was with you under the elms of the old campus, listening to college glees and seeing the glad faces of your class-mates,—as manly a set of young fellows as it was ever my lot to meet,—and now here I am again in harness under a blazing sun, with arid, sandy wastes on every side, and not a leaf that is not shrivelled by the fierce rays. I find the old post much as I left it; but I go over to San Carlos in a day or two on court-martial duty, and so am writing my letters to-night.

"In the first place, you will be glad to know that the gold leaves are in sight. If all goes well, I shall become major of the Seventh and be ordered eastward within the next six months. Then I shall fit out my quarters in cosey style, and as soon as Mamie has finished her next year at Madame's she shall come and keep house for me and turn the heads of the youngsters. Yet I do not want her to marry in the army, any more than I want you to enter it. Think of it, Malcolm, for twenty-five years now have I followed the standard, and if anything were to take me away what have I to leave you and May? Little or nothing. Even if you were to turn over your modest share to her, as you so gayly spoke of doing, and enlisting in hopes of winning a commission, she would not have more than enough to keep her from want; though so long as your aunt Eleanor lives she will never be in

need of a home. Ah, well, God spare me a little longer! I so pray to live to see you both happily settled before I am called hence.

"After our talk I cannot but hope that you will see how little there is to look forward to in the career of a soldier in our service,—in peace times, of course. But if the longing prove too great I will not stand in your way. The life has its attractions. You will never have stancher or truer friends than those who wear the blue. But it has its trials and perils outside of those encountered in the field. I told you of the case of young Mr. Hearn, as fine a soldier as there is in the regiment to-day, yet he was well-nigh ruined through having fallen into the hands of the Jews when young and inexperienced. Wasn't it luck that I should have known of the previous rascality of that clerk, and so was able to make him come to terms? Here is his duplicate receipt in full, filed carefully away among my papers. It was the means of saving a capital officer, too.

"Your letters bring constant joy to me, my son. If it had but pleased God to spare your dear mother, I know well how proud and happy a woman she would have been in her great boy and bonny daughter; but His will be done. I may not write again before leaving for San Carlos, but my blessing goes with every line of this. There is such comfort in the frankness with which you told me of those college debts. Trust me fully; confide in me in any trouble, my son; no man can ever be more devotedly your friend than I,—your father. The draft I sent will doubtless have removed all care and anxiety and left you a little sum to the fore. Spend it as you please, yet 'do not dull thy palm with entertainment of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade.' What words of wisdom spoke that fond old fool! but he loved his boy as I love mine.

"Good-night, my lad.

"This above all, to thine own self be true;  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

"Your father,  
"R. F. RAWLINS."

For a moment after Thorp's deep voice had ceased its task, the silence in the heated room was broken only by some half-stifled sigh. Corporal Brent had covered his pale face with his hands. Mrs. Lane was weeping silently. Hearn's eyes, swimming, were turned towards Georgia Marshall, who was bending over her friend, quietly fanning her. The effect of this letter was not unexpected: she had heard every word before.

It was Grace who spoke at last, after no little preparatory clearing of his throat:

"And have you other letters from Captain Rawlins?"

"Many, sir, but this was the last," was the almost tremulous answer: "he was killed within the week that followed."

"And you are——?"

"Malcolm Brent Rawlins, his son."

## XVII.

The court had finished its labors and gone. The correspondents had gone, but presumably only to renewed labors. The various journals throughout the Northwest that had so confidently predicted the summary dismissal of the offending lieutenant were now in a somewhat difficult position. They had started in to prove the officer a black-guard and the private a martyr; the result was exactly the opposite, and the problem was now how to get out of the pickle. To the average man, soldier or civilian, the consciousness of having publicly wronged a fellow-being would have proved a source of distress so deep that nothing short of retraction as public and apology as far-reaching as the affront would satisfy the offender. But, in its Jove-like attitude as censor of the morals and manners of the people, the press has no such qualms of conscience. As one eminent journalist expressed it, "Of course we are sorry we were misled, somewhat, but we can't take back what has been said: that injures the paper." And of course as between injuring the paper and injuring the man it is the man who must suffer. Another gifted editor, in whose eyes no benefit was quite to be compared with free advertising, expressed himself as considering that "That young fellow really ought to feel very much obliged to us; nine-tenths of the people might never have heard of him at all if it hadn't been for this." And he spoke in all seriousness.

Of course the correspondents themselves had long since seen the inevitable results, and had duly prepared their respective papers for the crash. Some of these journals promptly dropped the matter at once and for all, as no longer worthy of attention; others transferred their assaults from the array of lieutenants to the array of courts-martial. Others still, too deeply committed to extricate themselves, threw open their columns to any damaging story affecting the army which their correspondents could fabricate; and those papers which made any reference to the facts elicited before the court did so in the smallest type, but head-lined the item in sarcastic or explosive big capitals. The *Palladium*, or rather its editorial head, when explaining matters to a knot of men at the club, quietly justified the course of his paper by saying, "We did not send Mr. Abrams there at all; he had gone to Central City on some personal business of his own, to look into some property, and while there this Mr. Schönberg, a wealthy, prominent, and, as we supposed, reputable business-man, told him about the offensive manners of the officers to the people, and offered to prove that they would be insulted and ostracized if they ventured to visit the garrison; and Abrams got warmed up and telegraphed to the managing editor that he was 'on to a good thing,' and so we wired him to go ahead." But a junior member of the editorial staff frankly admitted that he, in common with other journalists, had for sixteen years been "laying" for a chance, as he expressed it, to get in a good whack at the young West-Pointer, and here they thought they had it.

Meantime, the record had gone to department head-quarters for the action of the general commanding, and Lawler went with it to fight the case to the last. There was not a soul at Ryan that did not know

that, though the lips of the court were sealed, the finding had been "not guilty" on every possible specification. All Lawler could hope to do now was to persuade the general to pick the proceedings to pieces and rasp the court in his review of the case; but even this proved futile. The general, it seemed, would do nothing of the kind; it was even hinted that he rasped Lawler for the very one-sided investigation that he made at the outset.

For two days following the adjournment of the court Fort Ryan was fairly in a ferment. Schöenberg, terrified by the jeers of his townspeople to the belief that he was to be prosecuted for perjury, had slid away on a night train,—“gone to purchase goods in St. Louis,” said his unhappy spouse. Welsh, the martyr, had essayed to desert the same night, and, as a cat plays with a mouse, old Kenyon had let him go until the intent was made plain by his boarding the eastward-bound train in civilian dress, and then had had him hauled off by two stalwart infantrymen and, incidentally, by the nape of his neck, and once more Welsh was remanded to his familiar haunt,—the guard-house at Ryan. This time a still more serious charge was hanging over his head,—that of assaulting a non-commissioned officer in discharge of his duty; for Corporal Brent had recognized him as his assailant the instant he heard his voice. So had another witness. It was Georgia Marshall who turned to Kenyon the moment Welsh had finished his testimony, and said, “I have heard that man speak before,” and who unhesitatingly declared after Goss appeared that, though by sight she could identify neither man, by voice she knew that the one who had assaulted the corporal of the guard that night was not Goss, but Welsh. Then Welsh himself broke down. Such was the feeling against him among the men, such were the threats which he could not but hear as he lay in his barred cell, that he begged to be allowed to see the commanding officer. He was in fear for his life,—poor devil! and indeed nothing but the discipline so derided of the newspapers saved him from the tarring and feathering and riding on a rail that the soldiers were wild to give him. In piteous accents he implored Kenyon to have him sent away, even to prison at Leavenworth. He would plead guilty to desertion, guilty to theft, guilty to assault, guilty to anything, if the major would only get him away from the terrible scowls and curses of his erstwhile companions. Only, if the major would but believe him, he really had never struck the corporal at all; he had hurled the pepper in his eyes and run. Brent, blinded and raging, had rushed in pursuit, and had struck his head against the sharp edge of the brick pillar at the south end of the troop-barracks. Very possibly this was true; for the gash was deep and jagged.

And Brent was convalescing rapidly, but, between the ladies of the Lane, Brodie, Cross, and Graves households, stood in danger of being killed with kindness. There was just the least little spark of jealousy among the women of the infantry because it was to a comparative stranger that he should have revealed his identity and by her be brought to the front at so supreme a moment. But it was Miss Marshall who had been greatly interested in his case from the very night of his mishap, and she and Mrs. Lane had been most kind and assiduous in their

attentions to him during his days of suffering. When he learned of the charges against Lieutenant Hearn and of the outrageous falsification of the Jew, Schönberg, his determination to conceal his name was at last overcome, and to Miss Marshall and to Dr. Ingersoll he told his story. His father's sudden and lamentable death at the hands of the Apaches had left him no alternative but to make over to his sister every cent that had been hoarded up and set aside for his education,—every cent that was his by the old soldier's will,—and then, leaving with her the little box that contained the captain's papers and letters, and quitting college, he went to New York and enlisted, choosing the infantry service rather than the cavalry because his father's old friends and associates were mainly in the latter, and, though he had seen none of them since his boyhood days, he thought recognition not impossible, and he determined to make his own way and owe nothing to any man.

"I'm glad he came to us," said old Kenyon. "I'd do pretty much anything to see him in any other profession; but, as he is bound to be a soldier, I'll do all I can to place 'Candidate' alongside his name on our muster-roll, and then it would be just my luck to find him commissioned in the cavalry."

But if there was excitement at Ryan, just fancy the feelings of the officers and men in the Eleventh, now two hundred miles away in the Indian Territory, when the letters came detailing the events of the last day of that court-martial,—Schönberg's exposure, Brent's unveiling, Welsh's disgrace, Hearn's undoubted acquittal, Lawler put to confusion and flight, and Georgia Marshall the heroine of the whole thing!

"A Daniel come to judgment, ay, a Daniel," quoth Martin, as Lane read aloud Mabel's enthusiastic description of what she termed the "trial scene." "The whole regiment sends heart-felt congratulations to Hearn and love to Portia," was the telegram that came flashing back to Mrs. Lane. Morris lost no time in dictating a diplomatic message to his absent subaltern, expressive of his desire to welcome him back to duty after so complete a vindication. But Morris felt very ill at ease, and was not surprised that no answer was vouchsafed. He retired to his tent, and was not seen for some hours after learning of Brent's identity.

Meantime, just when one would suppose that all was plain sailing, balmy breezes, sun-kissed wavelets, etc., just when nothing should have stood in the way of Mr. Hearn's rejoicing with all his heart, and just when the course of his true love ought to have been smooth and sweet, the very imp of perversity seemed to have suddenly developed in Georgia Marshall's breast, and she who had done so much to clear his name of "the clouds that lowered o'er" it, and had for two weeks been the young soldier's most valued friend and ally, now most unaccountably held aloof and fairly shunned his society. She met him only in a crowd. She simply would not meet him alone. On one pretext or another she avoided him, and poor Hearn, wounded, utterly unable to account for this sudden change, utterly incapable of fathoming a woman's whim, was now plunged in the depths of a distress exceeding that from which he had just emerged. She had rescued him from the toils only to plunge him into worse entanglement.

It was the fourth day after the adjournment of the court when Major

Kenyon came to Mr. Hearn's rooms with a telegram just received from division head-quarters, and found that young gentleman dejectedly reading a long letter in the handwriting of Judge Hearn, his father. Kenyon had grown to know it well. "Released from arrest, lad! That means you can go and join the regiment as soon as you like. What does the judge say now?"

"Read that page," was the answer, as Hearn placed the letter in the major's hand. And with knitted brows Kenyon read as follows:

"And now again I urge upon you, my son, the step I so earnestly counselled in my last. Major Kenyon's telegram just received says that your acquittal is assured and that your vindication is triumphant. This I felt would be the case. But what reparation have you for the wrongs and insults heaped upon you by the Northern press? What proportion of the people who have had you portrayed to them as a low bully, a drunken brute, and a swindler will ever know the contrary? What paper that has vilified you will have the decency or the courage, now that it knows the truth, to make the faintest amends? Not one.

"The time has come for you now to quit at once and for all a profession which the people of the North so little appreciate and so persistently deery. I am aging fast, and shall be glad to have your strong arm to lean upon. A year or two in my office will fit you for the bar. Meantime, you can have nearly double the income that the government pays you, and when I am gone all I have, practically, will be yours. Come back to us, my boy; come to the mother, the father, and the people who love you; come home to us who know and need you: you are not wanted where you are."

For some time Major Kenyon stood in silence. At last, seeing that he was expected to express his opinion, he slowly spoke:

"I feared that that first letter would come, and I might have known that this would follow. When will you answer?"

"Not just yet. I must think it over. Not—not until after to-night, anyway."

That evening Mrs. Morris insisted upon everybody's coming to her house "to celebrate." The news that Hearn had been released by telegraphic orders was all over the post in half an hour, and that he would start to rejoin the regiment in the field was of course a foregone conclusion. Only, said that all-important personage referred to generally as "everybody,"—only he will probably want to delay a little while on Miss Marshall's account, for if they are not already engaged it is solely her fault; any one can see he is utterly in love with her.

Once in a while "everybody" makes a mistake. This time "everybody" was practically right. No one more thoroughly than Hearn himself knew how utterly he was in love with Georgia Marshall, and nobody but Kenyon knew that, yielding to the plea in his father's letter, Hearn might not return to the regiment at all.

It was a joyous gathering at the Morrises'; and yet there had been a singular conversation at the Lanes' before Mabel could induce her friend to go at all.

"Mr. Hearn will certainly come and ask to be your escort," said Mabel, the moment Mrs. Morris was gone. "How can you say no?"

"He will ask you, Mabel, as I shall not be visible, and you must accept. If you will walk over there and back with Mr. Hearn, I will go; otherwise I shall have a splitting headache and be confined to my room."

"How utterly absurd, Portia! Everybody expects him to escort you. No other man in this post will ask you so long as he is here: it is a foregone conclusion that Mr. Hearn will."

"That is why I want you to go with him. If I go it will be with Major Kenyon." And then Miss Marshall took the flushed, perplexed, but lovely face of her hostess between her slender hands and kissed it. "Mabel, I must not go with Mr. Hearn. Some day I'll tell you why." And then she ran to her room.

"Tell me, indeed! I know too well," was the almost tearful answer. "You are prouder, far prouder, than I ever was."

And so, though she gained her point for the time-being, though Hearn had to offer his services to Mrs. Lane when he called and could not see Miss Marshall, though Mabel went on that moody young gentleman's arm and Miss Marshall followed with her stanch friend the major,—Hearn raging with jealous pain the while,—the time came when she found her precaution all of no avail. Mr. Hearn was too much in earnest, too deeply in love, to be longer held at bay.

"Mrs. Lane," he stammered at last, as they were walking homeward late at night, "I must speak to Miss Marshall. Surely you know why. Have I not your good wishes? Will you not help me?"

How could Mabel Lane refuse? Once the gate was reached she bade both men come in, though Miss Marshall would have dismissed the major; and then, slipping from the parlor along the hall-way to the dining-room, she left Miss Marshall to entertain her guests, while with nervous hands she set forth wine, and then presently called Kenyon, as though to her aid. He came instantly, and Miss Marshall would have followed. But Hearn was too quick, and sprang before her to the door-way. For three—four minutes, nervously, incoherently, Mrs. Lane strove to keep up a laughing chat with the bulky major; but he, too, saw the ruse as he sipped his wine, and neither was practised in the art of dissembling. Suddenly Hearn's footsteps, quick and firm, were heard in the hall-way; the front door closed with sudden bang, and, without a word to his hostess, he was gone. Mrs. Lane's heart sank within her. Conversation was at an end. Kenyon stood for an instant in awkward silence. Then Miss Marshall's skirts were heard as she fairly rushed up the stairs, and the major took himself off as quickly as a clumsy man could effect an escape. An instant after, Mabel Lane stood at Georgia's door. It was closed.

"Portia," she called, in low, pleading tones,—*"Portia, mayn't I come in?"*

For a moment, no answer at all.

"Georgia, dear, *do* speak to me."

At last a quick, impetuous step; the door was thrown open. All was darkness; but as Mrs. Lane entered with outstretched arms, there came a low, almost wailing voice from the bedside:

"Oh, Mabel, Mabel, how could you?"



## XVIII.

When it was generally understood around Fort Ryan the following afternoon that Mr. Hearn had taken the first train and gone after the regiment early that morning, people were somewhat surprised. Along toward sunset the ladies began to think it time somebody went to call at the Lanes' and see why it was that neither Mrs. Lane nor Miss Marshall had been abroad during the day. Incidentally, too, it might be possible to find out whether congratulations were in order. Nobody could account for the sudden departure of the lieutenant. Kenyon knew of it, of course, but to all questions would only reply, as though in surprise,—

"Go? Why, of course he went! What else would you expect of a man like Hearn? He was all ready to join his regiment: why shouldn't he go?"

Still, as Mr. Hearn had not said a word about going even when questioned the night before, every woman at Ryan felt sure there was some sudden reason, and equally sure that Miss Marshall, if she only would, could tell it. Very probably the first callers fully expected to be told that Miss Marshall was not well and begged to be excused. That would have settled the matter to their entire satisfaction. But, on the contrary, Miss Marshall, looking every bit as fresh and cool and animated as ever, came tripping lightly down the stairs the moment they were announced. She perfectly well knew that they would be coming, and was fully prepared to meet them. She had heard, too, of Mr. Hearn's sudden departure: a brief note had come to Mrs. Lane early in the morning, over which that bonny matron had had a good cry. The visitors only succeeded in finding Miss Marshall as brilliant and entertaining as ever, but more provokingly inscrutable. It was impossible to determine from her manner in speaking of Mr. Hearn and his departure whether there was an engagement or not.

Nor was any one a whit wiser at the end of the week. "If she is engaged to him," said the dames and damsels, "she is receiving rather too much attention from the major, who lets no day go by without its call, and the calls are growing longer."

Mabel Lane, who had looked pale for a day or two, was blithe and sunshiny as ever, so far as Ryan society could judge; and in the absence of any local sensation some people were disposed to regard the situation as decidedly disheartening. No woman rests content who suspects an engagement and cannot prove it.

Letters from the regiment gave no clue. Lane wrote to Mabel every day,—another thing that made him culpable in the eyes of lords less uxorious,—and she was besieged by the other wives with questions as to what was going on in the field. But what he wrote her of Hearn she would tell no one, not even Georgia,—who never asked.

"It has been a hard ordeal for Hearn, as any one can see," wrote the captain. "He has aged and changed greatly. The youngsters had planned a sort of love-feast for him, but he begged them that nothing of the kind be held, and he has really shunned society since rejoining.



He claims that all his time is taken up with his troop, and of course we are very busy; but there is something behind it, and I think you know."

She did know, and yet could not tell. It was her penance for breaking faith with Georgia. The latter had forbidden that she should tell to any one the fact that Mr. Hearn had indeed offered himself and had been refused.

But Lane learned it soon enough. From the moment of his return to the regiment the young soldier spent most of his time, when off duty, in the society of the captain, and one night in the fulness of his sorrowing heart he told his friend of the bitter disappointment that had come to him. He loved her deeply, had asked her to be his wife, and she had gently, even tearfully, but positively, said no, it simply could not be. He had begged her to give her reasons, and she refused. She assured him of her faith, respect, and esteem, but pointed out to him that in every way possible since the trial she had striven to avert the declaration which she frankly confessed she could not but foresee. He was forced to admit this, and could no longer press her for reasons, since she had plainly discouraged his suit. Yet it was hard,—very hard.

Lane simply could not understand. "Is there any one else?" he wrote to Mabel, and Mabel said she was sure there was not; but she was equally sure Georgia meant no. Mabel, herself, was even more perplexed than the captain, since Georgia had gently but resolutely forbidden any further mention of the subject between them. And now, with the utter inconsistency of her sex, pretty Mrs. Lane was all eagerness to discover and demolish the barrier to a match which a month ago she would have opposed because it seemed inevitable.

Then came a joy in which Mrs. Lane for the time-being forgot her perplexities. Captain Fred obtained a seven days' leave from the regiment and flew as straight to her arms as a circuitous railroad-route could carry him. He greeted Miss Marshall as cordially as ever, but he did not call her Portia as he had intended, because Mabel warned him in a letter that it served to revive associations which were not all joyous. "I called her Portia long before she met Mr. Hearn," was Lane's stout reply; "but if she doesn't like it, that's enough." Major Kenyon was bidden to dinner the evening of his home-coming, and of course many of the garrison people happened in, and so there was nothing but general chat. But two evenings later, when the major was sitting in the big arm-chair and discoursing on some of his favorite hobbies, he broached anew the matter of Judge Hearn's letter urging his son to quit the service.

"Have you never heard Hearn's answer, major?" said Lane. "He read it to me before sending it, and I thought it so good that I kept a copy. Here it is."

Miss Marshall was sitting at the table under the bright lamp as Lane began to read. Mabel noticed that she leaned forward, shading her eyes with her hand.

"I have thought it all over, my dear father. The offer you make me is one for which I thank you with all my heart. Few men could

quit the service under better auspices, or return to a home more loved or friends more loving; and yet—I cannot. Ten years of my life, perhaps the best ten, have been spent in a profession which with every year presents new fields, new studies, and new requirements. I have worked honestly, have won friends, and, in all modesty may say, a good name. Admitting all you write of this recent attempt of the papers to blacken it, my friends here tell me that it but proves the strength of my record that even concerted newspaper assaults could not harm me in the eyes of right-thinking people.

“I love the duties. I am deeply attached to many of my comrades. I can be a very fair soldier, and might only make a very poor lawyer. For these reasons I think I ought to stand where I am. But there is still another reason.

“Father, when I bound myself to the United States as a cadet I received at the hands of the nation a schooling such as I could get at no other institution in the world, and was moulded by the nation for its service. If in after-years I found myself better fitted to serve in some other way, then there might be excuse for tendering a resignation. But when I feel and know that I am far more soldier than I can ever be anything else, it all the more convinces me that my efforts belong now and for a lifetime to the nation that trained me and that I have sworn to serve.

“The dear ones at home know me best, it is true. The class in whose supposed interests I have been so unjustly assailed, it is also true, is very different from that in which we move. But, in the broad light of a soldier’s duty, neither the love of the one nor the unreasoning hate of the other should swerve me. The hardest knocks a soldier has to bear come sometimes from the very men whom he is sworn to defend. You would not have me yield because of a stinging wound or two, nor would I be worthy of your name if I faltered now. It is my belief that, despite apparent apathy, there is still, North or South, a place in the hearts of the people for every soldier who seeks faithfully to serve them, and in that faith—God helping me—I *shall follow the old flag to the end.*”

“By Jupiter!” said Kenyon, as he sprang to his feet and strode excitedly up and down the room, “isn’t that enough to make one damn the liberty of the press, to think that a month ago it was holding up that fine fellow for everything that was low and contemptible!—Miss Marshall, if I were—— Why, she’s gone!”

“Just stepped into the dining-room a moment,” said Mrs. Lane, promptly, though her eyes were brimming. “Now, isn’t that Mr. Hearn all over?”

But Georgia Marshall had not gone into the dining-room. Mabel found her over at the end of the veranda, gazing at the distant night-lights across the dark and silent valley.

September came, and the Eleventh would soon be on its homeward march. Letters to the regiment made frequent mention of old Kenyon’s devotion to Miss Marshall, and even Hearn had to hear occasional bits of conversation that told him that in quitting Ryan he had abandoned the field to a rival. But when orders reached them there

was other news: Miss Marshall was to return to the East at once. "Despite every plea," wrote Mabel, "she persists in it, and adamant is no more yielding than is her determination. I am utterly heart-broken, but cannot prevent it. She has been making arrangements for a new position of some kind for the last six weeks, and she will leave before the regiment gets back."

And when the Eleventh came marching into Ryan late in the month, and a host of tanned and bearded troopers rode in behind the band on its dancing grays, Georgia Marshall had vanished from the scene.

Presently Kenyon took a long leave and disappeared. "Having it out with his newspaper friends in Chicago," was Martin's suggestion. But the next thing heard of him he had turned up in Cincinnati, and Mabel knew well what that meant, and waited with bated breath. For a month there came no further news, and then he was reported at St. Augustine, more crabbed than ever.

"Then he, too, has been rejected," said Mabel. And she was right. Kenyon did not rejoin until long after the Christmas holidays.

Old Blauvelt, by this time, had been sent before a retiring board, which recommended him for permanent shelving, and he was still on leave until the needed vacancy should occur. Hearn, meantime, remained in command of his troop, no longer encumbered by the presence of Trooper Welsh, who had been formally "sent to Leavenworth." Corporal Brent had won his sergeant's chevrons, and was looking forward to examination for promotion. Everything was going blithely at the post, but for the sadness that seemed to have clouded one young soldier's life, and for the anxious look on Mabel Lane's face when Portia was asked for, as Portia often was. "Teaching children all the fall and winter was telling on her," wrote an old school-friend. And when April came she was reported ill, though her own letters made no mention of it. The family would move to their country-seat in a week, and she would be so glad, she said, to see the trees and birds again.

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The first of May had come. The lovely suburbs of a bustling city were shrouded in the richest, freshest green. The sweet breath of the early summer, laden with the perfume of lilac and honeysuckle and of myriad blossoms, was sighing through the foliage of a park of grand old trees and rippling the surface of a grassy lawn. Robin and bluebird, oriole and crested woodpecker, flashed and flitted through the sunshine, now splashing in the basin of the fountain, now chasing each other in chattering glee through the slanting light and shadow. The drone of beetle and hum of dragon-fly fell soothingly on the drowsy ear. The little knot of Jerseys browsing in the paddock down the eastward slope huddled together sleepily in a shaded corner. The tennis-court was deserted, the mallets lay sprawled about the croquet-ground, and a pair of Maltese kittens that had been scampering about, playing hide-and-seek among the currant-bushes, seemed at last overcome by the languorous spell in which all nature was hushed, and with

the confidence of kittenhood proceeded to clamber into the slowly-swinging hammock, hung well back in the shade, wherein was reclining the one human being visible in the entire picture,—a tall girl with big dark eyes and a wealth of sombre braids of hair,—a girl whose soft cheeks were almost as thin and pale as the slender white hands loosely clasping an open letter that lay in her lap. And it was this that the foremost pussy, after clambering by swift springs up the path-way afforded by the trailing white skirts, now impatiently pawed to one side and curled herself up in its place; there she was promptly joined by her playmate. Slowly the thin white hand was lifted and gently stroked the fur of the pretty, graceful creature.

"It is a holiday for us, isn't it, Fluffykin?" murmured the girl. "The children and doggy both gone, and it's almost time for us to be thinking of tea,—tea all alone. There's the whistle of the sunset train now."

For a moment the wooded slopes on both sides of the valley echoed to the rattle of the incoming cars, the sharp hiss of steam, the distant sound of voices at the little station down the winding village street, arched over with rustling foliage. Then the clang of the bell, and the hurrying engine again pushed northward, impatient of delay. A few light carriages and pony-phaetons came driving swiftly by; a few of the occupants waved hand or handkerchief to the reclining figure in the hammock, but far more passed by on the other side without a sign or token, and presently silence and solitude again settled down upon the shaded lawn, and the last rays of the westerling sun kissed the tree-tops good-night and slowly died away.

"Surely there should be another letter from Mabel to-night: this one is a week old now," said Portia. But, old as it was, there seemed one page which deserved re-reading, and the white hands sought and found the letter and lifted it before her eyes:

"Mr. Hearn has been gone a week now, and we miss him sadly. He had almost made his home here with us during the winter, and rarely spent an evening anywhere else. His father's death seems to have been very sudden, and it was a great shock. He has a month's leave, with permission to apply for an extension. Georgia,—Portia,—I could say so much, so very much, if you would only listen. If you would only release me from that promise! I was thinking but yesterday how I blessed the day that my pride broke down and gave me Fred and happiness. Sometimes I cannot but think that only pride—foolish, unwarrantable pride—stands between you and a life as blessed as my own."

Impatiently the letter was hurled upon the grass, and, half turning, Georgia buried her wan face on her arm. Of what was she thinking? Surely those were hot tears trickling through the long white fingers; surely there was little evidence of stubborn pride in the abandonment of that silent, lonely sorrow. All day she had been at leisure, the family and children away in town, and, though neither her duties had been very onerous nor the trials of her new position very great, she had drooped all winter long. This was the first real day of rest; yet, with all its sweetness and sunshine, had it not been full of tears?—full

of vague unrest and longing? and now even the sunshine was going, and the gloaming was slowly settling down upon the valley. Far over the eastern heights the silvery shield of the soft May moon was peeping into view; but the fairy shafts of her gentle light could not yet penetrate the gathering gloom here in the grove where swung the hammock. Still the hot tears came trickling between the white fingers, and, yielding at last to the mournful influence of the dying day, Georgia Marshall wept unrestrainedly,—wept while great sobs shook her frame; and while one fluffy kitten, disturbed in her intended nap, stretched forth a furry paw and lifted up a querulous note of remonstrance, her companion, suddenly dislodged from her cosy nest in Georgia's lap, clawed vigorously back upon the heaving folds of the summer fabric, glared around in excited search for the possible cause of such seismic disturbance, and instantly set back a pair of tiny ears, arched a furry back, bristled her stiffening tail, and gave vent to spiteful challenge at the fell disturber of her peace. There stood a man.

A tall young fellow, erect and powerful in build, clad in civilian garb, but striding across the lawn with the swing of a trooper, halted suddenly not ten feet away and lifted from his shapely head a hat banded heavily with crape. The next instant he had hurled this aside, stepped quickly forward, utterly ignoring pussy's hostile guise, had thrown himself on one knee beside the hammock, and the drooping moustache almost swept the soft, white hands as he impetuously seized them.

"Georgia," he whispered.

Heavens! what a start! In her wild consternation she recoiled from his touch, striving at the same instant to sit erect. Hammocks are not made for combinations so eccentric. The next instant the flimsy thing had slipped from under her, and she felt herself going. Drowning men catch at straws; drowning women seize the hand they would have shunned. But for his sudden spring, but for prompt clasping arms, she would have gone headlong to the ground on the opposite side. For a minute she was held in close embrace, a confused mingling of dusky braids, of throbbing femininity, of hotly-blushing, tear-wet face, of cool linen lawn and clinging hammock-netting. Then her hands regained their cunning, and found his broad shoulders; and she pushed herself free, and then hysterical laughter came to her aid, and the shaded grove rang to a peal that, if not merry, was at least irresistible, and at last, as she sat there, restored to equilibrium and striving to regain her whirling senses, as he stood patiently bending over her, half praying that the inspired hammock might yet attempt some new freak, she glanced up at him through smiles and tears and disordered bangs, only to say,—

"How utterly absurd!"

To which philosophical remark he vouchsafed no reply whatever.

It is a full minute before she recovers, even partially, either breath or self-possession. Then she holds forth her hand, and he assists her to rise.

"This is not the welcome I should give you. Shall we go to the house?"

But even as she asks and her eyes glance nervously, shyly, up into his face, she knows he will accept no invitation that will peril this *tête-à-tête*. She sees how the lines have deepened in his frank, soldierly face, and that a sadness not all of his recent bereavement has left its traces there. She would lead him from the shaded grove to the parlor, where the lamps are already beginning to twinkle, but he will not budge one step. He stands confronting her.

"No! I have come solely to see you. Is there any reason why we cannot stay here a moment?" And she can think of none. Oh, what infamous fate that he should have found her weeping,—bathed in tears!

"I hardly thought to see you at all, especially after—the great—sorrow of your father's death," she falters, her heart leaping and bounding, despite her effort to be calm.

"I am taking mother North," he answers, simply. "It was a cruel blow to her and a hard one to me. It was all over before I could get home. Mother will spend the summer with her sister on the St. Lawrence, but she has to rest in Cincinnati until to-morrow night. I left her with old friends this afternoon and came out here to find you. I must go back this evening. And, now, have you no word of welcome for me? Did you not know that I would come, loving you as I do?"

What answer can she make? Her head is drooping low; her hands are clasped together, her bosom heaving, her breath fluttering away; and yet how wild a joy, how exquisite a hope, is throbbing in her heart of hearts!

"Georgia," he speaks impulsively, his deep voice trembling, "you made me accept your answer then and bear my bitter disappointment without a word; but I have borne it too long now. Had you been at the other end of the world I must have followed you, for the longing to see your dear face, to hear your voice, to look into your glorious eyes, has overmastered me time and again. I had to come, and now I will hear what it is that stands between us. God knows my love and honor have been yours a long, long year. God knows there can be no content or joy for me if your answer be final. You have bound my life in yours. You won my whole heart, my deepest gratitude. No, you cannot check me by impatient gesture now: you must hear. You told me there was no other man. Is that true?"

"Perfectly," she answers, proudly.

"And yet you would not listen to me. You would not be my wife."

"You forget, it was just after the trial. You seemed to think you owed me such a world of gratitude; and—do not men sometimes mistake gratitude for love?"

"Oh, heaven!" he interrupts her impetuously, his hands outstretched. "You do not mean you doubted me, Georgia? If that were your reason, is it not banished now? Look—look up into my eyes, my darling, and tell me, if you dare, that it is gratitude, not deep and fervent love, I offer you. Nay, you shall see." And, before she can retreat, his strong, trembling hands have seized her drooping

head, and between them her face, with its dark, lustrous, swimming eyes, with cheeks still tear-wet, yet burning with blushes chasing each other to her very brows, her soft red lips quivering and trembling at the dimpled corners,—all—all now lifted to his worshipping gaze ; and she can repel no longer. One swift glance, and, if ever vestige of doubt remained, it vanished then and there. No woman on earth could have looked into his eyes and denied the love that burned within them, —all her own, all her own.

“Speak to me, Georgia. Do you believe me now?”

“Yes,” she whispers, and her face would have hidden itself but for those strong hands again.

“And you have no love to give in return?”

A little silvery beam is peeping through the foliage now. The kittens, forgotten, are rolling over each other in mad frolic at their very feet. The last chirp of drowsing bird has died away. The silence of the sweet summer night has fallen on all surrounding nature, yet he can hardly hear her whisper,—

“You never asked it—until now.”

“But it *is* mine, really? Georgia, tell me,” he implores.

“It has been—all yours ever since the night I heard your letter,—ever since you wrote that you would follow the old flag to the end.”

THE END.

## UNCROWNED.

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF FITZJAMES O'BRIEN.

JANUARY 23, 1887.

[FitzJames O'Brien was the leader of the Bohemian circle in New York in the years immediately preceding the war. He was hurt to death in a skirmish fighting for his adopted country. In his volume "The Diamond Lens and other Tales" (Harpers) is given his story of "The Lost Room." In that story O'Brien claims descent from a chief to whom St. Kieran had prophesied, according to the "Annals of the Four Masters," that he and his descendants should rule over the Ithian race forever.]

WHILE the round sun forgets its noonday glare,  
 And following after clouds the evening comes,  
 And sounds of city feet more fleetly fare  
 To some kind haven, in the town of homes,  
 I stop to look along these shabby walls,  
 And almost naked floor, I claim as mine.  
 No priceless hanging to the wainscot falls,  
 No marvels painted out of oil divine  
 Look at this sad, worn, weary face with love.  
 Only a rug or twain lies here or there,  
 And from its case peeps out a boxing-glove.  
 I see the long black easel's horns still wear  
 My colors,—black and gold. Above the bed  
 Dusk Cleopatra foils the folded snake  
 That drives across her golden thigh its head,  
 And the strange love-dreams in her eyes awake;  
 And on the other wall Lucretia, slim,  
 Beautiful, bare except of gauzy veil,  
 That cannot hide the shapely breast and limb  
 And those wild eyes that time should not assail.

A ruined castle by an Irish sea.  
 I hear sad Cleena \* calling for her king :  
 A beggar holds a pen afar from thee ;  
 Never for him your white-capped waves shall sing.  
 Under the pent rock Loki turns his face,  
 Avoiding as he may the serpent's slime ;  
 Naked and chained upon a wave-washed place,  
 He suffers doom for his immortal crime.  
 The serpent's fangs perpetual venom drop ;  
 Cold on the rugged rock he clanks his chain,  
 But Sigyn holds before his face the cup,  
 To save his temples from the dropping pain.  
 Forever does the serpent's venom fail,  
 And ever the white waves sweep over them,

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\* The south Irish coast.



Saved by the woman, till the ended tale,  
And Fenrir's pack the hosts of heaven hem.

Shakespeare and Morris and the bard of love,\*  
These evermore are with me till the end,  
And that strange revelation from above †  
Look from their places to their favored friend.  
This is the sum. I served thrice seven years,  
Thrice seven years I served the Queen of Song.  
Never mine eyes complained with chiding tears,  
Nor raised my voice in question of her wrong.  
No Esau drove me forth to fare afar,  
Nor did I bargain for fat herds or gold,  
Nor did I ask for those kind loves that are  
Held in her hand, to give or to withhold.  
But carelessly I cast my claim away,  
And made myself her slave without a fee,  
And all my thought I fashioned in her way,  
And every hope was bent with her to be.

Scant is her favor, but I serve her still;  
The measure of my toil is incomplete;  
She drapes these bare walls at her fickle will,  
To fill me with her presence over-sweet.  
Ah! mighty mother, I have drunk thy milk;  
I cannot turn me from thy service now.  
A priest forever, robed in rag or silk,  
According to Melchisedec, my vow  
Calls me to worship on the bended knee,  
And such Gregorian chanted melodies  
Should rise upon a western slope to thee,  
As once, more virile, by the Grecian seas,  
Saner and worthier than these weaker words,  
And fuller of the pictured thought of gods  
Who dwelt 'mid trees, and watched the moving herds,  
And saw those nymphs divine on Delian sods,  
Who loved, ah me! who loved in greater wise,  
With stronger bodies, in a fairer clime,  
Beneath the beauty of Idalian skies  
And in the green beginning of a time.

Futile belike my toil, my theme, my song,  
Wasted my effort, incomplete my toil,  
And in the turf cast with a larger throng,  
My works and I shall be Time's common spoil.  
But on these western ways my days endure,  
And from yon castle ruined by the sea  
The spirit warders of a life secure  
Call o'er the white waves, calling faithfully:

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\* Ovid.

† Holy Bible.

"Cease not, O kinsman, till the toil be done ;  
 Saint Kieran gave us rule for evermore ;  
 Our names are now unknown beneath the sun ;  
 A barren sceptre in our hands we bore ;  
 But you, you have not asked for land, or power,  
 Or gold, or much of love or anything,  
 And thus you gain the guerdon from this hour  
 That you, not we, henceforward shall be king."

*Daniel L. Dawson.*

### A GLANCE AT THE TARIFF.

THE McKinley Tariff Law of 1890 has been in operation for a few weeks, and its details are becoming familiar to the business public. The remainder of the community, however, do not know it so well, although possibly the word "tariff" and its discussion have by long iteration become to them a trifle tiresome. As the law affects all in greater or less degree, the task may be undertaken, though at the risk of prolixity, of considering some of its phases and principles. The new tariff has in important ways changed the business relations of the people of the United States both among themselves and with their neighbors. The new tariff bill was in process of formation for nearly three years. At President Cleveland's suggestion, the last Congress in 1888 considered the "Mills bill," which failed to pass, but which was radically amended in the Senate. This "Senate Tariff bill" of 1888 was to a great extent the basis of the "McKinley bill" of 1890 in its final form of passage. During this long period of incubation the tariff has been discussed threadbare, but few matters of American origin since the civil war have created greater sensation all around the world. Whether for good or for evil, however, this law—based on protectionist principles—is the system of political economy adopted for the United States, which will continue several years to come, in all probability. Its theory of enactment is that the American Congress should legislate for the benefit of its own people rather than for those of other nations, its protectionist principles being in unison with those adopted by the two strongest powers of Europe, Germany and France, but in opposition to the system of political economy prevailing in Great Britain.

In considering all tariffs it is difficult to divorce the self-interest of the critic from the character of his criticism. The sporting young man, for instance, who wants a fine English breech-loading shot-gun, finds its cost now six dollars higher than under the old tariff, that being the amount of additional duty, and he probably denounces the new law accordingly. But how beneficent must the new tariff appear to those engaged in making fine American shot-guns, when it allows six dollars more for every gun in competition, which can be divided between the manufacturer and the workpeople! This principle was the key-note in framing the new tariff,—its revision of the import duties being

made by the friends and not by the foes of the protective system. The method of fortifying domestic manufactures by arranging the new duties according to the ideas of those interested in the manufactures pervades the entire law. There was little difficulty in fixing the rates of duty, excepting where conflicts arose among the protected interests themselves, chiefly upon the vexed question, "What is a raw material?" Articles which are the product of one interest often become the raw material of another. Thus, iron-ore is an important product mined by influential interests in the United States that comes into close competition with the foreign Cuban and Spanish ores. But iron-ores and their immediate product, pig-iron, are the raw materials of the myriad manufactures of iron and steel. Similarly, wools are a product of a numerous agricultural population, and at the same time the basis of carpet and woollen manufactures employing enormous capital. I do not propose discussing in this place the interesting questions of "free iron-ore" or "free wool," further than to use them as types of the main difficulty in framing a protective tariff. The adjustment of the claims of these and kindred interests demanding protection for quasi raw materials could not be made satisfactorily to them without increasing the cost and consequently the necessary protection of their manufactured products.

All tariff literature, to those not directly interested, is necessarily dry and at times rather hard reading. But possibly the wide-spread interest in the subject may somewhat relieve its tediousness. When the iron-ore discussion was going on, I asked the president of a leading trunk-line railway that is a large transporter of home and foreign ores, which would be best for his traffic,—free ore or dutiable ore. He replied that it was immaterial,—that the mills would take just as much ore either way, and it would simply mean a longer haul for the cheaper ore. If there was no duty, the foreign ores would go further from the seaboard into the interior, until the freight-rates overcame the difference in cost. The manager of a seaboard Bessemer steel mill wanted free ore, and said that if he had it he could send American rails to England and sell them at a profit. Mr. Carnegie, the great Pittsburg manufacturer, was indifferent, for his rail-mills were in the interior. Thus the questions of location, freighting, and other matters all came in to influence the adjustment of duties, so that after mature consideration the tariff as finally passed increased various duties and reduced others, but the greater part were continued the same as they had been under the previous law. In some cases completely new classifications are made, the old methods having become inappropriate through changed relations of manufacture or the shrewd evasive tactics of importers. The question of protection, however, mainly governed the whole adjustment. Where more protection was demanded, the duties were raised, as in the above-quoted case of the guns. Under the old law all breech-loading shot-guns and revolving pistols paid a duty of thirty-five per cent. upon their value when imported; but the new law, in addition to the thirty-five per cent., levies from one to six dollars upon each breech-loading gun, and from forty cents to one dollar upon each pistol, according to its value. If the gun is valued at over twelve

dollars it pays six dollars and also thirty-five per cent. duty, a protection nearly doubling its cost, yet giving American makers the chance in all grades to maintain their reputation as the manufacturers of the best fire-arms in the world, which requires paying higher wages than are paid abroad. A similar course is pursued with pocket-knives: to the former duty of fifty per cent. is now added a special rate varying from twelve cents to two dollars on each dozen knives imported. These are instances of advanced duties; but, on the other hand, where improved methods of manufacture have cheapened articles, the duties have been reduced. A conspicuous instance of this is given in railway-rails and splice-bars, which had steadily declined in price under the improved Bessemer processes for several years. The rails now pay one-tenth to two-tenths of a cent less and the splice-bars one-fourth of a cent less duty per pound than under the old tariff, the new duties being respectively six-tenths of a cent on the rails and one cent on the splice-bars per pound. These reductions appear to be but small fractions, but in articles of such enormous manufacture and use the aggregate saving in duties becomes a large amount.

Much is always said in tariff discussion about the "welfare of the farmer." One party always predicts his ruin by certain legislation, while both sides profess their anxiety to take good care of his true interests. The two tariff contests that were waged the longest, and in fact were not settled until the final vote was taken on the tariff,—about sugar and binding-twine,—arose mainly from conflicting views of the attitude of the farming interest. The new tariff has not neglected the farmer, but has protected him by largely increasing the duties on agricultural products, much to the dismay of our Canadian neighbors, who devoted their best energies during September and the first week of October to hurrying barley and eggs, peas and potatoes, over the border, and filled the Lake ports with vessel-loads of cereals. The following list shows some of the increased agricultural duties:

ARTICLES.	NEW DUTY.	OLD DUTY.
Wheat, per bushel . . . .	25 cents.	20 cents.
Indian corn, " . . . .	15 "	10 "
Oats, " . . . .	15 "	10 "
Barley, " . . . .	30 "	10 "
Malt, " . . . .	45 "	20 "
Onions, " . . . .	40 "	10 per cent.
Potatoes, " . . . .	25 "	15 cents.
Peas, " . . . .	40 "	10 per cent.
Flaxseed, " . . . .	30 "	20 cents.
Beans, " . . . .	40 "	10 per cent.
Apples, " . . . .	25 "	Free.
Plums and prunes, per lb. . . .	2 "	1 cent.
Hops, " . . . .	15 "	8 cents.
Butter, " . . . .	6 "	4 "
Cheese, " . . . .	6 "	4 "
Bacon and hams, " . . . .	5 "	2 "
Eggs, per dozen . . . .	5 "	Free.
Cabbages, each . . . .	3 "	10 per cent.
Broom corn, per ton . . . .	\$8.	10 " "
Hay, per ton . . . .	\$4.	\$2.
Straw . . . .	30 per cent.	Free.

This list shows a general advance in almost the whole range of farm-products. Macaroni and vermicelli, formerly admitted free, are now in competition with American breadstuffs and pay two cents per pound duty. Almost the only agricultural industry not given additional protection is the raising of peanuts, and our brethren of Virginia and the Carolinas must be content with the old duty of one cent per pound to keep out African competition. But if the enterprising African shells his peanuts before exporting them, they must pay a half-cent more duty now, this being regarded as a necessary additional protection for the almost universal American pastime of shelling peanuts. A surprising feature of this agricultural portion of the tariff is that, while cabbages are protected so highly, sauer-kraut is on the free list, along with sausage-skins, manna, and manuscripts. The teazle, however, is protected to the amount of thirty per cent., having formerly been free. Some venerable Senators objected to this duty, possibly not knowing what the teazle is, but when they learnt that it was grown chiefly in Holland and France, and might also be grown here, they yielded to the universality of the protectionist principle. This useful little plant, whose ripened flower enables the fuller to raise the nap on cloth, will hereafter be a valued American product. The sugar duties were reduced to suit the consumers, who are largely agricultural, but the beet-sugar interest gave a vigorous kick in the final proceedings, this having become a valuable product of the Western farm. Probably the most interesting contest, however, was that about binding-twine. This cordage is used in great quantities in harvesting by the improved modern machinery of the farm; and it is an important article among the American manufactures of cordage. Formerly manilla twine paid two and a half cents per pound. In the various stages of the bill different rates were attached to it, constantly decreasing as the Western farming interest attacked with vigor, and at one time it was made free by the Senate. There was much controversy about it, and the final conference upon the bill was delayed by the dispute. Ultimately the duty was fixed at seven-tenths of one cent per pound, somewhat more than one-fourth the previous rate. In fact, the duties on all cordage made of manilla and sisal grass are reduced from two and a half cents to one and a half cents per pound, and, in compensation to the American manufacturer, the manilla and sisal grass, which paid twenty-five dollars per ton for the former and fifteen dollars for the latter, now come in free of duty.

The schedule of metal duties is among the most important of the new tariff. Here at the outset the adjusters were confronted by the necessity of protecting the raw materials. Besides maintaining the old duty of seventy-five cents per ton upon iron-ores, they also continued the same rate of seventy-five cents upon bituminous coal, and the former duty of three-tenths of one cent per pound upon pig-iron. But, recognizing the fact that pig-iron manufacture and indeed all iron and steel processes have been cheapened, they made a general scaling down of duties upon iron and steel products, amounting to one-tenth of one cent per pound and sometimes more, while new classifications are arranged in several cases. As heretofore mentioned, the ores were recognized as an American product needing protection. They come from several

States, but the greatest American output is by the Gogebic range in the Lake Superior region, now the largest producer of iron-ores in the world, the whole district being expected to send out nine millions of tons this year. To reach the markets requires a long line of transportation by lake and rail, and in close competition at the seaboard come the foreign ores. Owing to the vast iron-manufacture at present in the United States, both the home and foreign ore-producers are favored with a good business, and in October immediately following the new tariff coming into force the freights on Mediterranean ores, owing to the demand for chartering vessels, advanced to twelve shillings per ton. The reduced duties on iron manufactures, generally one-tenth of one cent per pound, apply to round iron, sheet iron, hoops, pipes, and various other forms, on which the new duties vary from nine-tenths of one cent to one and four-tenths cents per pound. In some cases the reduction is greater, as in beams, girders, and structural shapes, lowered from one and one-fourth cents to nine-tenths of a cent, and forgings, reduced from two and one-half cents to two and three-tenths cents, while such articles of general use as boiler-tubes are reduced from three cents to two and one-half cents, axles from two and one-half to two cents, and anchors from two cents to one and eight-tenths cents per pound, with the larger-sized chains that paid from one and three-fourths to two cents now paying from one and six-tenths to one and eight-tenths cents, and small chains (less than three-eighths inch diameter) continued at the old duty of two and one-half cents. These reductions will tend to reduce some prices by curtailing profits, without increasing importations. New classifications are made of certain manufactures wherein labor is the chief expense, and these pay more duties than formerly. For instance, boiler and plate iron paid a uniform duty of one and one-fourth cents per pound for all kinds, but the new tariff grades it according to value with duties from one-half cent to three and one-half cents, the still higher grades paying forty-five per cent. Steel ingots, plates, castings, etc., show a new method of classification, cheapening the duty on the cheaper steel and increasing it where labor makes the values higher. These steel duties ranged formerly from two cents to three and one-fourth cents per pound; but the new tariff expands the range from four-tenths of one cent to seven cents per pound. In wood screws six cents was formerly the lowest duty, but now it is five cents, and from that figure they are classified up to fourteen cents.

These iron and steel duties are types of the general method pursued in framing the new tariff. Very similar systems are pursued in the cotton and woollen schedules, which are of too great extent and complexity, however, for analysis here. These schedules do not entirely suit some of the manufacturers, and the woollen adjustment particularly was a task of great perplexity. Throughout, however, the duty of supporting home industries was never lost sight of, and one of the important objects of the tariff has also been the establishment of new industries. This has simply been pursuing the policy which for a century past (ever since Samuel Slater came over from Devonshire, England, and started cotton-spinning on the Blackstone River, at Pawtucket, Rhode Island, in 1790) has successfully begun

one great manufacture after another in the United States. To encourage copper smelting and manufacture, the duty on copper ores is reduced from two and one-half cents to one-half cent per pound of fine copper contained; while copper in pigs, ingots, bars, and plates comes down from four cents to one and one-fourth cents per pound. The special encouragement given in this tariff, however, is by the duty on tin-plates. No tin-plates to speak of have heretofore been made within the country, and the tin importation has substantially been free of duty. One cent per pound has heretofore been levied, but this was to cover the sheet-iron plate which is coated with tin. To encourage this new industry within the country, the tin-plate duty, which will continue at one cent until the first day of next July, will thereafter be advanced to two and two-tenths cents, the additional one and two-tenths cents being the protection for the tin in the new industry. No item of the new tariff caused greater dispute than this, it being regarded as an extreme view of protection to impose a tax for the creation of an industry. Several tin-mills are in contemplation, mainly at Pittsburg, and the native tin-ores will be drawn from the Black Hills, which are said to contain probably the richest tin deposits in the world. Tin-ores and block or pig tin are to be imported free until July 1, 1893, after which the duty will be four cents per pound of tin. The nickel duty, also in encouragement of home industry, is reduced from fifteen to ten cents per pound, and the duty on sheet lead and pipes from three to two and one-half cents.

Probably the most important general feature of the new tariff is the incorporation of provisions to secure reciprocal trade. The President is authorized to use five staple articles of import to secure this by reducing or removing their duties, and if the effort fails then their duties are to be increased. These articles are sugar, molasses, coffee, tea, and hides. The new sugar and molasses duties are low, and the other articles are now admitted free; but allowing the whole of next year to arrange reciprocity, if after that time it fails, then each, at the President's discretion, shall pay duty when imported from the country discriminating against us,—sugar seven-tenths to two cents per pound, molasses four cents per gallon, coffee three cents per pound, tea ten cents, and hides one and one-half cents. The timber duties have been reduced generally one-half, with a provision that if any foreign country imposes an export duty, then the old rates shall be levied. This provision was intended for Canadian digestion, and quickly had the desired effect. The Canadian ministers have had much to say in criticism of the tariff, but it had not been enforced one week before an "Order in Council" removed the timber-export duty. Pine boards were thus reduced from two dollars to one dollar per thousand feet, and pine shingles from thirty-five cents to twenty cents, with other timber in proportion. An enormous trade in timber across the Lakes and over the Northern border at once began, improving reciprocal trade relations.

This article might be extended at length, but a few more instances will suffice to show in various directions the scope of the new tariff. All gloves formerly paid a duty of fifty per cent. Now ladies' kid gloves



are paying three dollars and twenty-five cents per dozen, men's gloves one dollar more, and "all gloves represented to be of a kind or grade below their actual kind or grade shall pay an additional duty of five dollars per dozen pairs." The frauds in glove importation under the old tariff were said to be excessive. Ornamental fire-brick and tiles are advanced from twenty and thirty-five per cent. duty to forty-five per cent., to protect an artistic manufacture that is becoming of great importance. While cotton-seed oil is reduced from twenty-five to ten cents per gallon, linseed oil goes up from twenty-five to thirty-two cents. "Villanous saltpetre" comes down from one and one-half cents to one cent per pound when refined, but the crude article is free now, having previously paid one cent per pound. Chloroform is reduced from fifty to twenty-five cents per pound, and sulphuric ethers from fifty to forty cents; but sulphuric acid, formerly free, now pays one-fourth cent per pound, though blue vitriol comes down from three to two cents, and sulphur from ten dollars to eight dollars per ton. The new tariff has an eye to protecting the glass-trade, putting fifteen to twenty per cent. more duty on glass-ware, while spectacles and eyeglasses pay sixty per cent., having been formerly forty-five. Pins pay thirty per cent., and gold leaf pays two dollars a pack, being fifty cents increase. Most kinds of fish, except salt herrings, are advanced from one-half cent to three-fourths cent a pound. Fresh fish formerly were free, but now they only come in free when caught in American fisheries or by American vessels. The tobacco duties are largely increased, leaf tobacco, seventy-five cents to one dollar per pound under the old tariff, now paying two dollars to two dollars and seventy-five cents, and cigars being increased from two dollars and fifty cents and twenty-five per cent. per pound to four dollars and fifty cents and twenty-five per cent. There is an increase on wines and brandies, and the new tariff is determined to raise a revenue from Cayenne pepper, which pays two and one-half cents per pound duty.

We have all heard the anguish of portions of the people of Austria because pearl buttons have had added to the old rate of twenty-five per cent. a duty of two and one-half cents per line button measure of one-fortieth of one inch per gross, a large increase. The complaints made in Europe are also bitter because jewelry is advanced from twenty-five to fifty per cent., and, while furs remain unchanged at twenty per cent., fur hats are advanced from thirty to fifty-five per cent. The reduction of the duty on paintings and statuary from thirty to fifteen per cent. ought, however, to be a partial compensation, and the Continent of Europe will be delighted to know that all books printed in other languages than English can now come in free. Jute and jute butts are also free, and so are nitrate and chlorate of soda, raw silk, crude camphor, acorns and beeswax, currants and dates, Chinese matting and joss-sticks, ipecac, quinine, potash, and marshmallows, the free list covering several hundred articles. This tariff is a law of great scope, said to be the longest bill ever passed by Congress, and making with its twin law, the "Customs Administration Act," in the official publication a pamphlet of one hundred and thirty-two pages. The latter law is a comprehensive measure for the prevention of frauds and



undervaluations, and the two acts work together for the protection and collection of the revenues. This is probably the most completely protective code ever enacted; and the stir it has created will keep the eyes of the world upon the United States during coming years, to see whether the system will succeed, or, as many of our foreign relations might probably prefer, whether the new tariff may not create financial difficulties or administrative and diplomatic troubles necessitating an early repeal.

*Joel Cook.*

### I, POLYCRATES.

**H**E, Polycrates, tyrant of his land,  
 Upon whose lips fell fickle Fortune's kiss,  
 Bestowing, all unasked, unhop'd-for bliss,—  
 Love, honor, wealth, more than his dreams had planned,—  
 He, fearful lest the free, unstinting hand  
 Should change its grace to greed and him dismiss,  
 Flung, as a hostage, to the sea's abyss  
 A gem no monarch's ransom might command.

I, Polycrates of this modern time,  
 Poorer than poverty in but this thing,  
 That love is mine beyond my soul's desire,  
 Here fling my heart—sole treasure of my rhyme—  
 Into Love's sea, that I, unmeriting,  
 Unto his endless blessing may aspire.

*S. D. S., Jr.*

### AFTER READING CHAUCER.

**O** POET! thou wert like a flower  
 That grows in beauty hour by hour  
 Within the wood,  
 Unfolding in that lonely place,  
 Uplifting hopefully its face,  
 And cheering with its tender grace  
 The solitude.

O poet! thou wert like a bird  
 Whose voice at early dawn is heard,  
 As, mounting higher,  
 The morning air around him rings;  
 Between the heaven and earth he sings,  
 A golden glory on his wings,  
 Celestial fire!

*Minna Irving.*

## THE BERMUDA ISLANDS.

IF more of the inhabitants of our Eastern States who are able to take vacations in winter knew that an earthly paradise lies off our eastern coast, only about seven hundred miles, or three days' sail, from New York, undoubtedly many of this happily-situated class would buy excursion-tickets to this paradise, and in its even and balmy climate gloat over the unhappy majority they had left behind to bear the brunt of our capricious winter. But somehow the good things of life, even when they are near by, manage to escape very general observation, and so the beautiful little islands for the centuries since they were discovered have been enjoyed until very recently only by a chosen few. Some of the old poets sang of them, it is true,—Shakespeare, Marvell, Waller, —though they probably saw them only with the spirit's eye; but even their melodious strains sent out no Jason-led expeditions. Later that wandering minstrel Tom Moore actually set his own poetical feet among these rarely-visited islands, and, pitching his tent upon one of them, chanted out his ecstasy:

No, ne'er did the wave in its element steep  
An island of lovelier charms;  
It blooms in the giant embrace of the deep  
Like Hebe in Hercules' arms.  
The blush of your bowers is light to the eye,  
And their melody balm to the ear;  
But the fiery planet of day is too nigh,  
And the snow-spirit never comes here.

To us who grow weary of the snow-spirit and who are glad to escape it, it is only an added charm that this chilly sprite does not haunt Bermuda, and the "fiery planet of day" is not a bit too nigh in the winter-time, when the thermometer takes a stand at about 70° and deviates but little from this enviable indication of temperature. It is the absence of the snow-spirit, joined with the charm of the climate and the beauty of the land, that is bound to make Bermuda, as it becomes better known, one of the most popular of winter resorts.

The trip is a very short one. You leave New York with an ulster buttoned closely about you on a Thursday afternoon, and reach Bermuda on Sunday morning and are glad to shed your fur. The first view of land from a distance is not reassuring to the sea-weary passenger, for he strains his eyes to gaze upon some little dots away out upon the ocean which look as if they must forever rock with the motion of the sea. But as the vessel draws nearer he begins to see that it is land sure enough, though not a very considerable amount of it; for the entire area of these tiny islands does not amount to twenty square miles, and there are between three and four hundred of them in the group; not more than twenty being large enough to be inhabitable. The four largest islands are united by ferry, causeways, and bridges, the strip of connected mainland being thus about twenty-five miles long, though nowhere more than three miles in breadth, and in most places not one.

This narrow strip extends in a curved line resembling a shepherd's crook. Encircling the islands is a chain of reefs with but a small number of navigable openings, which renders the enclosed land an almost impregnable natural fortress. A darky pilot comes on board and guides the vessel safely through the dangerous channels, and one begins to see that besides natural defences there are heavily-armed forts and batteries at every exposed point, and commanding the entrances through the reefs, and all the principal channels, for, next to Gibraltar, Bermuda is the strongest fortified place in the world. It seems like entering into fairy-land as the steamer threads its way among numbers of little islands which make new pictures at every turn, while the transparency of the water is a revelation in itself. A sudden turn brings the steamer into the beautiful land-locked harbor of Hamilton, which is the capital and principal town of Bermuda.

Hamilton is the great metropolis, and all roads lead to it. It contains the leading hotels and boarding-houses, and has a population of something over two thousand souls, which of course is increased during the winter season. The houses and public buildings are all built of the white coral stone, and it is the whitest-looking town that can be imagined. The houses are white even to their roofs and chimneys, and the streets are of the same dazzling whiteness, for the roads are formed by cutting down to the white coral bed, and then the surface is smoothed, and indeed has an almost polished look. Mark Twain, who was in Bermuda some years ago, and who embodied his observations in a little book entitled "*Rambling Notes of an Idle Excursion*," tells a story of an old sea-captain who came over with him and found a difficulty when he first got on a white Bermuda road. He kept wandering unrestfully from side to side, until finally he exclaimed, "Well, I chew, you know, and the road's so plaguy clean." All the natives in Bermuda, white and black, appear to have read and enjoyed Mark Twain's skit, and references to it are universal. Not far from the steamboat-landing is a huge india-rubber tree. If you stop to look at it,—as you naturally will, for it is a magnificent specimen,—and a native happens along to point out its beauties, he will make a grinning allusion to Mark Twain; he will not explain, because he thinks that, being a countryman of Mark Twain's, you know his "*Idle Excursion*" by heart. It seems that our humorist was greatly disappointed in not finding any gum shoes or suspenders growing upon the tree, and came to the conclusion that it was out of season.

You can get a great variety of scenery in a few hours' drive about the connected islands. Now you drive by a bold and rocky coast, looking out upon a wonderful sea of many colors; then you are plunged into the thick shade of cedars, while oleander bushes, covered with large, exquisite flowers, line the dazzling white road. These oleanders attain an enormous size, often towering above the stunted pines, and grow in great profusion all over the islands, bearing several varieties of flowers. You catch glimpses now and then of fields of white stately lilies, and then skirt along by thick clumps of banana-trees, or by tall and erect bamboos, and jungles of mangroves, and here and there orange-, lemon-, lime-, pomegranate-, calabash-, and

pawpaw-trees, and varieties of the palm. The gleaming white houses which peep at you from behind trees and flowers make a pretty contrast to the luxuriant foliage about them. You see no grand and stately mansions, but all the houses, even the humblest, present a neat and attractive appearance. Abject poverty if it exists in Bermuda is hidden from sight; indeed, it is said that there is no such thing as pauperism strictly so called; certainly one sees no beggars, nor any signs of absolute want. The natives cannot well help having attractive-looking houses, however, for the stone is beautiful, and can be dug right out of the cellar. The coral stone is easily quarried by means of a long chisel used like a crow-bar in drilling, and can be sawed to the required dimensions with an ordinary hand-saw; it is very soft at first, but hardens gradually upon exposure to the air. The roofs are made of thin coral slabs, and the entire house receives a coating of whitewash, which renders it more impervious to dampness. Over the porches of many of these houses there grows a thick vine called the *bougainvillea*, which bears in generous profusion great masses of brilliant purple flowers, that stand out in beautiful relief from the gleaming white background. Flowers are everywhere,—oleanders, geraniums, lilies, lantanas, pinks, jessamine, roses, and many other species; besides numbers of flowering shrubs. There are no manufactories, no screaming locomotives, nothing to disturb the quiet, or to raise smoke and dust to rob the bloom from the flowers or to dull the pure white of the houses. Nowhere else is such wonderful neatness to be seen.

One wonders, in going about a place naturally so suggestive of peace and quiet, to see the great numbers of forts and batteries, and to come across here and there squads of red-coated soldiers, or marines. But, as these islands hold vast quantities of English arms and ammunition, they have need to be well guarded; and here, too, is the rendezvous for the British fleet in all these waters.

It was not until after the Revolutionary War that England awoke to the great strategic importance of these islands, for their importance as a British possession is irrespective of their dimensions or commercial relations. Situated as they are within two or three days' sail of any of the ports on our Atlantic coast, and about midway between the British possessions in the West Indies and North America, they form a most important base for naval operations, and should we have another war with England we would undoubtedly find Bermuda a most uncomfortable little neighbor. During the war of the Revolution the Bermudians sympathized with the Americans, and secretly allowed an American vessel to bear off a hundred barrels of powder from a magazine in a remote part of the main island. Washington himself had sent an address to the Bermudians asking them for ammunition to help the cause of the Americans. At the time his troops were almost destitute of ammunition, and the powder procured from the Bermudians led to the first great victory gained by Washington in the Revolutionary War, the evacuation of Boston by the British army.

Undoubtedly the loss of the thirteen American colonies enhanced the value of the Bermudas in the mother-country's eyes, and led her to strengthen herself upon them. She has made the islands an almost

impregnable fortress, and has stored among them great quantities of ammunition. On one of the islands, called "Ireland Island," there is a steam-factory of the first class, and every facility exists for the repairing of ships. Here is the famous floating dock, the largest in the world. It weighs over eight thousand tons, and cost nearly a million of dollars. Numerous forts and batteries guard the approaches to this dock-yard, and there is a large submarine mining establishment by which torpedoes and other subsidiary means of defence can be put down at short notice; and movable road-batteries are prepared to supplement the stationary defences.

Lying near the dock is one of Lord Nelson's old line-of-battle ships, the *Invincible*, one of the participants in the battles of the *Baltic* and *Trafalgar*, which is now used as a sort of floating boarding-house for marines; and almost side by side, in sharp contrast with this relic of a glorious past, lies the *Scorpion*, an iron-clad built to run the blockade and fight for the Confederacy, but it was finished too late for its intended purpose, and has led a life of idleness and peace. The old Nelson hulk has certainly earned its rest, and it seems poetical justice that it should lie at ease in its old age in the tranquil waters of a British colony, surrounded by the din of ship-repairing, and gathering to itself a lot of marines as a hen gathers her chickens.

The Bermudas have been brought into closer connection with the mother-country and with America by means of an ocean cable, which was laid last June. The cable extends from Halifax to Hamilton, and is nearly nine hundred miles in length.

There are always about fifteen hundred English soldiers stationed about different parts of the islands. Their brilliant red coats contrast well with the white coral stone; but one wonders that England clings to so showy a uniform which makes of each soldier a most striking target. General Wolseley has of late been advocating a gray uniform for fighting purposes, which would certainly be more serviceable, if less ornamental.

I had the pleasure of viewing a sham battle, to which the brilliant uniforms contributed much as a spectacular performance; but the bright red coats gleamed even through the smoke of battle, and a detachment that was supposed to be lying in ambush behind thick bushes was plainly discernible, and could easily have been shot to pieces in a real game of war. It was a fine sight, though, and numbers of fierce-looking officers prancing about on fiery chargers lent a realistic air to the performance.

Most of the troops are stationed at a camp called Prospect, and there are also commodious barracks at St. George's. St. George's was in ancient times the chief town and the seat of government: it is the oldest settlement upon the islands, and was founded early in the seventeenth century. The town has a Spanish look, and its appearance probably suggested the legend that Bermuda was colonized by the Spaniards, which is untrue. After the discovery of the islands by the Spaniard Juan Bermudez, who failed in an attempt to land, *circa* 1510, the Bermudas were granted by Philip II. to Ferdinand Camelo, a Portuguese, who took possession of them, it is true, in 1543, but he did not

remain, and effected no settlement. The third visitant to the islands was an Englishman, named Henry May, who was wrecked in a French vessel off Bermuda in 1593. He gained the shore with some other survivors, and remained five months, during which time the party built a cedar boat and made their way to Newfoundland.

The colonization of the Bermudas came about in this way. In 1609 an expedition of nine English ships bound for the colony of Virginia, and commanded by Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Somers, and Captain Newport, was dispersed by a great storm. One of the ships, the *Sea Adventure*, commanded by Sir George Somers, was wrecked on the reefs of Bermuda, and the crew managed to reach the land. They built a cedar pinnace, in which they sailed to Virginia, but, finding the infant colony badly off for supplies, they returned to Bermuda, in order, if possible, to found a settlement. Shortly after this second visit Sir George died, and his crew, with the exception of three men who remained to hold possession of the islands, sailed for England, taking with them the embalmed body of their commander. Upon the arrival of the crew in England, they spread stories of the many charms possessed by the land they had left behind them, and a company was formed to colonize the islands. The first ship-load of emigrants landed in 1612, and ever since Bermuda has been a colony of Great Britain. Sir George Somers's gallant heart was buried in a beautiful garden which stands now in the centre of St. George's, which contains a monument to his memory. In this garden are palm-trees said to be one hundred and fifty years old. Indeed, everything about St. George's suggests the past: its very narrow streets are silent and have a deserted look, for its glory has departed. During our civil war life and activity came back to the old town for a time, for here many blockade-runners were fitted out, and the pockets of many of its inhabitants fairly bulged with wealth; but they spent their easily-acquired gains lavishly, and with the end of the war their bright bubbles burst and left nothing behind.

The quaint old town fairly bristles with forts, which are said to be among the strongest in the world. The streets wind their narrow serpentine ways up the hill on which the town is largely built; the gardens are hemmed in by high walls covered with different species of cacti, while over them pawpaws and plantains raise their heads, and here and there the graceful palmetto towers above all. A quaint and peaceful old town indeed, whose narrow streets, so tradition says, once frequently ran with blood, for pirates and buccaneers were wont to make their raids at times, and the streets were built purposely narrow that they might readily be blockaded against these blood-thirsty foes.

Since 1685, at which time the charter of the company expired and the proprietary form of government ceased, Bermuda has been a crown colony. The government is administered by a governor, a legislative and executive council, and a house of assembly.

The population of the islands amounts to about fifteen thousand souls, of whom something over sixty per cent. are colored. The white population is mostly composed of descendants of the old English settlers, with a sprinkling of immigrants from America and Portugal. The

negroes are descended from African and American-Indian slaves : they were emancipated in 1834, and now enjoy the same political privileges as the whites ; they seem anxious to improve themselves, and are gradually taking a better position. Their upward progress is looked upon with considerable uneasiness by the whites, who, of course, are anxious to retain the upper hand, and seem to fear the negroes as possible rivals in the local government of Bermuda.

The principal enterprise in Bermuda is the raising of onions and potatoes for the New York markets. The onion crops have not been very profitable of late, owing mainly to a disease which has been playing havoc with them ; but, even if they lose, the Bermuda farmers go on planting onions from force of habit, and their whole-souled devotion to these and to potatoes causes a scarcity of other vegetables. The soil is in general rich and productive, yielding three crops a year, and almost any vegetable will thrive in it. Bananas are the staple fruit, and other flax plants grow readily, such as the plantain, the Spanish dagger, the wild aloe, and the okra ; all these produce flax and hemp of different textures, but no steady or systematic attempt has been made to turn them to account.

However, there is certainly an excuse for want of enterprise and energy in Bermuda, for, while the climate is mild and delightful, it is by no means conducive to activity of mind or body. The very air, scented with the breath of roses and jessamine and sweet-smelling cedars, lulls one to a languorous repose. Over all these hangs a spirit of peace and dreamful ease. You feel far away from and careless of the world's toil and endeavor. Readily you can imagine yourself in the land of the lotos, and give yourself over to watching

The crisping ripples on the beach,  
And tender curving lines of creamy spray.

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Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore  
Than labor in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar.

Tennyson might have sat upon these Bermuda hills, overlooking a land of nodding flowers out to a languorous sea, and penned his exquisite poem of "The Lotos-Eaters;" and surely "Tears, Idle Tears" might have sprung as a direct inspiration from this land of onions.

Now a word as to the best time for a visit to Bermuda, together with a few practical hints. The season—that is, the gay season—scarcely begins before January, and lasts until April, though many, especially health-seekers, go over in November or early in December. It is hardly safe for invalids to return to the United States earlier than April. Hardy people can go and come when they please, and a great many now make short trips of scarcely more than a fortnight's duration, including the passage to and fro. This allows about ten days on land and five for the passage. Many make even shorter trips, remaining but four days on land, and so making the entire trip in nine days. Steamers of the Quebec Steamship Company leave New York every



Thursday from January to July, and make fortnightly departures during the remainder of the year. The fare for the round trip, including state-room, is fifty dollars. Hotel accommodations can be had anywhere from twenty-five dollars to twelve dollars per week. The Hamilton and the Princess are the largest and most expensive hotels, both of them being first-class in every particular. Excellent accommodations at lower rates may be had at the Windsor, the American House, and the Brunswick, and also at a number of boarding-houses.

As to amusements, these, of course, depend much upon the taste of the visitor; but no one can help enjoying the beautiful scenery both afloat and ashore, which gives zest to a great variety of excursions which may be undertaken by land or sea, while the bathing, boating, and fishing are excellent. The Royal Bermuda Yacht Club gives now and then a gala-day upon the water, and it is an exquisite sight to see the trim craft darting about among the coral reefs and spreading to the winds wonderful stretches of snowy canvas. For nowhere do boats carry more sail than in Bermuda. The social character of the season is enhanced by the admixture of officers of the army and navy, and their brilliant uniforms add much to the effects of the picturesque hops which take place frequently at the Hamilton House. The governor gives receptions every Wednesday, which are largely attended, and the admiral of the fleet also frequently throws open his house in a most hospitable manner. The natives of Bermuda enjoy a charming social life among themselves, and are very courteous and hospitable to visitors.

It would take a series of magazine articles to describe all the beauties of these islands. Any one who is at all

Alive to gentle influence  
Of landscape and of sky

must find in them an undying and ever-varying charm. Here and there are wonderful caves full of gleaming stalactites and holding within them pools of exquisitely clear water. There are sounds and bays that have all the tints of the rainbow, and so clear that you can see far down into their depths and behold beautiful coral formations and many curious denizens of the sea. Especially out among the reefs does the sea disclose most of its wonders: large, lilac-colored, wavy fans and branches of white coral, and curious lumps of the same, called brain-stones, from their resemblance to the top of the human head; here you see growing all kinds of sea-weed of various hues, and beds of pearl-oysters, and sea-anemones, and many kinds of curious fish roaming in and out through the delicate fronds of coral. Indeed, for so small a place Bermuda has an extraordinary number of interesting excursions to offer to the sojourner; but a mere enumeration of them would be as dull reading as Homer's catalogue of ships.

As Bermuda becomes better known, its popularity as a winter resort is bound to increase, for the charm of its climate, the beauty of its scenery, and the entire change of life which it affords cannot fail to attract many to its peaceful shores. In the past the place has



been altogether too modest and retiring: like a fair and shy maiden who hates any advertisement of her charms, it has secluded itself from observation, and cared not that its attractions should be published to the world. But all this is beginning to change; for, though the Bermudians seem singularly devoid of that spirit of enterprise and love of gain which are inherent in the Anglo-Saxon race, still many of them are waking up to the fact that several thousand rich Americans are very desirable guests to entertain each season, and may be more profitable even than onions, inasmuch as disease does not blight their pecuniary value, but, on the contrary, rather tends to increase it. Cut off from the busy world as the Bermudians are, it is hard for them to understand the potent value of advertising,—indeed, the absolute necessity of it, if they wish their country and its attractions to be known in America. Certainly, with its charming climate and its great natural advantages, there is no reason why Bermuda should not be the most popular of all winter resorts for the inhabitants of our Eastern States who love not the “snow-spirit” and have the time and means to escape it.

*H. C. Walsh.*

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*TO THE SUNSET BREEZE.*

AH, whispering, something again, unseen,  
 Where late this heated day thou enterest at my window, door,  
 Thou, laving, tempering all, cool-freshing, gently vitalizing  
 Me, old, alone, sick, weak-down, melted-worn with sweat;  
 Thou, nestling, folding close and firm yet soft, companion better than  
 talk, book, art,  
 (Thou hast, O Nature! elements! utterance to my heart beyond the  
 rest—and this is of them,)  
 So sweet thy primitive taste to breathe within—thy soothing fingers on  
 my face and hands,  
 Thou, messenger-magical strange bringer to body and spirit of me,  
 (Distances balk'd—occult medicines penetrating me from head to foot.)  
 I feel the sky, the prairies vast—I feel the mighty northern lakes,  
 I feel the ocean and the forest—somehow I feel the globe itself swift-  
 swimming in space;  
 Thou blown from lips so loved, now gone—haply from endless store,  
 God-sent,  
 (For thou art spiritual, Godly, most of all known to my sense,)  
 Minister to speak to me, here and now, what word has never told, and  
 cannot tell,  
 Art thou not universal concrete's distillation? Law's, all Astronomy's  
 last refinement?  
 Hast thou no soul? Can I not know, identify thee?

*Wall Whitman.*

## TYPES IN FICTION.

ONE of the best of those "Bab Ballads" which laid the foundation of Mr. Pinafore Gilbert's fame is "The Bishop and the Jew." A zealous church-dignitary, having determined to convert a Hebrew omnibus-driver, takes a place on "the 'bus" every day and loudly calls the attention of the other passengers to the distinctive marks of the driver's Semitic descent. With much force and directness he says, "Observe, my friends, his nose!" After some months of this heroic treatment the victim succumbs; his beaky nasal organ becomes a broad snub, and he is ever afterward known to mankind as Adolphus Brown.

This ingenious process seems to have found favor with a large number of American authors. They select some particular locality or district and take its inhabitants as specimens of "a type." Then they devote their energies to the work of portraying these people, not as individuals, but as samples of the type, concentrating their attention on those external features which different circumstances would quickly obliterate. Of course these features are worthy of some attention, and the picture would be far from complete without them. In fact, the likelihood of their soon passing away makes it especially important that they should be well described. But the fault lies in taking mere accessories as the most important part of the subject, or, in the worse cases, allowing them to practically exclude everything else. In accordance with this method, an Indian—for example—is presented not as a man, woman, or child, but as *an Indian*, and all Indians are warranted to act and think alike in any given situation.

Perhaps the people of the Southern States are more frequently subjected to this species of "type-writing" than those of any other part of our country. That some of them object to being "written up" in such fashion is not unnatural. Not long ago a Southern lady said, "Why should the authors of all the stories about Southerners lay continual and exclusive stress on the fact that they are Southerners? If their scenes were laid in the North the characters would not be made to pose all the time as Northerners. Their place of birth would be of secondary importance, and the main interest in all of them would depend on their personal characteristics." This is undeniable; and, though the North is certainly more cosmopolitan than the less thickly settled and generally agricultural South, yet distinct sectional traits are prevalent in both parts of the country. The right course to pursue in all such cases is to make the local features as natural as possible, but to avoid using them as anything more than helps to the realism of the work.

If this making a part so prominent that it injures the effect of the whole were all that is ever done by authors of that class, it would be only a violation of the true canons of art. But some of them are accused of a more serious offence. It is asserted very warmly that most of their pictures of sectional life and character are nothing more than absurd caricatures, calculated to give outsiders an utterly false opinion of the localities in question. Such treatment as that would be not only like calling general attention to a man's nose, but equivalent to telling those who never saw it that it is comically distorted, and, moreover, highly colored by its owner's too frequent use of stimulants.

Books that deal with types closely resemble what are called spectacular

plays. In both there is the same sort of striving after effect, and both sacrifice substance to show. A certain public taste, very prevalent at this time, accounts for the frequency with which both are produced. Mr. Vincent Crummles knew that in specially announcing his "real pump" he was doing a very judicious thing, and the authors who write in the same spirit have an equally good eye for popularity. As long as a vast portion of the public likes such plays and such books it will be amply supplied with them, and it must be confessed that this is a perfectly reasonable ground for their production. That is to say, it is reasonable from a pecuniary point of view; but in every other sense it is indefensible. Hamerton's tenet, that the first requisite of literature that deserves to live is disinterestedness, is certainly applicable in every case, and neither "type-writing" nor the spectacular drama can properly be included within the limits of true art.

Yet it may well be doubted whether the process in question is always "sure to pay." When the people described are numerous enough to form an important part of what is called the reading public, the author might chance to find it a serious disadvantage to his interest; for it would be hard to find a book of the type-writing kind which has not seriously offended the people to whom it refers. Mr. Cable's experience in that respect shows what is likely to happen, to a greater or less extent, whenever a story-teller presents the inhabitants of some particular locality or district as so many specimens of a certain type.

Some great authors of fiction who fell into this error in their younger days afterward atoned for it to the best of their ability. Dickens, for instance, in two of his earlier books wrote about Americans as if there were not much more difference in their general characteristics than would be found in those of an equal number of Laplanders or Esquimaux. The few exceptions he makes seem to have been introduced chiefly for the purpose of making "the type" appear all the more shallow, vulgar, and "bumptious." The riper judgment of his later years led him to make amends for this fault by publicly expressing a different opinion, and the impression produced by his second visit to the United States was altogether favorable. Probably it was a fear of seeming to consider Fagin "a typical Jew" which caused him to introduce into "Our Mutual Friend" "an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile."

But although transgressions of this sort are very easy to commit, their effects cannot be entirely destroyed even by the most persistent effort. Dickens was received by the Americans, on his first visit, with unbounded enthusiasm and with hardly less honor than was accorded to General Lafayette; but the popularity he lost by his exaggerated and unfair pictures of American life and character was never fully regained, and many people on this side of the Atlantic have not even yet forgiven him for what he said of us in "Martin Chuzzlewit" and "American Notes for General Circulation."

There was, in reality, no such homogeneity in our population at the time of Dickens's first visit as he imagined he saw in it, and probably there is now no other country in the world where individuality prevails in such a high degree as with us. Even such clearly distinct types as the descendants of the German, French, and Spanish colonists in Pennsylvania, Louisiana, and the Southwest are fast giving up their peculiar patois and losing all their typical characteristics. In a very short time the story-maker who wishes to exert his talents in the treatment of some special and existing American type will be forced to look for it beyond our borders, or else to fall back on the Indians or

the negroes. But these two races do not offer him a very promising field; for the colored race has of late been very much "overdone," and every writer on Indians who fails to proclaim that "The only *good* Indian is a *dead* Indian" is scornfully called a sentimentalist. But by that time, perhaps, type-writing in fiction will have become a thing of the past, and the author will not be constrained to cater to the public taste which gave it birth.

W. W. Crane.

## BOOK-TALK.

### TWO HOUSES.

Signor Verga's "House by the Medlar-Tree" comes before the public handicapped by too insistent and pragmatistical laudation. It is irritating to be told in advance that, unless we are brainless and heartless, we must be prepared to go into ecstasies over the story. And this is what Mr. Howells tells us, in substance, in the first words of his Introduction. If we are so unfortunate as not to "find a rare and tender pleasure" in it, to feel that it is "one of the most perfect pieces of literature," and profoundly poetical, and most "moving, full of heart-break," and "in the highest degree dramatic," why then we do not "love simplicity or respect sincerity," nor "feel the tie binding us all together in the helplessness of our common human life," and we are not "worth interesting." There is no escape from this dilemma: you "must" think and feel as your director does, and admire this tale immensely, and weep over the woes of the Malavoglias, or—go to, you are naught.

It may be perverse, but many Americans have outgrown the love of being dictated to, and got into a way of preferring to think for themselves. They may be but feebly trained and furnished for such an enterprise, but the process and its results have the charm of all purely personal belongings and opinions,—“a poor thing, but mine own.” When the Scotch laird was executed after the rising of '45, his friend remarked, “It wasna mickle of a head, but it was a’ he had, and he valued it, puir mon, as if it was a better ane.” And the Persian poet thus exhorts:

Be no imitator; freshly act thy part;  
Through this world be thou an independent ranger.  
Better is the faith that cometh from thy heart  
Than a better faith belonging to a stranger.

Jones may be the veriest dunderhead, but it is not constitutional to insist on his voting our ticket or attending our church. And if Mr. Howells is to invade the last refuge of the oppressed, and refuse to leave us any option as to what novels we shall read and whether we shall like them or not, we shall all be driven to feel “the helplessness of our common human life,” and to become pessimists.

But it is not fair that the Italian author should suffer for the excessive championing of an admirer whose geese are generally swans. After the reader has purged his mind of the prefatory dithyrambs, he will find a story that is able to stand on its legs with less boosting and trumpeting. Verga is an acute observer and an excellent narrator in his way, and nobody need doubt that here we have the fishing village of Eastern Italy to the life. How far the picture is attractive

or improving is another affair: thousands of tolerably educated people who are not wholly Pharisees or Philistines, whose souls are not cankered by a base love of artificiality, or undermined by a fiendish contempt for sincerity, will be apt to find it dreary, if not dull. The "rare and tender pleasure" must be of a wholly literary sort, or else open only to such as exult in vicarious woe; a person of average sympathies would be ashamed to enjoy the downfall of the poor Malavoglias. To make their case our own would be heart-breaking indeed, and might require such an athletic power of emotional response as had the Frenchman who went annually on a fixed day to weep at his parents' tomb.

As for the crowd who surround these central figures and assist at the spectacle of their misadventures, they are, with few exceptions, a hard lot. Old Dumbbell, and Goosefoot, and the rest, are no doubt true to some phases of human nature in Italy or elsewhere, and their talk and actions are entirely veracious. Those who hold veracity to be the highest truth and photography the most perfect art may persuade themselves that these delineations are both charming and edifying. The rest of us may be content to admit that it is all extremely well done of its kind, that tastes differ, and that there is room in life and literature for realism as well as for romance.

"The Aztec Treasure-House" is a building as different as possible from the humble, every-day cottage by the medlar-tree. Mr. Janvier has produced a rattling, galloping romance of the sort that must fill Mr. Howells's soul with bitterness. Our dominant critic should not allow his publishers thus to blow hot and cold with the same breath, to deny in one week the pure faith they proclaim in another, and to publish in a single season two works built on such mutually exterminating principles. For if the Sicilian realist be a gossamer whose dogmas we must accept or die, the home-bred artist who paints his semi-tropical pictures as well with pen as brush must be a rabid infidel.

But if a *modus vivendi* be attainable—if it be admissible to live and let live—then those whose minds are not cramped into the mould of hard-shell theories can find space for both, take each on his merits, and praise either without decrying the other.

Mr. Janvier may now be hailed as the American Haggard. He seems to have said to himself, "This African business has been overdone. It is time to show that the New World can furnish wonders equal to any claimed for the Old. Let us discover, shut in by Mexican mountains, a lost people and a forgotten civilization such as Quatermain and his friends found in the region southeast of Abyssinia, and an inaccessible treasure like that of King Solomon's mines. Let us glorify our own continent, and our meritorious and too neglected neighbors the Aztecs. Are not they better than any improved Zulus, and less improbable than a Persian migration, in unrecorded antiquity, across the Red Sea?"

To be sure they are, and their laureate has done them yeoman service. He knows his Mexico as well as Mr. Haggard knows his Africa, and has chanted its praises, in strains varied but never wearisome, for years past. Moreover, he is a literary workman of another and higher order than the biographer of Quatermain. Yet it must be owned that he is a less unmitigated romancer. Wondrous things, yet not too wondrous, befall his party of five, whereof the engineering Rayburn and the jocose Young are always foremost, giving a practical Yankee flavor to fairy-land; and the lost-freight agent's jests are more modern than even Dr. Good's eye-glass. The monk who longs for martyrdom remains wisely in the

background, a dubious mediæval figure whose features neither Mr. Remington in the illustrations, nor the reader in his mind's eye, can hit off with accuracy. Pablo will do as a link between ancient and modern Aztec, and El Sabio is not an impossibly wise ass. Culhuacan seems less remote from this planet than Milosis. The burnt matches which the humbugging priest-captain (having wrought his "boss miracles" with them) presents to his officers as rewards of eminent public service, and the conductor's lantern and can of kerosene whereby he lighted his secret communications with the modern world, are such delightful touches of nature as might make us willing to believe, should Mr. Janvier insist upon it, that twenty Culhuacans yet remain, whose citizens fight with gold swords and have never seen a foreigner.

In view of this failure to attain the roaring and blood-curdling altitudes whereon Mr. Howells locates Romance, let us trust that he may be merciful to these hybrid explorers. He has written no introduction to "The Aztec Treasure-House," and we wait tremblingly to hear him denounce Fray Antonio's death, like that of Mr. Hearn's Youma, as another "old sublimity-act." There is consolation in reflecting that none of these Mexicans sufficiently resembles Umslopogaas to be girded at as a "hero after the high romantic fashion." It is too much to hope that our censor will ever condescend to tolerate what all children and most grown people like, vivid narratives of happenings somewhat out of the common run of doleful daily experience, or learn that invention of what might be, no less than observation of what everybody knows, may be a good and useful talent.

*Frederic M. Bird.*

"OUR NEW ENGLAND."

The harbinger of Christmas is the Christmas-book. This welcome guest comes along with a holiday smile upon his face even before Jack Frost's cold finger-marks have given us the signal that winter is at hand. "Our New England, her Nature described by Hamilton Wright Mabie, and some of her Familiar Scenes illustrated," (Roberts Bros.), bears the characteristic marks of the Christmas-book, though it brings no special Christmas message. It is beautifully illustrated, and presents pictures of peaceful and reserved New-England nature, quiet, restful revelations of country life in the different settings of spring, summer, autumn, and winter. The illustrations are photogravures of selected spots in New England. Each picture is capped with an appropriate bit of verse from one of New England's poets, and one has but to recall the names of Bryant, Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Lowell, Jones Very, Thoreau, to appreciate the fact that this section of the country can claim our greatest poets and those who are the most thoroughly imbued with a love of Nature and know best how to describe her charms. The illustrations are interspersed through a delightful essay upon "Nature in New England," by Hamilton W. Mabie. If Christmas brings us many such books as this, a pleasant season may be safely prophesied.

## NEW BOOKS.

[The readers of LIPPINCOTT'S will find in this department, from month to month, such concise and critical notice of all noteworthy publications, of which extended reviews are not given elsewhere in the magazine, as will enable them to keep in touch with the world of new books.]

**History and Biography.**—**HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA**, Vols. V. and VI., by Henry Adams (Charles Scribner's Sons). All that has been said in this magazine in praise of the earlier instalments of this work, dealing with the first and second administrations of Jefferson, applies to the present volumes, which treat of the first administration of James Madison. The author is successful in the rare art of writing a history that is at once entertaining and trustworthy.—**THE IRON CHANCELLOR IN PRIVATE LIFE**, by A Fellow-Student, translated by Henry Hayward (D. Appleton & Co.). This is Bismarck *intime*, in undress. He shows as a man of blood, if not of iron.—**LIFE OF DOROTHEA LYNDE DIX**, by Francis Tiffany (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). A much-needed and well-written biography of a rare and glorious woman. The work she accomplished will endure, and the purity of the spirit which prompted it is not overmatched by the ardor of the best of saints.—**HENRIK IBSEN, 1828-1888: A CRITICAL BIOGRAPHY**, by Henrik Jæger, translated from the Norwegian by William Morton Payne (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.). A sympathetic and very interesting sketch.—**THE JEWS UNDER ROMAN RULE**, by W. D. Morrison (G. P. Putnam's Sons). This new volume in the excellent Story of the Nations Series is to be welcomed as the first English book exclusively devoted to this important period of Jewish history,—a period which is at the same time the most momentous turning-point in the history of the world.—**STRATFORD-ON-AVON, FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE DEATH OF SHAKESPEARE**, by Sidney Lee (Macmillan & Co.).—**ELEMENTARY HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES**, by Charles Morris (Lippincotts). The interest and continuity of the historical narrative are not sacrificed to mere simplicity of language,—the common fault of such primary text-books.—**THE TAKING OF LOUISBURG**, by Samuel Adams Drake (Lee & Shepard).—**THE ICELANDIC DISCOVERIES OF AMERICA**, by Mrs. John B. Shipley (John B. Alden). A compact and cogent statement of the evidence favoring a belief in the discovery of America by the Norse navigators.

**Travel.**—**EUROPEAN DAYS AND WAYS**, by Alfred E. Lee (Lippincotts). Mr. Lee travelled abroad while in the consular service of the United States. He visited the Netherlands, Germany, Italy, and Spain, and wandered over the Swiss and Austrian Alps. All that he saw, and this was much, he describes in the most engaging style.—**FROM THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN TO THE VOLGA**, by Francis C. Sessions (Welch, Fracker Co.). A volume of northern lights, as it were. The author has little to tell that is new, but the manner of telling is fresh and happy.—**FROM YELLOWSTONE PARK TO ALASKA**, by Francis C. Sessions (Welch, Fracker Co.). New territory is not long a *terra incognita* now. Africa itself swarms with busy pens and pencils; and as for Alaska, the path there is already a beaten one. But it is trodden lightly in this

volume.—**FOLLOWING THE GUIDON**, by Mrs. E. B. Custer (Harper & Bros.). Charming sketches of cavalry life, in camp and 'afield.—**CAMPAIGNING WITH CROOK**, by Captain Charles King, U.S.A. (Harper & Bros.). Interesting memories of the Sioux Campaign of 1876, together with three tales of American army life.—**AZTEC LAND**, by Maturin M. Ballou (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). A very readable record of a "Raymond" excursion to Mexico. It is needless to say of the author that his eyes were open to everything worth seeing.

**Fiction**.—**TWO MASTERS**, by B. M. Croker (Lippincotts). There is a notable briskness in the movement of this novel, and a charming brightness in its talk. A girl tells the story in the first person.—**THE ANGLOMANIACS** (Cassell Publishing Co.) Much of this humorous story is admirably done, and some of its satire is overdone; but the picture is sufficiently life-like, on the whole, and always amusing.—**OCEANIDES, A PHYSICAL NOVEL**, by Ernst von Hummel (The Author, Boston).—**ONE OF "BERRIAN'S" NOVELS**, by Mrs. C. H. Stone (Welch, Fracker Co.).—**THINK AND THANK**, by Samuel W. Coope (The Jewish Pub. Soc. of America). Episodes in the life of Sir Moses Montefiore are cleverly used as the basis of a healthy juvenile story.—**TWO MODERN WOMEN**, by Kate Gannett Wells (Lippincotts). A romance that appeals to the sympathies of the feminine reader. The central figures are sketched with signal success.—**SIFTING MATRIMONY**, by Clara Camera (T. B. Peterson & Bros.).—**ABEILLE**, par Anatole France; edited by Chas. P. Lebon, Jr. (D. C. Heath & Co.). Easy and delightful French reading.—**HISTORIETTES MODERNES**, recueilliés et annotées par C. Fontaine (D. C. Heath & Co.). The third volume of a useful collection of well-selected tales.

**Miscellaneous**.—**DUST AND ITS DANGERS**, by T. Mitchell Prudden, M.D. (G. P. Putnam's Sons). An important little volume, whose astonishing facts should be known to every person in the world. The great danger which lurks in the air we breathe is the deadly bacterium. It is possible, as Dr. Prudden indicates, to control in a large degree the dissemination of the most prevalent of bacteria, the tubercle-bacillus; and hence the value of the practical suggestions contained in this book.—**AMONG THE MOTHS AND BUTTERFLIES**, by Julia P. Ballard (G. P. Putnam's Sons). A revised and enlarged edition of one of the most stimulating books for children ever written.—**STORIES ABOUT FAMOUS PRECIOUS STONES**, by Mrs. Goddard Orpen (D. Lothrop Company). The romances, agreeably related in a dozen chapters, of the most valuable jewels,—the Regent or Pitt diamond, the Braganza, the Great Mogul, the French Blue, etc.—**SOUTHERN WAR SONGS**, collected and arranged by W. L. Fagan (New York, M. T. Richardson & Co.). An exhaustive and highly interesting collection of the verse inspired by the Lost Cause.—**MYSELF**, by Lafayette Charles Loomis (John B. Alden.). The thoughts of many men, some of them great, on the nature of mind and the laws of life. An ill-arranged collection.



## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THERE are really certain persons light-headed enough to speak disparagingly of the whole literature of fiction, its masterpieces and all. With some this is only a pretence; with the rest it is either sheer ignorance or imbecile prejudice. Rather should one, from the view-point of right living, turn his back on the whole literature of theology. Such, evidently, was the opinion of the worthy Methodist bishop whose judgment was confidently solicited by a certain narrow-minded dame who had been horrified at finding a copy of "Pickwick" in the hands of her daughter. "Madam," said the good bishop, solemnly, "I wish with all my heart I had never read any of the works of Charles Dickens." "There!" cried the mother, triumphantly; "listen, my dear child, to the words of the bishop." "But why, sir, do you say that?" the girl inquired. "Because," he said, impressively, "I might then enjoy again the incomparable pleasure of reading them for the first time." It rests always in our power to give some one this pleasure,—our own child, for instance. And that is why no home is well furnished whose library does not contain complete sets of the ranking poets and novelists. But the wise man wants his Dickens, like his cigars, of the best. That is to say, he wants Dickens in large, bold type, clearly and cleanly printed on durable paper, and bound handsomely and to endure. This fairly describes the new Tavistock Edition,\* in thirty volumes, printed from the plates of the best octavo edition, on smaller and thinner paper, making a large 12mo, of just the size for ready reading. The illustrations are printed from the original steel plates.

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After all, one goes to books either for entertainment or instruction. It is pleasant, to be sure, to get both from the same volume; but one rarely does. Now, the books that entertain us are of several sorts; the books that distinctly amuse us are fewer in kind, and far between. What has been needed always is the *vade-mecum*, the book to which one may turn in idle moments for an inspiration or a smile. It seems to us that Dr. A. Sydney Roberts has produced such a one in his "In and Out of Book and Journal,"† a charming collection of epigrams in prose and verse. The author has picked ripe plums from a thousand trees in the literary orchard, and one has only to loll back before the open grate and taste them at leisure. Ripe they are, some of them over-ripe, with the philosophy of life. Here is Schopenhauer shouldering Chesterfield; Byron *en face* of Butler. But more than half the charm of the volume is due to the exquisite pictorial bits, by S. W. Van Schaick, which illuminate its pages. There is delightful daintiness and the happiest humor in all of them. They are social glimpses, showing lovers in a variety of attitudes and adventurous pre-

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\* TAVISTOCK EDITION OF CHARLES DICKENS'S WORKS. Sold only in Complete Sets. 30 vols., cloth, \$45.00; three-quarters calf or morocco, \$100.00. J. B. Lippincott Co.

† IN AND OUT OF BOOK AND JOURNAL. Selected and arranged by A. Sydney Roberts, M.D. With fifty spirited illustrations by S. W. Van Schaick. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.25. J. B. Lippincott Co.

dicaments,—glimpses of feasts, dances, and flirtations. In a word, it may be said that Dr. Roberts's companionable compilation is a felicitous rejoinder to the sarcasm contained in his first selection, a quotation from Chatfield, defining the titles of books as "decoys to catch purchasers."

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"Sheridan's Ride" \* is one, and not the least, of the half-dozen American patriotic poems which are likely to live and warm the blood of many thousands of readers yet unborn. Struck off at white heat by T. Buchanan Read, the fire has never fled from its fine and fluent lines; and whether one begins to read it in cold blood or hears it in adequate declamation, it is sure to kindle the sacred flame that makes heroes of us all. This edition of the poem is the one to keep in the family. It is profusely and admirably illustrated with engravings on wood.

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A most acceptable volume has been made by the Lippincotts in their illumination of certain "English Poems." † The pretty oblong folio contains, among other classic pieces, "Evening" and "Noon," by Cunningham; "Flocks and Herds," by Thomson; "The Lazy Mist," by Burns; "Catharina," by Cowper; "Autumn," by Wordsworth; "Winter," by Barton. Five of these poems are cleverly illustrated by M. M. Taylor with characteristic etchings.

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For several years a noteworthy feature of each holiday season has been the appearance of a narrative poem by Mrs. M. B. M. Toland, published splendidly by the Lippincotts. This year it is "Tisáyac of the Yosemite," ‡ a romantic tale in tuneful verse, inspired by an Indian legend which Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft has preserved. This legend traces the origin of the Bridal Veil Falls of the Yosemite to the hopeless love of Tō-tō-kō-nū-lā, a young brave, for the beautiful spirit Tisáyac. The poem is written melodiously in suitable measure, and exhibits the author's lyric skill, as when she sings,—

Hard is this stone,  
But I have known  
A harder death  
With living breath.

Mrs. Toland is favored far above most poets in the attractive setting her verse receives. "Tisáyac" is exquisitely issued to the public. The comely

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\* SHERIDAN'S RIDE, by T. Buchanan Read. Illustrated with fine drawings by some of the best artists and engraved on wood by Andrew. 8vo. Cloth, gilt, \$2.00; new-style leather, \$2.50. J. B. Lippincott Co.

† ENGLISH POEMS. With etchings by M. M. Taylor. Oblong folio. Bound in cloth, ornamented, \$2.50; leather, new style, \$3.50. J. B. Lippincott Co.

‡ TISÁYAC OF THE YOSEMITE. By M. B. M. Toland, author of "Legend Laymone" and other handsomely illustrated books for the holidays. Square octavo, bound in illuminated cloth, gilt top, rough edges, \$2.50; leatherette, \$3.00; full morocco, gilt edges, \$5.00. J. B. Lippincott Co.

square octavo volume contains full-page illustrative drawings by Frederick Dielman, H. Bolton Jones, Hermann Simon, and Henry Sandham. These are reproduced in excellent photogravures, and so is an admirable panel title-page modelled in his best manner by John J. Boyle. All through the text appear dainty floral designs printed in delicate neutral tint. The volume, moreover, is made absolutely unique and of peculiar value and interest by reason of its striking half-title in color,—a remarkable reproduction of a portrait gracefully designed by Will H. Low.

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The chiefest holiday-book issued by the Lippincotts is a sumptuous volume entitled "A Mosaic,"\* it being a collection of twenty-two photogravures, beautiful reproductions of notable and representative paintings by various members of the Artists' Fund Society of Philadelphia. Opposite each plate is a bit of appropriate verse, and following each one is a brief description, this text being the tasteful and praiseworthy work of the editor, Mr. Harrison S. Morris. The volume is conspicuous among the few superb gift-books of the season. It marks a distinct advance in the fine art of reproducing paintings by photo-engraving processes, and all the pictures are here reproduced for the first time. The mechanical finish of the volume is faultless. The list of subjects includes "Art," by Stephen J. Ferris; "In the Museum," by Frank L. Kirkpatrick; "Roses at the Window," by George C. Lambdin; "Making Harbor out of the Fog," by James B. Sword; "The Day of the Meschianza," by Fred. James; "A Philosopher in Fur," by Hermann Simon; "Ramparts of the Sea," by Wm. T. Richards; "Contentment," by H. T. Cariss; "Home, Sweet Home," by George B. Wood; "The Return of May," by E. B. Bensell; "The Wissahickon," by W. H. Willcox; "On Board an Ocean Greyhound," by George Wright; "An Etrurian," by Henry Thouron; "The Light of Day is Fading," by F. De B. Richards; "The Monarch of the Plains," by N. H. Trotter; "A By-Way Over-Hill," by Isaac L. Williams; "Where Wild Blackberries Grow," by W. A. Porter; "Waiting," by F. F. De Crano; "Through the Woods," by J. W. Lauderbach; "Far from the Madding Crowd," by Thomas B. Craig; "The End of the Day," by C. C. Cooper, Jr.; "Over the Hills and Far Away," by Carl Weber.

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The science of political economy languishes in the hands of college professors. It cannot be made exact so long as its teachers are men who lead the monastic life and cultivate the abstract point of view. With such as these Mr. Rufus Cope takes issue in his forceful treatise on "The Distribution of Wealth."† An abler, more originally thoughtful and suggestive essay on the

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\* A MOSAIC. By the Artists' Fund Society of Philadelphia. Edited by Harrison S. Morris. Bound in white vellum cloth, with antique ornamentation in color and bronze, \$7.50; three-quarters levant morocco, \$12.50. J. B. Lippincott Co.

† THE DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH; OR, THE ECONOMIC LAWS BY WHICH WAGES AND PROFITS ARE DETERMINED. By Rufus Cope. J. B. Lippincott Co.

profounder problems of political science has not been written in many years. It boldly separates those immutable principles which inhere in the nature of things from the doctrines which deal not with fixed conditions alone, but with all the changing phases of a growing civilization. "Political economy," says Mr. Cope, "is not a stationary science: it was not embalmed in the writings of Ricardo, Malthus, and Smith." Nothing could be more refreshing than the vigorous manner in which this author discusses the economical questions of the day. All the ill-directed scholastic learning of the pseudo-scientists vanishes in the light of his simple, direct, and cogent statement of facts. In particular, his comments on the various theories accounting for the rate of wages will be found luminous and helpful. A final interesting chapter is on the secular and religious education of the people. It is of the essence of the advanced thought of the times. "The Church," says Mr. Cope, "must get its dead theology out of the way. It must cease to antagonize demonstrated truths; it must cease to magnify absurd dogmas and to belittle ethics."

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It is the spirit of these words which breathes through the imaginative pages of General M. D. Leggett's remarkably clever book.\* It is a daring *tour de force* in sociological literature; a clear analysis of the social and religious tendencies of the day, with a prophecy of their outcome,—set forth in the attractive guise of fiction. We are taken to the planet Mars, and we watch the gradual decadence of a civilization "Christianized" like our own through the influence of dogma and not through the vital spirit of Christ's teaching. Then the experiment is begun which constitutes the sociological theory of the author. This is worthy of careful study; it is plainly the product of a broad and deep experience of life. The remedy for existing evils, it seems to say, must be sought in educational methods and influences; and the education of boys and girls should begin a thousand years before they are born,—and it actually does.

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No American romancer is more popular than Captain Charles King; and the cause of his popularity is not far to seek. He has always a genuinely good story to tell, and he always succeeds in telling it with a directness and a simplicity which the wise public rightly appraises at a higher value than mere tricks of style. Captain King has made charming even the commonplace; while to all that is really romantic in the life of the American soldier, from flirtations at West Point to a campaign in the Indian country, he has given a permanent place in literature. His new novel † is wholly delightful reading.

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Ease and grace of style, an intimate acquaintance with human nature, and the dramatic ability to clothe her characters with flesh and blood and breathe

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\* A DREAM OF A MODEST PROPHET. By M. D. Leggett. J. B. Lippincott Co.

† CAPTAIN BLAKE. By Captain Charles King. Illustrated. J. B. Lippincott Co.

life into them, are among the qualities that lend special interest to Mrs. Veeder's novel.\* She is equally happy in the more serious personages she introduces, the gay and capricious, or the occasional odd and original types who become the vehicle of much humor and homely common sense. There is enough variety of scene and incident to hold the attention undiminished to the end, and the story is a worthy one.

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In his "Two Lost Centuries of Britain,"† Mr. Wm. H. Babcock shows clearly that the romance of history is not less agreeable reading than the best of historical romance. Authentic or not, the accepted facts concerning Cunedda, Hengist, and King Arthur are related with fine narrative skill by Mr. Babcock.

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There are many persons who will not only enjoy but find profit in the reading of "Hermetic Philosophy."‡ It is a compact, carefully-written treatise, hintful to every reflective reader.

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### THE AUTOCRAT OF THE DRAWING-ROOM.§

MR. WARD MCALLISTER, gentleman, has suddenly become famous. From the management of small social matters in New York he has emerged as the arbiter of cooking and etiquette for the nation. Millions have been pausing to listen to his disquisitions on the rival merits of *filet de bœuf à la Béarnaise* and *ris de veau à la Toulouse*; thousands of housewives have been trembling lest in setting dinner before their husbands they should commit the fatal mistake of "letting two white or brown sauces follow each other in succession;" two cities have been convulsed by the question whether terrapin should be prepared according to the laws of the Baltimore stew or those of the Trenton stew; and the world of fashion has been astounded by the new code of manners and morals propounded for its guidance by this latter-day Petronius.

His qualifications for the task which he has undertaken are high.

"I have dined at Windsor Castle," he writes, "with Queen Victoria's cook. I have heard her footmen, in green and gold, re-echo from hall to kitchen the

\* HER BROTHER DONNARD. By Emily E. Veeder. J. B. Lippincott Company.

† THE TWO LOST CENTURIES OF BRITAIN. By Wm. H. Babcock. \$1.25. J. B. Lippincott Co.

‡ HERMETIC PHILOSOPHY: including Lessons, General Discourses, and Explications of "Fragments" from the Schools of Egypt, Chaldea, Greece, Italy, Scandinavia, etc. Designed for Students of the Hermetic, Pythagorean, and Platonic Sciences and Western Occultism. By an Acolyte of the "H. B. of L." 12mo. Cloth, \$1.00. J. B. Lippincott Co.

§ SOCIETY AS I HAVE FOUND IT. By Ward McAllister. (Cassell & Co.) Owing to the late receipt of the book, this review was crowded out of its proper place, and had to be inserted outside of the regular department for such notices. In a note to the editor the writer of the review says, "I have let the book tell its own story and expose its own ineffable folly."

note that dinner was served ; and then," he adds, with a sigh,—“ then I was told to go.”

That he was predestined for such eminence as that which he has gained by dining with a royal cook and scenting royal viands from afar is evident from his description of his parentage.

“ My mother,” he writes, “ was the most beautiful, Murillo-like woman I have ever seen ; and she was as good as she was beautiful ; an angel in works of charity and sympathy for her race. Charlotte Corday’s picture in the Louvre is a picture of my mother. The likeness arose from the fact that her family were descended on the maternal side from the Corday family of France.”

Mr. McAllister’s French descent is probably responsible for his subsequent skill in the concoction of French dishes. In French grammar he was less expert ; but then, as he justly says, “ no gentleman talks grammatically, don’t you know ?”

Concerning his father he writes that “ the clergyman of the largest colored church in the city of Savannah offered up prayers for him every Sunday.” One of his brothers “ did the family great credit by becoming, being, and dying a Christian.” Another brother “ grew up with the poet Milton always under his arm.” As for Ward McAllister, he writes, “ I let ambition go, and through life and to the present moment swear by my goddess Venus.”

This must, indeed, have been a remarkable household. With one son leaving paganism to become a Christian, with a second transporting the remains of a deceased English poet from place to place under his arm, with a third devoting himself to so frivolous a deity as Venus,—who shall wonder that the colored preacher offered weekly prayers for their father ?

Faithful to the ritual of his chosen goddess, Mr. McAllister spent his youth in “ dancing and reciting poetry to beautiful women.” Few, alas ! are the specimens that remain to show how he cultivated the muse in Catullus’s vein. Here is a verse of a lyric which he delivered while kneeling on a cushion at a young lady’s feet :

These flowers, dear lady, unto thee I bring,  
With hopes as timid as the dawning spring,  
Which, oft repelled by many a chilling blast,  
Still trusts its offerings may succeed at last.

Strange to say, our chronicler records that “ the young woman laughed immoderately ; but I, not in the least perturbed, grasping my bouquet of flowers with one hand, and placing my other hand over my heart, looked into the depths of her lovely eyes, and, in low and tender words, continued to pour out my soul in poetry.”

His father, not long after this, took him to live in San Francisco. Eggs at that time cost two dollars apiece in the Far West. “ Consequently,” writes Mr. McAllister, “ gloom settled upon me.” He tried to console himself “ with a large barrel of English brown stout.” At night he wrapped himself in a bed-quilt “ made of a lovely Chinese floss-silk shawl.” But the price of eggs preyed on his mind until he obtained his first retainer ; and then, “ as I laid the money ounce by ounce on the desk, my noble parent danced a pirouette, for he was as jolly an old fellow as ever lived.” Thereafter, eggs were plentiful in the McAllister household.

He next went to see the Queen of England. Unfortunately, the royal

family did not receive him as eagerly as he expected. They did not, in fact, receive him at all. "But," he records, "I stood within a few yards of them; and I feel sure that we ate, that day, at the inn, the pheasants which had been shot by Prince Albert." This was all the bliss that he attained.

Going to Rome, he learned, to his amazement, that the American minister declared there was no such thing as an American gentleman.

"Hearing this," writes Mr. McAllister, "I resolved that he should get no chance to meet me;" and, leaving the wretched minister to his fate, he returned to America.

And now a great event occurred in our annalist's life. During his English travels he had met, in addition to the royal cook, Lord Frederick Cavendish, son of the Duke of Devonshire (is it not sad to find the hapless victim of the Phoenix Park murderers dragged into this ridiculous book?); the Hon. Evelyn Ashley, a son of the Earl of Shaftesbury, the well-known philanthropist; and Mr. G. W. des Vœux, now governor of Hong-Kong. He invited them to Savannah. His great idea was to impress the British consul of that city with a sense of his importance; "for this same consul had ignored me, hearing I had the audacity to give at my table *filet de bœuf aux truffes et champignons*."

In the excitement of relating this incident Mr. McAllister forgets to explain why it was so heinous to provide this dish for his guests, and why the British consul should have ignored him on account of it.

"I returned home," he writes, not heeding the aforementioned point, "feeling sure that those young noblemen would be but a few hours under my roof before Her Majesty's consul would give me the honor of a visit. In fact, my guests had not been with me an hour when the consul rushed up my front steps. Meeting me at the door, he threw his arms around my neck, exclaiming, 'My dear boy, I was in love with your mother thirty years ago; you are her image: carry me to your noble guests.'"

By another oversight Mr. McAllister omits to mention how he carried the consul,—whether he carried him on his back or wheeled him in a chair. But the mention of his mother's courtship was too much for him. He forgave the consul on the spot, and carried him to his "noble guests."

"Ever after," he says, "I had the respect and esteem of this dear old man, who, for Savannah, was rich as Cræsus, and before all things esteemed and valued a good dinner and a fine glass of Madeira. My *filets de bœuf*, and the scions of noble English houses, placed me in the front social rank in that little aristocratic town, and brought forth from one of its oldest inhabitants the exclamation, 'My dear boy, your aunts, the Telfairs, could give breakfasts, but you,—you can give dinners.'"

Having vanquished the consul, he next wrote to a neighbor who had a deer-park, and asked for an invitation.

"Back came the invitation: 'Come to me at once with your noble friends. I and my whole county will receive them and do them honor!'"

The host met the party. "'By Jove! by Jove!' he cried, 'Mac, introduce me to your noble friends.' And I repeatedly heard him exclaim, 'No jackass stock here, sir; all thoroughbreds: I could tell 'em in the dark.' He then addressed them as follows: 'Will your lordships ride or drive?' They drove.

"When the cloth was removed at dinner, I trembled. For my dear old father had always told me that on his circuits he always avoided this house, for

in it one could never find so much as a glass of whiskey. What, then, was my surprise to have placed before us a superb bottle of sherry!"

Surely this passage is matchless. Our historian invites himself to dinner, and then "trembles" lest there should be no whiskey for his "noble friends."

He now takes his readers to Newport, and on his way thither calls attention to the reprehensible act of an English sea-captain, who "while going from his vessel in full evening dress, with his white gloves carefully buttoned, sprang overboard and saved one of his men from drowning."

He had purchased a small farm at Newport, and gave little dinners there, "not hesitating to ask the very *crème de la crème* of New York society." Unfortunately, he had no stock.

"I felt," he says, "that it would never do to have a gathering of the brightest and cleverest people with neither a cow nor a sheep in the place: so I at once hired an entire flock of Southdown sheep, and two yoke of cattle, and several cows from the neighboring farm."

Thus, with sheep and cattle, "the brightest and cleverest people" had congenial company at Mr. McAllister's farm. "If you were not of the inner circle," he says, "it took the combined efforts of all your friends' backing and pushing to get you an invitation to the farm. For years whole families sat on the stool of probation, awaiting trial and acceptance, and many were then rejected; but, once received, you were put on an intimate footing with all"—including the sheep and cattle.

His model in these days was Mr. Isaac Brown, the sexton of Grace Church, in New York. "Brown knew everything and everybody. You would hear him *sotto voce* remarking upon men as they passed: 'Old family, good old stock;' or, 'He's a new man; he had better mind his p's and q's, or I will trip him up.' 'Ah, here's a fellow who intends to dance his way into society.' 'Here comes a handsome boy; the women are crazy about him,'" etc.

Under the careful tuition of Mr. Brown, the sexton, Mr. McAllister advanced in social wisdom and station until he actually received an invitation to the ball given to the Prince of Wales by the citizens of New York. His first thought was of supper. "I tried," he writes, "to get into the supper-room stealthily; but the vigilant eye of John Jacob Astor met mine. He bid me wait my turn." Then he requested General Scott to introduce him to the Prince. "'What name, sir?' asked the general, sharply. I gave him my name, but at the sound of 'Mac,' not thinking it distinguished enough, he quietly said, 'Pass on, sir.'"

"The mistake made by the world at large," says the writer, "is that fashionable people are selfish, frivolous, and indifferent to the welfare of their fellow-creatures: all of which is a popular error." And, as if to prove that fashionable people are unselfish, he describes a series of gorgeous entertainments given by him in November, 1862,—at a period when his fellow-countrymen were in the stress of civil war.

It was about this time that some anonymous lines were sent to him. There were those who suspected that the lines were written by the hand which penned the madrigal quoted above. They began,—

There never was seen so fair a sight  
As at Delmonico's last night.  
And by whose magic wand is this  
All conjured up,—the height of bliss?



"Tis he who now before you looms,  
The Autocrat of Drawing-Rooms.

"I would here," he says, "make some suggestions as to the proper way of introducing a young girl into New York society. Had I charged a fee for every consultation with anxious mothers on this subject, I would be a rich man."

He formulates these rules:

1. "It is cruel to take a girl to a ball where she knows no one."
2. "In marriage it works well to have the man more in love with you than you are with him."
3. "In fashionable life, conspicuous jealousy is a mistake."
4. "It is in excessively bad taste for a young girl's relatives to refer to the cost of dinners and balls given to welcome her into society."
5. "The first evidence of wealth is your equipage."
6. "Always avoid shabby people on the street."
7. "It is well to be in with the nobs who are born to their position; but the support of the swells is more advantageous."
8. "If you want to be fashionable, be always in the company of fashionable people."

With these hints for the edification of young American manhood and young American girlhood he passes to the question of dinners:

"Success in entertaining is accomplished by magnetism and tact. I myself once lost a charming friend by giving a better soup than he did."

"Discordant elements—people invited alphabetically or to pay off debts—are fatal."

"I invariably discard two soups and insist to the protesting *chef* that there shall be but one."

"I have known a man, whose dinners were famous by reason of his being always able to give at them a faultless Madeira, disappear with his wine. When his wine gave out, he collapsed."

"A dinner invitation, once accepted, is a sacred obligation. If you die before the dinner takes place, your executor must attend the dinner."

"At a large dinner, where the only lady is the hostess, should she rise and receive each guest? This is still a vexed question."

"Men with whom you are only on a business footing you should dine at your club, and not inflict them on your family."

"I daily comment to my cook on the performance of the previous day. No one, especially in this country, can accomplish great results without time and attention to these details."

The question of dress then occupies his mind. "A short time ago," he writes, "a handsome, well-dressed Englishman, well up in all matters pertaining to society, went with me to see me try on a dress-coat." Evidently Mr. McAllister expected that his dress-coat would make a profound impression upon the Englishman. But the Englishman surveyed him, sighed, and laid down this rule: "You must never be able to see the tails of your dress-coat. If you do, discard the coat."

Had a school-teacher found himself caned by his smallest pupil, he could not have been more enraged than Mr. McAllister, who had hardly recovered from the shock before his friend dealt him another blow. "If you are stout," said the friend,—and Mr. McAllister's tendency to *embonpoint* has long given

uneasiness to his friends,—“never wear a white waistcoat, or a conspicuous watch-chain. In hats, always follow the fashion; never mind whether it is becoming or not.” This was unkindler still; for Mr. McAllister’s hats had long been a byword in society.

But, nothing daunted, this American Beau Brummell rattles on, making out bills of fare, dictating model cards of invitation, telling men how to behave and women how to dress, until, with a sigh, he reaches this conclusion: “The surprise to me is that our cleverest men do not oftener seek society and become its brilliant ornaments.”

Is Mr. McAllister’s surprise shared by the public? Does anybody who reads his lucubrations wonder that “our cleverest men” stand aloof from the society which Mr. McAllister claims to represent? A leader of society who boasts of dining with cooks; whose style and whose knowledge would make a school-boy blush; who believes that gluttony is a sign of good breeding; who advises young people to avoid old friends who are shabby; who relates how he put up a girl for sale in the matrimonial market; who spied around the kitchens of Windsor Castle till he “was told to go;” who “swears by his goddess Venus;” who truckles to a foreign aristocracy; who, by an unwearied pursuit of the most frivolous pleasures, has prepared for himself an unhonored old age,—such a leader need fear no competitor among “our cleverest men,” or, indeed, among God-fearing men and women, at any time, anywhere.

Let this review, then, end with an admiring lady’s poetical tribute to Mr. McAllister, modestly quoted by himself:

He does not reign in Russia cold,  
Nor yet in far CatMay,  
But o’er this town he’s come to hold  
An undisputed sway.

When in their might the ladies rose  
“To put the despot down,”  
As blandly as Ah Sin he goes  
His way without a frown.

Alas! though he’s but one alone,  
He’s one too many still.  
He’s fought the fight: he’s held his own,  
And to the end he will.

CURRENT NOTES.

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*Marion Harland* SAYS,—

I regard the Royal Baking Powder as the best manufactured and in the market, so far as I have any experience in the use of such compounds.

Since the introduction of it into my kitchen, three years ago, I have used no other in making biscuits, cake, etc., and have entirely discarded for such purposes the home-made combination of one-third soda, two-thirds cream of tartar.

Every box has been in perfect condition when it came into my hands, and the contents have given complete satisfaction.

It is an act of simple justice and also a pleasure to recommend it unqualifiedly to American housewives.

*Marion Harland*

**NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.**—The managers of *Lippincott's Magazine* cannot hold themselves responsible for manuscripts lost in the mails. All manuscripts sent to the magazine are accorded prompt attention, and are returned, if not available, as soon as they have received due examination. To insure the speedy return of manuscripts, stamps should be enclosed for remailing.

**PRANG'S HOLIDAY PUBLICATIONS.**—The enterprising firm of L. Prang & Co. have now ready a beautiful assortment of holiday publications, including fine art books, booklets, and picture-cards. A noticeable book is an exquisitely-illustrated edition of Robert Browning's "Saul." The illustrations are photo-gravures from original drawings by Frank O. Small. The book is beautifully printed and bound. Another book which will make a most acceptable Christmas-present is "The Golden Flower,—Chrysanthemum." The many varieties of this gorgeous flower are presented in finely-colored illustrations, each picture being accompanied by appropriate bits of verse selected from such well-known poets as R. H. Stoddard, Edith M. Thomas, Robert Browning, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and others. Among the dainty and pretty booklets may be mentioned "The Spirit of the Pine," by Esther B. Tiffany, illustrated by William S. Tiffany; "A Drift-Wood Fire," by George A. Buffum, illustrated by F. Schuyler Mathews; "The Winds of the Seasons," by Frank T. Robinson, illustrated by Louis K. Harlow; "Summer Thoughts for Yule-Tide," by S. Elgar Benet, with illustrations by Louis K. Harlow; "The Story of a Dory," by Edward Everett Hale, and salted down picturesquely by F. Schuyler Mathews; "My Light-house, and other Poems," by Celia Thaxter, illustrated by the author. Among the picture-cards the most noticeable and attractive is Miss Ida Waugh's prize card entitled "Playing School." It represents a group of pretty children engaged in this game, and will make a fit companion-piece to Miss Waugh's former prize cards.

**CARDINAL NEWMAN'S CONTEMPORARIES.**—A man is entered in a biographical dictionary by the date of his birth; but it is really the date of his death that ranges him in the memories of mankind. Macaulay and Newman belong to a different epoch, but were born within a month or two of each other. Newman was a baby when Keats, a child of four or five, who had not yet heard of Lemprière, was standing with a drawn sword at the door of his mother's bedroom to shield her from disturbance during an illness. Shelley, just over eight, was already exciting the admiration of his sisters by his declamation of Latin verse. Byron was beginning his troublesome teens, scribbling his first verses, and being well hated, at Harrow. Newman hardly ranks as the contemporary of these, though he was twenty when Keats died, was of age when Shelley died, and when Byron died was twenty-three. With Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth, though these were all born between thirty and thirty-five years before him, he lived in the world for thirty-three, forty-two, and forty-nine years. In 1836, Faber, returning to Oxford from the Long, which he had spent at the lakes, reported that "Wordsworth spoke of Newman's sermons, some of which he had read and liked exceedingly." Walter Scott was thirty when Newman was born, and when Scott died Newman was beginning the Tractarian movement which was to give Abbotsford to Rome.—*The Contemporary Review*.

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT is that good blood is essential to good health. When that fluid is thin or impure, the system lacks power to resist the inroads of disease. To cleanse the blood of any hereditary taint and keep it uniformly sound and vigorous, Ayer's Sarsaparilla has no equal. A highly-concentrated and skilfully-prepared alterative, its effects are at once speedy and permanent. No other medicine so thoroughly eradicates scrofula, which, more than anything else, is the cause of pulmonary consumption and catarrh.

"I have often prescribed Ayer's Sarsaparilla for scrofula, and believe its faithful use will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. I have also taken it as an alterative and blood-purifier, and I must say that I honestly believe it to be the best blood-medicine ever compounded."—W. F. FOWLER, *M.D.*, *D.D.S.*, *Greenville, Tenn.*

"My little girl was troubled with a painful swelling under one of her arms. The physician being unable to effect a cure, I gave her one bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla and the complaint disappeared."—W. F. KENNEDY, *McFarland's, Va.*

"I can truthfully recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla for the cure of hereditary scrofula, having proved the benefit of this medicine in my own person."—N. B. WATERS, *Stratford, N.H.*

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price \$1. Six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

The surest remedy for indigestion, costiveness, and sick headache is Ayer's Pills. The harsh, drastic purgatives, once deemed so indispensable to a "thorough cleaning-out" of the system, have given place to milder and more scientifically-prepared laxatives. Foremost among such laxatives must be named Ayer's Pills. Being composed of the essential principles of the most effective cathartics, without calomel or any other injurious drug, no ill effects ever follow their use. For this reason, these Pills are everywhere recommended as the best family medicine. Their sugar-coating makes them easy to take; it also preserves their medicinal strength in any climate, for an indefinite length of time.

Ayer's Pills, prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.



**THE SMALLEST FLOWERING PLANT.**—The smallest flowering plant is *Wolffia microscopica*, a native of India. It belongs to the duckweed family. It is almost microscopic in size, destitute of proper stem, leaves, and roots, but having these organs merged in one, forming a frond. There is a prolongation of the lower surface, the purpose of which seems to be to enable the plant to float upright in the water. The fronds multiply by sending out other fronds from a slit or concavity, and with such rapidity does this take place that a few days often suffice to produce from a few individuals enough similar ones to cover many square rods of pond-surface with the minute green granules. Small as these plants are, they bear flowers. Two are produced on a plant, each of them very simple, one of a single stamen and the other of a single pistil, both of which burst through the upper surface of the frond.

**AN ORIGINAL PARROT.**—There was of late advertised in London a parrot who could make original observations,—not mere slavish “copy,” but the most apt remarks. A parrot-fancier answered this advertisement, and the advertiser brought his bird. He was not beautiful, and he did not look accomplished. He no sooner opened his mouth, however, than his genius discovered itself.

“Supposing that this bird is all that you say of it,” inquired the possible purchaser, “what do you want for it?” “Fifty pounds,” said the dealer. “Make it guineas!” exclaimed the parrot. The enraptured bird-fancier bought him at once.

Weeks rolled on, and the bird never said another word,—not even that solitary sentence, “Make it guineas!” which the purchaser naturally thought he had learned by rote,—as was the case with that world-famous bird that cried, “What a precious lot of parrots!” (on finding himself in a bird-show), and for evermore held his peace. He sent for the dealer, and thus frankly addressed him: “Of course I have been taken in. This infernal bird is dumb,—can’t even say ‘What’s o’clock?’ or ‘Pretty Poll.’”

“He only professes to make original observations,” put in the dealer.

“Nonsense! he does nothing but scratch himself. You have got your money: at least tell me how he contrived to say ‘Make it guineas!’ at so appropriate a moment. I’ll forgive you, if you’ll only tell me the truth.”

“Very good, sir. Then, he didn’t say it at all: I said it for him. I’m a ventriloquist. My parrots all make original observations, but only in my presence.”

Then the parrot-fancier shook hands with the dealer and gave him a list of other parrot-fanciers (his personal friends), who also in due time were taken in, which of course was very soothing.

**HIGH LIFE BELOW-STAIRS.**—The lady-servant system, as practically applied in England, has met with a certain measure of success. Its introduction means a complete revolution in domestic government, but the enthusiasts who are pressing its acceptance on a sceptical public are very full of confidence. The idea is to induce gentlewomen to take positions hitherto regarded as menial, but, under the new order of things, to be robbed of all their humiliating features. The advocates of this new measure acknowledge the impracticability of mixing castes, and advise parties hiring ladies to dismiss all their old-fashioned servants. Those households where the new maid is at work are recommended as models of order and decorum.

**A MOTHER'S DUTY.**—It is the duty of every sympathetic mother to maintain the healthy physical equilibrium in the child that makes rosy cheeks, bright eyes, clear complexion, and irrepressible spirits possible, and provides a proper foundation for robust manhood.

And this is a matter which natural agents, intelligently used, have put largely in the control of the mother.

The proper means employed at the proper moment save suffering,—save life.

Dr. Hand, of Scranton, Pa., has made infantile complaints the special and continued study of twenty-five years.

His Colic Cure never fails to give prompt relief to crying babies: it not only allays the pain, but soothes the disturbed nerves of the little one like the touch of a tender and kindly hand, and insures rest to that other sufferer, the tired mother.

In that ever-dangerous period of teething, Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion gives wonderful ease to baby: the soreness of the gums yields to, and is promptly removed by, its application.

The approaching season brings coughs, colds, and croup: Dr. Hand's Cough and Croup Mixture brings prompt relief and cure.

Diarrhœa, which can result from so many causes, at any time, is always checked and all contingent inflammation allayed by Dr. Hand's Diarrhœa Mixture as easily and as naturally as, in the other extreme, his Pleasant Physic promotes a healthy action of the bowels.

In order promptly to introduce these specifics in every household where they are needed, The Hand Medicine Company will send, free of all express or freight charges, to those who cannot procure the remedies from their regular druggist, a family medicine-chest of children's remedies containing the following preparations, upon receipt of \$1.25:

Dr. Hand's Colic Cure; Dr. Hand's Cough and Croup Medicine; Dr. Hand's Diarrhœa Mixture; Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion; Dr. Hand's Pleasant Physic; Dr. Hand's Worm Elixir.

In addition to these items, a package of chafing-powder that is wonderfully soothing and cooling will be given entirely free of charge to any mother who sends for the case of remedies.

A book containing the strong endorsements of many grateful mothers will be sent free to any one who will address THE HAND MEDICINE COMPANY, or their wholesale agents, SMITH, KLINE & Co., 429 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.





**THE MOTTOES IN THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.**—A very large number of the mottoes to the "Waverley Novels," variously purporting to be extracts from old plays, the composition of anonymous writers, etc., were composed by Sir Walter Scott himself. Lockhart, in the "Life," volume v., page 145, thus explains the beginning of this practice:

"It was in correcting the proof-sheets of 'The Antiquary' that Scott first took to equipping his chapters with mottoes of his own fabrication. On one occasion he happened to ask John Ballantyne, who was sitting by him, to hunt for a particular passage in Beaumont and Fletcher. John did as he was bid, but he did not succeed in discovering the lines. 'Hang it, Johnny,' cried Scott, 'I believe I can make a motto sooner than you will find one.' He did so accordingly; and from that hour, whenever memory failed to suggest an appropriate epigraph, he had recourse to the inexhaustible mines of 'old play' or 'old ballad,' to which we owe some of the most exquisite verses that ever flowed from his pen."

These were gathered as "Miscellaneous and Lyrical Pieces" in the popular edition of the poems, to which Lockhart, in 1841, prefixed a short notice giving the collection his *imprimatur*. There are included three such mottoes from "Old Mortality," those prefixed respectively to chapters v., xiv., and xxxiv., which are signed, in that order, "James Duff," "Old Ballad," and "Anonymous." Till Lockhart's authority has been superseded, we may continue to believe that these headings are Sir Walter's own. But, indeed, who else could have written thus?—

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the life!  
To all the sensual world proclaim,  
One crowded hour of glorious life  
Is worth an age without a name.

THOMAS BAYNE.

There is not the slightest doubt that the fine quatrain,

"Sound, sound the clarion, fill the life!" etc.,

which forms the motto to the thirty-fourth (thirty-third in some editions) chapter of "Old Mortality," is Scott's own. In the eighty-fourth (concluding) chapter of his "Life of Scott," Lockhart says, "Let us remember his own immortal words,"—namely, the lines in question, which Lockhart quotes in full. This evidence is, I think, conclusive.—*Notes and Queries*.

**THE BEEFSTEAK CLUB.**—Meetings of members were held every Saturday between November and June. All the members had to wear a sort of uniform,—namely, a blue coat and buff waistcoat, with brass buttons bearing a gridiron and the words "Beef and Liberty," and also a ring having the same device. Each could introduce one guest, except on particular days, when accounts were looked up, the merits of candidates discussed, and other business matters gone into. One side of the room was occupied by an enormous gridiron, through which one could see a cook in a white cap and blouse standing by a fire in readiness for action. The steaks were served on hot pewter plates, together with Spanish onions, eschalots, and baked potatoes, and were washed down with port or porter. The only second course permitted was toasted cheese. This disposed of, the cloth was removed, the cook collected the money in a plate, and the rest of the evening was given up to noisy revelry.—*The English Illustrated Magazine*.



CROSBY'S VITALIZED PHOSPHITES, prepared according to the formula of Prof. Percy, from the *brain* of the *ox*, and the *germ* of the *wheat* and *oat*.

It is identical in its composition with *brain-matter*, is rapidly absorbed, and quickly relieves the *depression* from *intellectual efforts*, *overwork*, *nervous prostration*, *indigestion*, and *sleeplessness*.

It strengthens the *intellect*, restores *lost functions*, and increases the capacity for *labor*. It aids in the *bodily* and *mental* development of children.

It is the best preventive known for *Night-Sweats* and *Consumption*.

It is used by the best physicians in the treatment of *neuric diseases*.

It is a *Vital*, Nutrient *Phosphite*, not an inert *Acid Phosphate*.

The eminent professor of a well-known theological seminary writes, "I find it very useful for *Brain-weariness*, and have occasion often to recommend it to our students."

It is not a secret remedy; the formula is on every bottle.

Descriptive pamphlet free, on application to F. Crosby Co., 56 West Twenty-Fifth Street, New York.

**A WISE COMBINATION.**—Nobody ought to appreciate the value of Life Insurance more than the productive and thrifty classes that invest in Building Associations and by thus combining little sums largely develop and increase the number of homes and their comforts. To all who live through the usual period required to mature investments thus made, it is doubtful whether anything offers superior attractions to a Building Association. As is well known, however, many men engage in an undertaking of this kind who do not live to realize the investment. Death cuts short their attempt to accumulate, and herein Life Insurance wisely ekes out and supplements what they had designed to do. If one has a given number of shares in a Building Association, he ought to have as collateral with it a policy of Life Insurance which shall decrease each year in amount and cost in proportion to the deposits and accumulations made in the Building Association. For instance, if he have shares enough to produce for him \$3000 at the end of ten years, and his investments in consequence are at the rate, allowing for accumulations, say, of \$300 per year, he ought the first year to be insured for \$3000, the second year for \$2700, the third year for \$2400, etc., so that when his investments matured at the end of ten years the insurance would expire. In this way, should he die, all that he designed to save is at once paid to his representatives, whether he live six months or nine years,—whether he has paid but one month's dues or more.

One may get accurate information in detail as to THE VERY MODERATE COST of this form of insurance by applying in person or by letter to The Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company, 921, 923, and 925 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

**LONGEVITY.**—When the French ministry, some twenty-five years ago, issued a circular to all its préfets making inquiries as to the conditions most favorable to longevity, all the reports agreed in naming a well-to-do condition of life as most important, if not quite indispensable. It should also be borne in mind that the most wonderful cases of longevity are almost invariably reported from countries where verification of the asserted facts is impossible. For instance, the *Lancet* some time ago quoted the case of an old man of Bogota, San Salvador, who “confessed to being one hundred and eighty years old, though his neighbors believed him to be much more.” With no possible check from authentic records, his kindly neighbors might well have given him an additional century with impunity. Something of this kind doubtless happened in the case of an old native of Bengal, who was reported by Dr. C. W. de Lacy as having attained the antediluvian age of three hundred and seventy. Dr. de Lacy reports several cases as to which we recommend a due degree of doubt. A certain Thomas Whittington, who died in 1804, at the reputed age of one hundred and four, never drank, we are seriously told, any liquor but gin, but of that fiery compound he consumed from a pint to a pint and a half daily. This is probably more than any of the doctor’s readers will find it easy to swallow.—*All the Year Round*.

**ANCIENT DANCES.**—The earliest description of dancing which we can make anything out of—for vague allusions are particularly useless in the present subject—is the account of the dance on the shield of Achilles. Youths and maidens danced in a ring there, holding one another by the hand. They spun round and round like a potter’s wheel: the effect of this might be represented by loosening the top of a round table and setting it twirling round. Evidently this primitive dance was nothing more nor less than the “jingering” of children at the present day, who keep up the tradition of this most ancient form of dance when they take one another’s hands and caper round in a ring. The antiquity of the “jingering” dance must not be limited to the early days of the Greeks. In the time of Achilles it was a dance for kings’ daughters to indulge in. But with our Aryan ancestors it constituted one of the ceremonies of religion: thus do things descend from unexpected altitudes, till they find refuge in the nurseries of children. In the Vedic times in India, which constitute the morning twilight of our existence as a race, the priest and people were used to assemble round the altar every morning to perform the accustomed sacrifice to the dawn. They sang a hymn, and when the first streak of gray illumined the eastern sky they began the religious dance, which consisted in their all joining hands and dancing in a ring round the altar, first in one direction, then in another. This form survived till Homer’s time, when it became secularized.

The “jingering” had now a curious experience in its history. It became the dance of Bacchus, and attained a very unenviable repute as the dithyramb. The Greeks, who were perhaps the greatest dancers that the world has ever seen, soon rose above this most elementary form of dancing. They learned to divide dances into round and square, the word round being used in the signification already alluded to, and not by any means as equivalent to our “round.” Their square dances were military and spectacular, their round dances were the dances of pleasure and of revelry. The distinction is natural, for the former required some art, the latter nothing more than the capacity for motion.—*The National Review*.

MRS. S. T. RORER,  
PRINCIPAL PHILADELPHIA COOKING SCHOOL,  
1617 CHESTNUT STREET.

August 27, 1890.

In my schools and in illustrating my lectures I have thoroughly tested all the leading Baking Powders, and "Cleveland's Superior" Powder has invariably given the best results.

One even teaspoonful of it will accomplish as much or more than a heaping teaspoonful of any other powder.

Food made with Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder keeps moist and fresh, and in this respect it is superior to any powder I know.

Cleveland's Powder is entirely free from Ammonia, Alum, or other adulterants.

I am convinced it is the purest powder made, and I have adopted it exclusively in my cooking schools and for daily household use.

SARAH T. RORER.

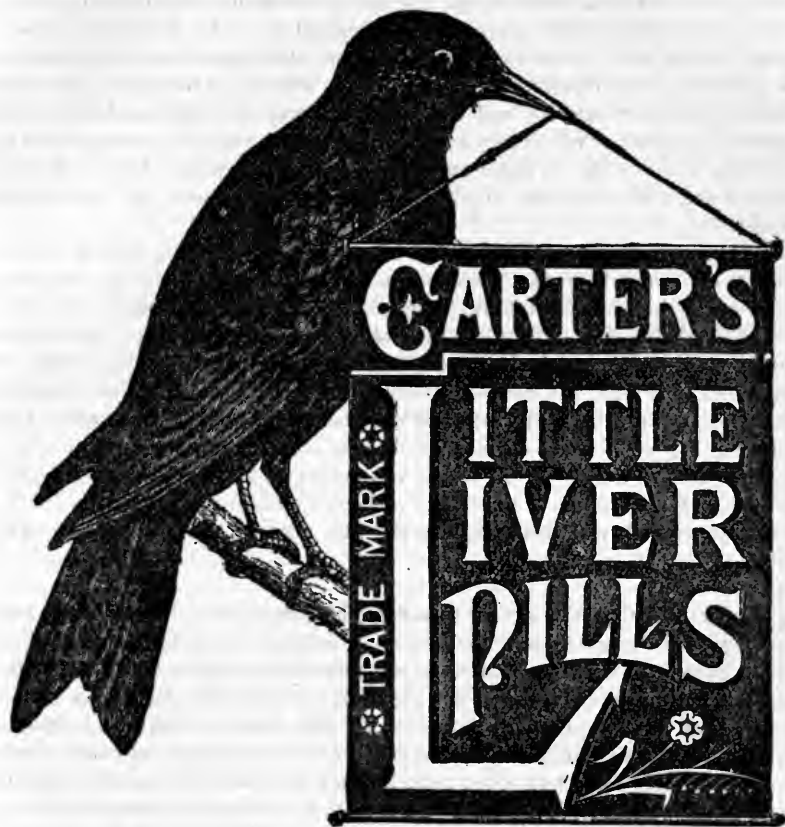
**HUMAN HEALTH.**—Human health can only be maintained when the rules of life are strictly obeyed. Man's system is like a town: to be healthy it must be well drained. No one would wish to live in a town where the sewers are always clogged. Our system is most beautifully fitted by nature to drain itself of all waste and effete matter. This drainage is frequently interfered with by careless habits, and when it becomes clogged illness is the result. Beecham's Pills, which have been in popular use in Europe for fifty years, are specially adapted in a safe, gentle manner to keep human drainage in perfect order.—*American Analyst.*

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**THE APPLE.**—The virtues of the apple as a fruit have been celebrated from time immemorial, and few fruits have so many legends associated with them. The garden of the Hesperides was the garden of the golden apple, just as our Avalon is the Isle of Apples. "Of all fruits," it has been written, "the apple seems to have had the widest and most mystical history. The myths concerning it meet us in every age and country. Aphrodite bears it in her hand, as well as Eve. The serpent guards it; the dragon watches it. It is celebrated by Solomon; it is the healing fruit of Arabian tales. Ulysses longs for it in the gardens of Alcinoüs; Tantalus grasps vainly for it in Hades. In the prose Edda it is written, 'Iduna keeps in a box apples which the gods, when they feel old age approaching, have only to taste to become young again.' It is in this manner that they will be kept in renovated youth until Ragnarök, the general destruction. Azrael, the Angel of Death, accomplished his mission by holding it to the nostrils; and in folk-lore Snowdrop is tempted to her death by an apple, half of which a crone has poisoned, but recovers life when the fruit falls from her lips. The golden bird seeks the golden apples of the king's garden in many a Norse story; and when the tree bears no more, Frau Bertha reveals to her favorite that it is because a mouse gnaws at the tree's root. Indeed, the kind mother-goddess is sometimes personified as an apple-tree, but oftener the apple is the tempter in Northern mythology, and sometimes makes the nose grow, so that the pear alone can bring it to moderate size."—*All the Year Round*.

**BRASS CASH AND THE AGE OF BRONZE.**—The familiar little brass cash, with the square hole for stringing them together on a thread in the centre, well known to the frequenters of minor provincial museums, are, strange to say, the lineal descendants, in unbroken order, of the bronze axe of remote Celestial ancestors. From the regular hatchet to the modern coin one can trace a distinct, if somewhat broken, succession, so that it is impossible to say where the one leaves off and the other begins,—where the implement merges into the medium of exchange and settles down finally into the root of all evil. Here is how this curious pedigree first worked itself out. In early times, before coin was invented, barter was usually conducted between producer and consumer with metal implements, as it still is in Central Africa at the present day with Venetian glass beads and rolls of red calico. Payments were all made in kind, and bronze was the commonest form of specie. A gentleman desirous of effecting purchases in foreign parts went about the world with a number of bronze axes in his pocket (or its substitute), which he exchanged for other goods with the native traffickers in the country where he did his primitive business. At first the early Chinese in that unsophisticated age were content to use real hatchets for this commercial purpose; but after a time, with the profound mercantile instinct of their race, it occurred to some of them that when a man wanted half a hatchet's worth of goods he might as well pay for them with half a hatchet. Still, as it would be a pity to spoil a good working implement by cutting it in two, the worthy Ah Sin ingeniously compromised the matter by making thin hatchets, of the usual size and shape, but far too slender for practical usage. By so doing he invented coin, and, what is more, he invented it far earlier than the rival claimants to that proud distinction, the Lydians, whose electrum staters were first struck in the seventh century B.C.—*The Cornhill Magazine*.



positively cure SICK HEADACHE. They also relieve distress from Dyspepsia, Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side.

Purely vegetable. Sugar-coated. Do not gripe or sicken. SMALL PRICE. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE.

CARTER MEDICINE Co., New York City.

**DUELLING IN FRANCE.**—Duelling is popular still, but, if a death occurs in the contest, the survivor and the seconds are obliged to fly the country for a time, for not only will magistrates punish, but juries will convict, and the civil courts are ready to award to the injured relatives crushing damages. It is true the offence is not treated as murder, any more than infanticide is in England; but it is treated as an offence, and the consequences are so disagreeable that duelling has ceased to be a synonyme for mortal combat. It is only a blood-letting combat now. In arranging for a meeting, the most elaborate precautions are taken to avoid "regrettable consequences." Pistols are discouraged, because bullets have their vagaries, and when they are employed the combatants are placed at distances at which they are nearly certain to miss each other, and it is bad form to aim with too much care or too near the heart. "We are here," remarks the sententious second, "to avenge wounded honor, not to commit murder."

When swords are selected, a kind of master of the lists is named, whose order to stop must be instantly obeyed under penalty of dishonor, and he gives his order the moment blood flows, though it be from the merest scratch; while, as duellists, being mortal, may lose their tempers, the seconds stand ready at his word to strike up their principals' weapons. All kinds of dangerous blows are prohibited as unfair, and too much display of ferocity decidedly and permanently lowers a duellist's reputation for the possession of a good heart and a fine manner. It would be considered monstrous to allow duellists to get at one another with rifles, as they do in Western America, in the best way they could; and the old duel across a handkerchief is pronounced deliberate murder, to which no second who respects himself will ever voluntarily accede.—*The Spectator*.

**MUTUAL AID AMONG ANIMALS.**—Some land crabs of the West Indies and North America combine in large swarms in order to travel to the sea and to deposit therein their spawn, and each such migration implies concert, co-operation, and mutual support. As to the big Mollucca crab (*Limulus*), I was struck (in 1882, at the Brighton Aquarium) with the extent of mutual assistance which these clumsy animals are capable of bestowing upon a comrade in case of need. One of them had fallen upon its back in a corner of the tank, and its heavy saucer-like carapace prevented it from returning to its natural position, the more so as there was in the corner an iron bar which rendered the task still more difficult. Its comrades came to the rescue, and for one hour's time I watched how they endeavored to help their fellow-prisoner. They came two at once, pushed their friend from beneath, and after strenuous efforts succeeded in lifting it upright; but then the iron bar would prevent them from achieving the work of rescue, and the crab would again heavily fall upon its back. After many attempts, one of the helpers would go in the depth of the tank and bring two other crabs, which would begin with fresh forces the same pushing and lifting of their helpless comrade. We stayed in the aquarium for more than two hours, and when, leaving, we again came to cast a glance upon the tank, the work of rescue still continued! Since I saw that, I cannot refuse credit to the observation quoted by Dr. Erasmus Darwin,—namely, that "the common crab during the moulting season stations as sentinel an unmoulted or hard-shelled individual to prevent marine enemies from injuring moulted individuals in their unprotected state."—*Prince Krapotkin, in The Nineteenth Century*.





**QUINA-LAROCHE.**—This preparation has for its basis a combination of all the principles of the best cinchonas with a rich special wine; not, like many mixtures, an ordinary compound of drugs, but a result of laborious researches, which has won for its inventor a National Prize of 16,600 francs, and Gold Medals at the Expositions of Paris, Vienna, etc.

Quina-Laroche is *par excellence* the tonic with which to combat stomach affections, loss of appetite, mental depression, anæmia, etc. Quina-Laroche is a powerful preservative against intermittent and continued fevers rebellious to sulphate of quinine, and of exceptional value in cases of tardy convalescence; in combination with iron, is especially recommended for poorness of the blood, chlorosis, difficulties of assimilation, debility, &c. Prevents Influenza and La Grippe.

E. Fougera & Co., Agents, No. 30 North William St., New York. 22 Rue Drouot, Paris.

Of all years, this is dictionary year, both for compiling new ones and revising old ones; and perhaps it is to this present inexhaustible dictionary passion that we should turn for account of a special situation. Or does it come rather from a study of things than of words? Etymology, or what? Anyhow, day and night, a certain box in the New York post-office, No. 1864, belonging to the Hamilton Chemical Company, is never without letters inquiring what does the word "*Juven*" mean, and what does it do. Let us answer, then, these two questions thoroughly.

As a word, "*Juven*" is derived from Jupiter and Venus; and as a thing, it is all that medical science can do for beauty and strength,—that is to say, it gives the complexion freshening and winsomeness, and imparts to the body a delightful sense of vigor and elasticity. Dictionary people and all kinds of people agree, at least, in this, that "*Juven*" is the most satisfactory word in the language to those persons who are troubled with sick headache and constipation.



**BIRD-MANNA!**—The great secret of the canary-breeders of the Hartz Mountains, Germany. Bird-Manna will restore the song of cage-birds, will prevent their ailments, and restore them to good condition. If given during the season of shedding feathers it will, in most cases, carry the little musician through this critical period without loss of song. Sent by mail on receipt of 15 cents in stamps. Sold by Druggists. Directions free. Bird Food Company, 400 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE DIVINE RIGHT OF KINGS.—There seems to be little ground for contending that in England the monarch was ever held to rule by divine right, at least by any other divine right than that which sees the benediction of heaven in actual possession,—*beati possidentes*. It was not much heard of till the accession of James I., and was used by him to supplement a notorious defect of hereditary title, which he was unwilling to strengthen by an acknowledgment that he owed his throne to election by the nation. The fact is that James I. was king of England by a kind of adoption, not altogether dissimilar to that which prevailed under the Roman Empire, and with the working of which M. Renan is so well pleased that he would like to see it introduced into the public law of modern Europe. The extreme doctrine of divine right which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Richard II. is an anachronism. It belongs not to the fourteenth century, but in germ, perhaps, to the closing years of the sixteenth and the commencement of the seventeenth; to the Tudors and Stuarts, and not to the Plantagenets. In the words—

Not all the water in the wide rough sea  
Can wash the balm from an anointed king;  
The breath of worldly men cannot depose  
The deputy elected by the Lord—

it is noticeable that it is not the hereditary title, but election by the Lord, the consecrating balm, and not primogeniture and rule of birth, on which an inalienable right is based. So in Hamlet, the usurper and murderer, Claudius, avows himself safe in the shelter of that divinity which doth so hedge a king that treason can but peep to what it will. A subject and courtier of Elizabeth and James I. could not identify divine right with hereditary title, in which they were lacking. Elizabeth, indeed, during the Essex rebellion, is said to have detected incentives to sedition in the story of Bolingbroke's adventure, and to have exclaimed, "Know ye not that I am Richard II.?" But if we are to suppose that Shakespeare was writing as a politician and not as a poet, it must be kept in mind that his politics, if they were not, as is sometimes contended, those of the house of Lancaster, were certainly in succession those of the houses of Tudor and Stuart, whose title was through the house of Lancaster.—*The Contemporary Review*.

THE new Japanese Parliament contains one minister of state, three senators, twenty-seven local government officials, thirty-seven mayors, one hundred and forty-three provincial administrative officials, eighteen journalists, nineteen lawyers, ten school-teachers, four priests of Buddha, and fourteen professors. Of the two hundred and ninety-nine members, one hundred and fourteen are Radicals, fifty-five Independents, and only four Conservatives.

CASTE AMONG ANIMALS.—The Hindus reckon at least four castes among Asiatic elephants, which differ much in appearance, temper, and intelligence. These would seem to be wild or natural *breeds*, rather than real castes. Apart from these breeds, the elephants of Ceylon and Sumatra are grouped by some as a separate sub-species. Indo-China has some hairy dwarf elephants. The Bornean elephant is said to be of the same stock, or race, with the Hindu elephant proper. Quite distinct from all these are the African elephants, which have very important structural differences from all the Asiatic breeds.—*American Notes and Queries*.

FORTY years ago almost every mother thought her child must have paregoric or laudanum to make it sleep. These drugs will produce sleep, and a few drops too many of them will produce the sleep from which there is no waking. Many are the children who have been killed or whose health has been ruined for life by paregoric, laudanum, and morphine, each of which is a narcotic product of opium. Druggists are prohibited from selling either of the narcotics named to children at all, or to anybody without labelling them "poison." The definition of "narcotic" is "*A medicine which relieves pain and produces sleep, but which, in poisonous doses, produces stupor, coma, convulsions, and death.*" The taste and smell of opium medicines are disguised, and sold under the names of "Bateman's Drops," "Godfrey's Cordial," "Soothing Syrups," etc. You should not permit any medicine to be given to your children without you or your physician knows of what it is composed.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."  
—H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 South Oxford Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.



"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children."—ALEX. ROBERTSON, M.D., 1057 Second Avenue, New York.

"From personal knowledge I can say that Castoria is a most excellent medicine for children."—DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

Castoria promotes Digestion, assists Teething, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. Castoria contains no morphine or other narcotic property.

AMONG the many blessings that the progressive nineteenth century has brought to the race, the great improvements in the matter of wearing-apparel should not escape notice. Women especially are the beneficiaries, and now wear garments which allow them such comfort and freedom of movement as were undreamed of not so many years ago. In this connection may be mentioned the *Jersey-Fitting Union Under-Garments*. These comfortable and unequalled under-garments are manufactured solely by Holmes & Co., 109 Kingston Street, Boston, who are the original inventors and manufacturers, holding letters-patent for the same. The garments are the best fitting and most satisfactory made, and have received the endorsement of the best dress reformers in the country. High grade in Silk, Silk and Jaegers, Silk and Merino, Silk and Cotton, Natural Wool, Merino, Wool or Cotton in Black or Color, Balbriggan. Winter and Summer Weights. Thousands of ladies have expressed their unsolicited satisfaction as to the fit, quality, and workmanship of these garments. In case the goods are not to be found at the local dealer's, a stamp should be enclosed to Holmes & Co. for catalogue and price-list. The Company do a large business *by mail* in all parts of the United States, and *warrant satisfaction*.

**HEREDITY.**—It is exceedingly difficult to find any actual cases to illustrate this point, since either natural or artificial selection has almost always been present. The apparent effects of disuse in causing the diminution of certain organs, such as the reduced wings of some birds in oceanic islands and the very small or aborted eyes of some of the animals inhabiting extensive caverns, can be as well explained by the withdrawal of the cumulative agency of natural selection and by economy of growth as by the direct effects of disuse. The following facts, however, seem to show that special skill derived from practice, when continued for several generations, is not inherited, and does not therefore tend to increase. The wonderful skill of most of the North American Indians in following a trail by indications quite imperceptible to the ordinary European has been dwelt upon by many writers, but it is now admitted that the white trappers equal and often excel them, though these trappers have in almost every case acquired their skill in a comparatively short period, without any of the inherited experience which might belong to the Indian. Again, for many generations a considerable portion of the male population of Switzerland have practised rifle-shooting as a national sport, yet in international contests they show no marked superiority over our riflemen, who are, in a large proportion, the sons of men who never handled a gun. Another case is afforded by the upper classes of this country, who for many generations have been educated at the universities, and have had their classical and mathematical abilities developed to the fullest extent by rivalry for honors. Yet, now that for some years these institutions have been opened to dissenters, whose parents usually for many generations have had no such training, it is found that these dissenters carry off their full share, or even more than their share, of honors. We thus see that the theory of the non-heredity of acquired characters, whether physical or mental, is supported by a considerable number of facts, while few if any are directly opposed to it.—*A. R. Wallace, in the Fortnightly Review.*

**SCARCITY OF FRUIT IN FRANCE.**—French journals lament that unfavorable weather has almost altogether deprived the country of fruit this year. A disastrous amount of rain has so afflicted the central, northern, western, and southwestern districts that the markets have been almost bare of fruit except such as had come from the south. One correspondent, writing from the department of Seine-et-Marne, says, "We have had neither cherries nor apricots nor plums; apples have been greatly injured by hail; pears have suffered less, but our grapes will not ripen." And another, writing from Brittany, says that there the pears are all spoiled, apples are lacking in many localities, and almost all the plums have perished; that peaches are everywhere non-existent; that gooseberries and raspberries had been relatively scanty, and that, although strawberries had been quite plentiful, they "had only the form of the fruit, with the taste of water." Meanwhile, complaints of excessive drought have been coming in from the south, where, we are told, even in the carefully-watered gardens, the trees and shrubs had faded and withered. Near the coast the moist sea-breezes "assure the abundance of the grape-crop," but farther north the grape-growers are reported to be in despair over the persistent dryness.—*Garden and Forest.*

A SAD SCENE with which to terminate a brilliant evening. They have returned from a reception. She had felt restless and nervous during the day, but, realizing the demands of society, resorted to an artificial stimulant, one of those *Quack Poisons* that flood the market under various names. *The picture shows the reaction.*

WOMEN, THIS IS A FEARFUL FACT! Avoid the misery that must ensue from the use of *Quack Medicines*. They only increase your suffering and complicate your disease. We extend to you a remedy that *never fails*, combined with the experience of Mrs. Pinkham.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the only Positive Cure and Legitimate Remedy for the peculiar weaknesses and ailments of women.

It cures the worst forms of Female Complaints. Subdues Faintness, Excitability, Nervous Prostration, Exhaustion, and strengthens and tones the Stomach. Cures Headache, General Debility, Indigestion, etc., and invigorates the whole system. For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex, the Compound has no rival.

All Druggists sell it as a standard article, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of \$1.00. A beautiful illustrated book, entitled "Guide to Health and Etiquette," by Mrs. Pinkham, will be mailed to any one sending two two-cent stamps to

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.



A BEAUTIFUL WRECK.

A NOVEL BY RUDYARD KIPLING.—The January number of *Lippincott's Magazine* will contain a complete novel by Rudyard Kipling, entitled "The Light that Failed." Many of the foremost English critics, who have had nothing but words of the highest praise for Kipling's short stories, have expressed a doubt as to whether he could write a novel. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. Kipling has settled the doubt by producing one of the most remarkable novels of the age. Kipling was born at Bombay on December 30, 1865. At his age, Robert Louis Stevenson had only shown his genius to the world in a few magazine articles. Since Charles Dickens, no young literary man has bounded into such remarkable and well-deserved popularity as Kipling is enjoying. The publication of "The Light that Failed" will be an event in the literary world.

**TERRORS OF A VOLCANO.**—Some idea of the terror of volcanoes may be gathered from an account of an eruption in one of the Hawaiian Islands, when the crater was filled from five hundred to six hundred feet deep with molten lava, the immense weight of which broke through a subterranean passage of twenty-seven miles and reached the sea, forty miles distant, in two days, flowing for three weeks and heating the water twenty miles distant: "Rocks melted like wax in its path; forests crackled and blazed before its fervent heat; the works of man were to it but as a scroll in the flames. Imagine Niagara's stream, above the brink of the Falls, with its dashing, whirling, madly-raging waters, hurrying on to their plunge, instantaneously converted into fire; a gory-hued river of fused minerals; volumes of hissing steam arising; smoke curling upward from ten thousand vents, which gave utterance to the many deep-toned mutterings and sullen, confined clamorings; gases detonating and shrieking as they burst from their hot prison-house; the heavens lurid with flame; the atmosphere dark and oppressive; the horizon murky with vapors and gleaming with the reflected contest. Such was the scene as the fiery cataract, leaping a precipice of fifty feet, poured its flood upon the ocean. The old line of coast, a mass of compact indurated lava, whitened, cracked, and fell. The waters recoiled and sent forth a tempest of spray; they foamed and lashed around and over the melted rock; they boiled with the heat, and the roar of the conflicting agencies grew fiercer and louder. The reports of the exploding gases were distinctly heard twenty-five miles distant, and were likened to a whole broadside of heavy artillery. Streaks of the intensest light glanced like lightning in all directions; the outskirts of the burning lava as it fell, cooled by the shock, were shivered into millions of fragments, and scattered by the strong wind in sparkling showers far into the country. Six weeks later, at the base of the hills, the water continued scalding hot, and sent forth clouds of steam at every wash of the waves."—*London Budget*.

**A SMART DETECTIVE.**—Sergeant Moser on one occasion saw a waiter in a café in Soho receive and place in his pocket a letter which the detective believed to be from a criminal a knowledge of whose whereabouts he was anxious to obtain. He therefore dropped his ring on the floor and asked the man to look for it. Alphonse, expecting a reward, immediately went on his hands and knees, and while thus engaged Sergeant Moser abstracted the letter from his pocket and thus obtained the means of bringing a forger to justice. Who can doubt that this was a perfectly justifiable act? But if, instead, Sergeant Moser had suborned another person to steal for reward, and without telling him the object in view, he would most assuredly have acted very wrongly.—*The Spectator*.

**WHERE THE PRECIOUS METALS ARE HOARDED.**—It has long been a puzzle to economists what India, China, and Japan can have done with such vast quantities of gold and silver which never by any accident return. Indian jewelry and Oriental magnificence of costume and fondness for gaudy display will doubtless account for a considerable portion, but, as no great quantity is found in circulation as coin, the only remaining alternative is the assumption, born of imagination rather than information, that it must be hoarded.—*The Gentleman's Magazine*.

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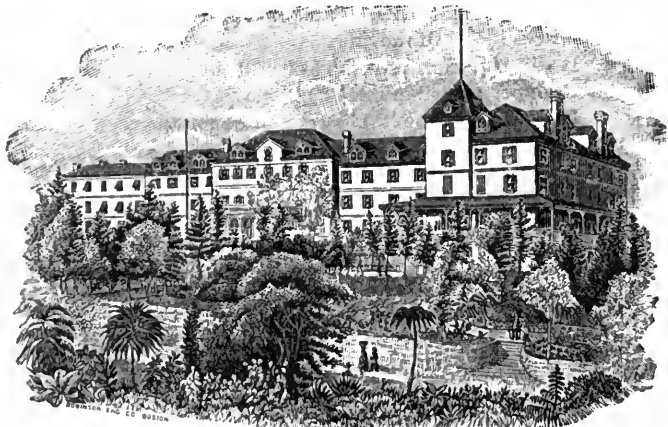
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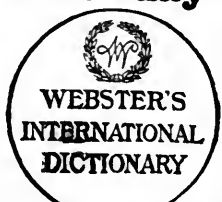
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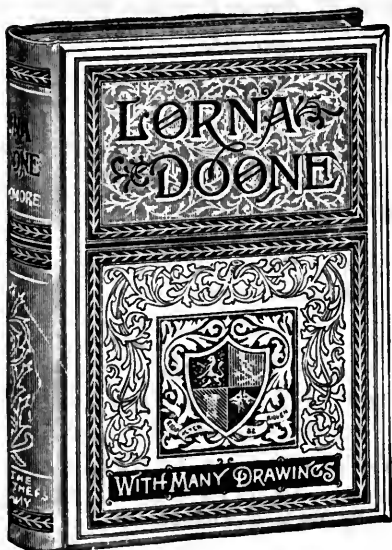
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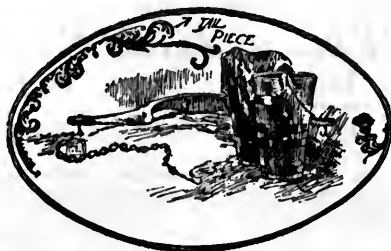
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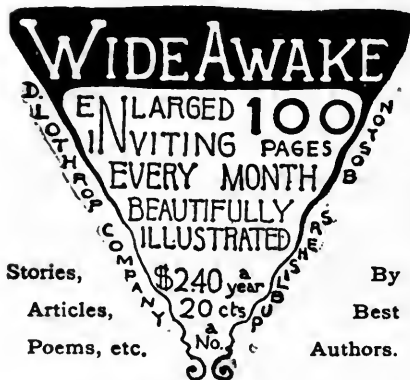
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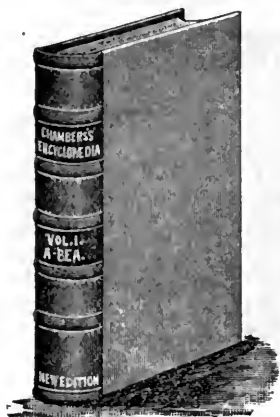
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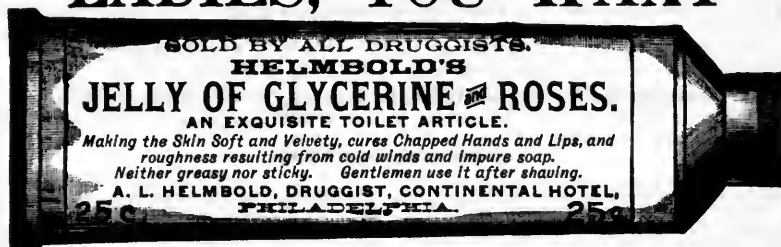


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| Paid in (cash) . . . . .                | 1,000,000.00   |
| Surplus and undivided profits . . . . . | 396,716.85     |
| Assets . . . . .                        | 11,168,685.04  |

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*"Having examined the books of the Equitable Mortgage Company, we hereby certify that the foregoing accounts and statement are in conformity therewith, and we believe that the accounts fully and fairly represent the position of the Company as on the 30th of June, 1890.*

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WHAT "ST. NICHOLAS" HAS DONE FOR GIRLS AND BOYS.



From "*St. Nicholas*."

HE old St. Nicholas slyly tossed bags of gold into poor widows' houses, and then ran away. His modern namesake has been sending for nearly twenty years, by the postman, to all children within his reach, that which ought to give more lasting happiness and benefit than the money-bags which the older saint dropped in at the window.

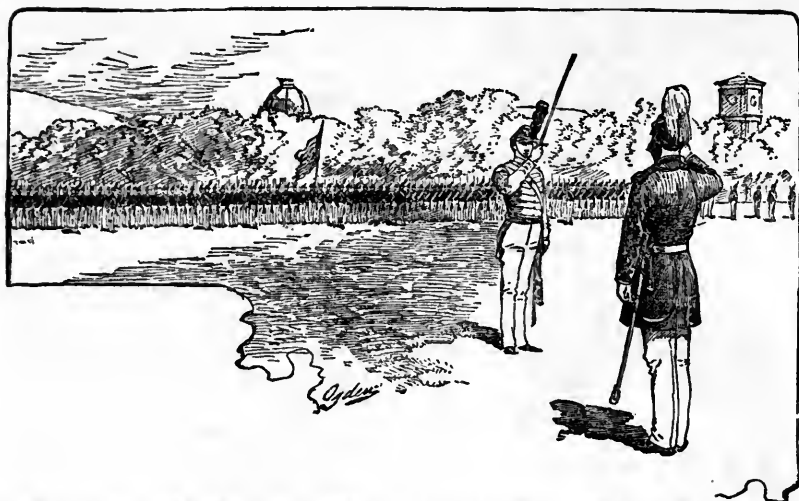
The *St. Nicholas Magazine* is a fine flower of the nineteenth century. For childhood, as we understand it, is a recent discovery. The world had neither books, pictures, nor other implements of happiness suited to child-nature until our own time. What a step from the rude horn-books and incomprehensible catechisms to the pictures and stories of this day, in which the best literary ability, the highest artistic skill, the ablest and most experienced editing, the largest publishing enterprise, and the finest mechanical appliances are all enlisted and combined to rejoice and enlighten children!

### THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE MAGAZINE.

Men and women are just as truly the result of the atmosphere in which they have passed their childhood, as the trees and herbage of a country are the result of its soil and climate. It is by the subtle something which we call *atmosphere*, rather than by direct teaching, that the home moulds a child. The chief business of a mother is to surround a child with beautiful influences. The great school-masters, such as Arnold of Rugby, Gunn of the "Gunnery," and others, have achieved notable results by the moral and intellectual climate they were able to produce, rather than by methods of teaching. The supreme quality of *St. Nicholas* is its bright and invigorating atmosphere.

### RECREATIONS.

"The first work of a child is play," said the great teacher Frederick Froebel. He who will lead children rightly must know how to win and hold a child's sympathy by entering into his play, and this *St. Nicholas* has done in many ways. On the side of honest sympathy with the spirits and pursuits of young people, there are descriptions of home amusements of various kinds, plays for parlor or school representation, drills and healthful exercises for both girls and boys, indoor



DRESS PARADE.—"SIR, THE PARADE IS FORMED." From "Winning a Commission," in "St. Nicholas."

games, funny pictures, the famous "Brownies," the never-to-be-forgotten jingles, and the riddles, the rebuses, the charades, the what-nots of elaborate entanglement that have called forth the ingenuity of puzzle-makers, old as well as young.

#### TIMELY ARTICLES.

Whatever subject comes up, *St. Nicholas* tries to give its young readers a good understanding of it while it is fresh in the public mind. This can best be demonstrated by noting a few of the many timely subjects that the magazine has treated in its pages. Coast-guard service or life-saving on the coast, the work of coast-guards in aiding ships and securing cargoes that have gone ashore, the use of light-houses and light-ships, cable-telegraphy, the method of stopping cars by a vacuum-brake, the management of the city fire-department, the use of turret ships, torpedoes, torpedo-boats in war, the telephone, the minting of money, the foretelling of the weather, the electric light, the making of pottery, the cable railway, the elevated railroads, the transportation of the obelisk, the work of the war-correspondent, modern harbor defences, the making of steel ordnance, Stanley and his exploring achievements, are examples of many papers that have been printed on subjects of immediate interest at the time.

Children are interested in children. *St. Nicholas* avails itself of this principle to amuse them and to attract their attention to many important subjects.

#### SERIAL STORIES.

The stories of *St. Nicholas*, long ones and short ones, are too widely known to require any description here. They have taken the widest range and appealed to the most diverse tastes, but it has been the special aim of the magazine from the start to supplant unhealthful literature with stories of a living and healthful interest, uncontaminated

and invigorating as the open air of heaven. There have been among the serials in the pages of *St. Nicholas* such stories of home life and young life; among them Miss Alcott's best stories for children, and Mrs. Dodge's "Donald and Dorothy;" stories of breezy adventure and boyish life, by J. T. Trowbridge; such pictures of frontier life and base-ball adventure as Noah Brooks's "The Boy Emigrants" and "The Fairport Nine;" tales of remote lands, by Bayard Taylor; Frank R. Stockton's "A Jolly Fellowship," and "What Might Have Been Expected;" Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy," her most famous juvenile story, and her other stories, "Sara Crewe" and "Little St. Elizabeth." Many of the *St. Nicholas* stories have passed into juvenile literature as classics. It is not too much to say that almost every notable young people's story produced in America now first seeks the light in the pages of *St. Nicholas*.

#### "ST. NICHOLAS" AS AN EDUCATOR.

Put a boy to studying geography, and he gets a vague idea that Greenland is a green spot on the upper part of his map. But let him read Dr. Hayes's "Adventures on an Iceberg," and the arctic land, as by a touch of magic, becomes a real country. All the dry facts in the school-books about the "chief products" and "principal seaports" of Japan will never make that land of dainty decoration half so real as will the article in Volume VI., entitled "The Blossom-Boy of Tokio," with its thirty-seven illustrations. But there is not one of the numbers of the magazine that does not stir the curiosity, inform the memory, stimulate thought, and enlarge the range of the imagination. Jack-in-the-Pulpit keeps up a steady fire of suggestion, question, answer, and what not, about all kinds of things, stirring up the mind of a child to knock at Nature's doors and pry into the secrets of science and art. One of the ingenious methods used by the magazine to excite interest in scientific study was the Agassiz Association,—the most successful society of young people ever organized for scientific purposes,—which was originally founded by *St. Nicholas*.

#### ITS MORAL AND RELIGIOUS INFLUENCE.

*St. Nicholas* would be a great benefactor if it did nothing but pre-occupy the ground, and so crowd out the ill weeds of noxious books and papers, which are sure to find their way where the attention is not engaged and the taste elevated by better reading. The great antidote to frivolity is mental occupation, and this antidote a juvenile magazine of the highest grade affords. But *St. Nicholas* does far more than this: to hundreds of thousands it is a teacher of religion,—not in cold, dogmatic form like a catechism, not in any sectarian sense. But it teaches what a great orator once called "applied Christianity,"—the principles of religion as they are applied to ordinary life. Unselfishness, faithfulness, courage, truthfulness,—these things are taught in a hundred ways by stories, poems, and precepts. And these are the very core of true religion applied to the life.

What a galaxy of eminent men and women has *St. Nicholas*, by some hook or crook, beguiled into writing for its lucky children!



Indeed, it would be easier to tell the few writers of note who have not contributed than to recite the list of those who have.

## THE PICTURES.

As to the list of artists who have contributed to *St. Nicholas*, it includes almost all the prominent illustrators of the day.

So much has been said of the charming illustrations of *St. Nicholas*, they have been so often and so highly praised, they have brought such warm words of commendation from high authorities in England as well as in America, that we should run the risk of becoming tedious if we enlarged upon them and their rare educational refining influence. The leading paper of Edinburgh pronounces the illustrations "infinitely superior" to anything produced in juvenile publications in Great Britain. The London "Spectator" calls *St. Nicholas* "the best of all children's magazines," and "The Thunderer," the London "Times" itself, pronounced *St. Nicholas* superior to anything of its kind in England, and said that its "pictures are often works of real art, not only as engravings, but as compositions of original design."

## IN CONCLUSION.

Of the success of the magazine it is not needful to speak. Eminent persons have subscribed for the benefit of those not able to pay for it, for the sake of its educating influence. The Ames family subscribe yearly for two hundred copies for the children of the employees in their works at North Easton, Mass. In the third largest public library in America, more than three thousand people read *St. Nicholas* every month.

When the magazine began, Charles Dudley Warner said, "If the children don't like it, I think it is time to begin to change the kind of children in this country." Well, the children do like it, but, all the same, *St. Nicholas* has changed the kind of children. It cannot be that multitudes of them should see such pictures and read such stories and poems without being better, more thoughtful, more refined, and in many ways another kind of children than those who have gone before them. *St. Nicholas* has a great list of attractive features for the coming year; it will be "better than ever," the editors say, but just how they are going to manage it is a puzzle. The price is \$3.00 a year, and the publishers, The Century Co., 33 East 17th Street, New York, will be glad to send a recent back number, without charge, to any reader of this article who is unfamiliar with *St. Nicholas*.



From the "Brownies," in "*St. Nicholas*."

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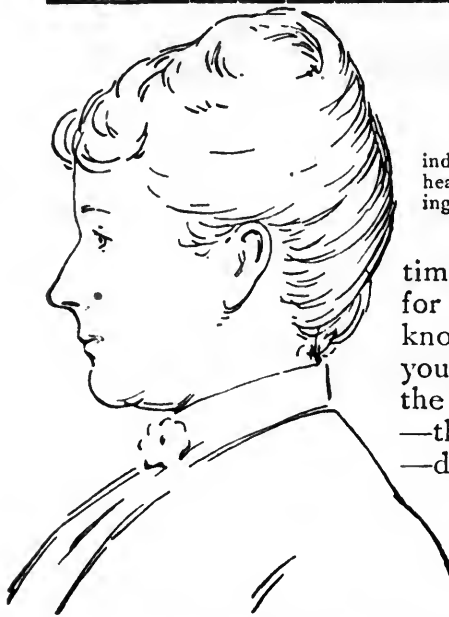
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# Girls.

By HELEN EKin STARRETT, in *The Forum*.

"Thousands who are now in shops and other organized industries would really prefer work in homes, if only the heavy, grimy, malodorous, *clothes-destroying* work of cooking and laundering were not required and expected of them."

Well—if this is true there's a good time coming for girls and the mistress too; for women (by millions) are coming to know, that *Pearline* saves the clothes on your back as well as the clothes in the wash; the paint on your walls—the sheen of silver—the lustre of glass and reduces the labor—drudgery—health breaking—temper and comfort wearing work of washing and cleaning to almost nothing. Besides—the girl—the mistress—or both—are better satisfied with the results. It

cleanses—restores original colors—but hurts nothing, not even delicate skin—luxurious for bathing—be among the bright ones and use *Pearline*.

## Beware

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as *Pearline*." IT'S FALSE—*Pearline* is never peddled and if your grocer sends you something in place of *Pearline*, do the honest thing—*send it back*.  
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TOILET ARTICLES



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A STARTLING CLIMAX.

I.—The Gods.



"HEADS I cross the field, tails I go around by the road," exclaimed the pedestrian, as he prepared to flip a coin; but just then the bull came upon the scene, and the matter was decided with a toss-up.

"THERE is no way to succeed!" exclaimed the despondent man.

"Oh, yes, there is," returned the lazy nephew who was waiting for his nabob uncle to die: "Where there's a will there's a way."

UNFURNISHED APARTMENTS.

An idea, in searching round,  
 Another strolling fancy met.  
 Said one, "I'm tired;" "And I, alas!"  
 The other cried. "Where can we pass  
 The night? Ah, here's a dude: he has  
 A vacant tenement to let."

THE reason so many toppers are irretrievably set in their ways is that the bar-keeper has about all of their "change."

A RELIEF.

"I cannot sing the old, old songs,"  
 She hummed, with feet upon the treadle:  
 "The gods be praised!" a wag exclaimed,  
 "You'll get your bust upon a medal."



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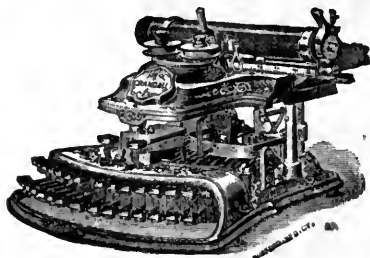
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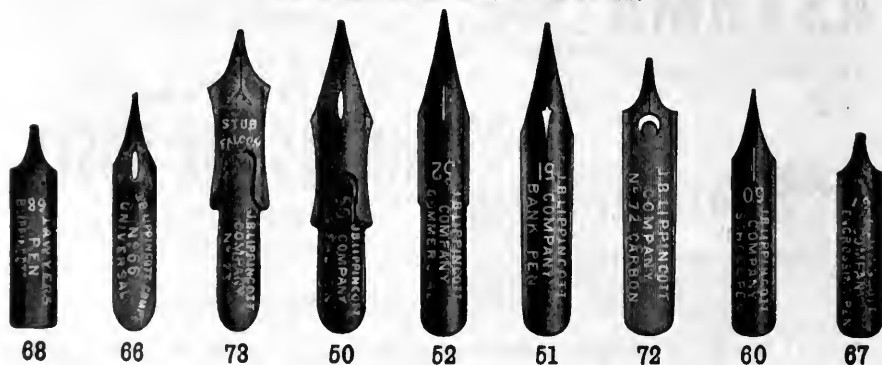
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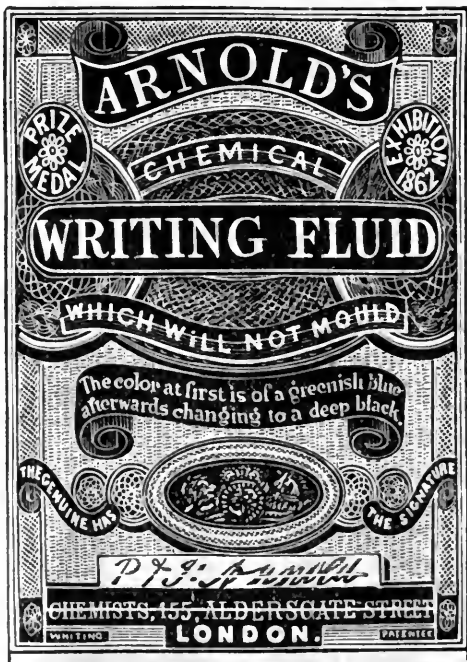
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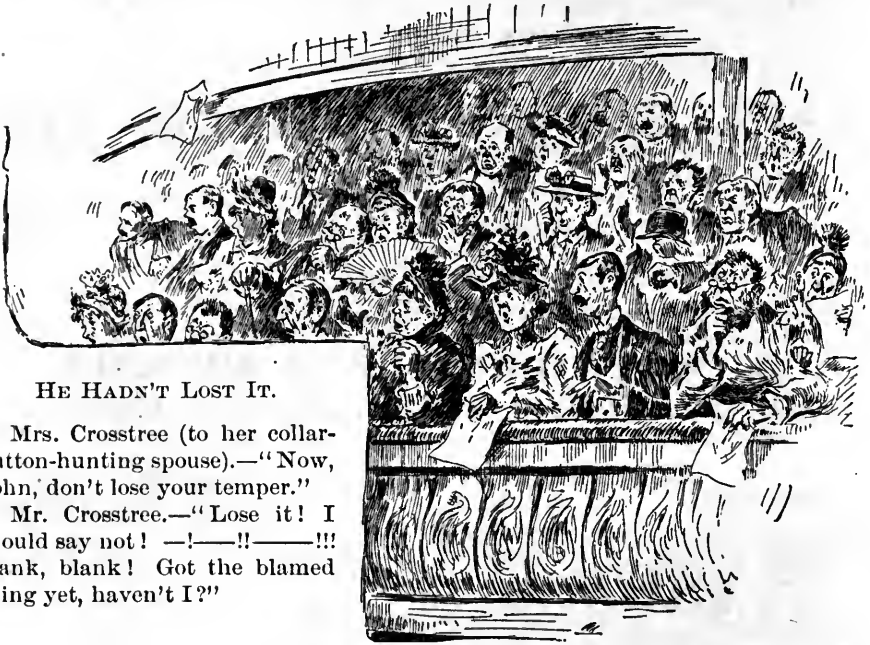
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A STARTLING CLIMAX.

II.—From the Balcony.



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Mrs. Crosstree (to her collar-button-hunting spouse).—"Now, John, don't lose your temper."

Mr. Crosstree.—"Lose it! I should say not! —!—!!——!!! blank, blank! Got the blamed thing yet, haven't I?"

STYLE.

Some peccadilloes give us such  
Delight, we call them venial;  
We do not mind a rogue so much  
Who is adroit and genial.

HARANGUING A NONENTITY.

Mrs. Familias (tearfully).—"John, you are pleasant enough when there is company; why don't you scold when there is some one around?"

Mr. Familias (champion mean man).—"True; that would be an advantage."

THE REASON.

A tar is called a jolly "dog;"  
The cause of this remark  
Must be that he is often found  
Connected with a barque.

It does not follow that a merchant with a limited stock should be ill-tempered, although it must be admitted that he is out of "sorts."

A CONSOLATION.

The wise man knows he does not know  
In spite of all his labor;  
But then he's reconciled to think  
That neither does his neighbor.



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is produced by the CUTICURA REMEDIES. They strike at the cause of falling hair and baldness. They cleanse the scalp of every humor and disease, whether Itchy, Scaly, Crusted, or Blotchy, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, and point to a speedy, permanent, and luxuriant growth of hair when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Hundreds of grateful testimonials attest their wonderful efficacy. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times. Are absolutely pure and agreeable to the most sensitive, and may be used by young and old with the most gratifying and unailing success. CUTICURA, the great skin cure, instantly allays the most intense itching, burning, and inflammation, clears the scalp of crusts and scales, destroys microscopic insects which feed on the hair, soothes and heals raw and irritated surfaces, stimulates the hair follicles, and supplies the roots with energy and nourishment. CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite purifier, is indispensable in cleansing diseased surfaces. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, cleanses the blood of all impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes all constitutional disturbances affecting the growth of the hair. Hence, the

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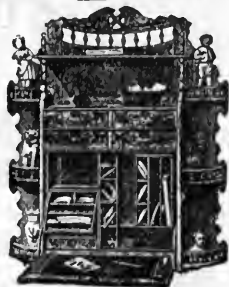
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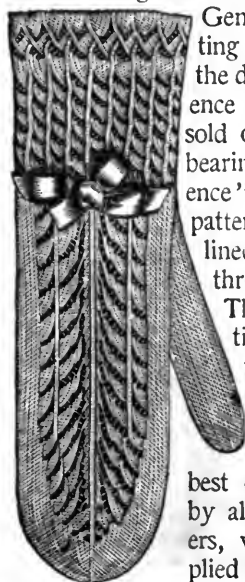




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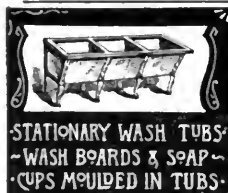
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### Safety Barrel Catch.

Impossible to throw the  
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38 Cal.

Using S. & W.  
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Cartridges.

Price,  
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overcomes vibration on rough roads where all other spring devices have failed. We are daily booking orders to fit this unequalled spring saddle to Victor, Rambler, and Columbia spring-fork safeties, as well as all rigid frame bicycles. But to get the full enjoyment from this saddle you should try it on our world-renowned Quadrant Safety Bicycles, which have many points of superiority over all others. Send for catalogue, giving full particulars.

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COMBINING 5 ARTICLES  
OF FURNITURE IN ONE  
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WHEEL CHAIRS

We retail at the lowest  
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Automatic Brake  
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**FREE**  
WHEEL CHAIRS  
TO HIRE.  
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Of All Styles. The Best Make.

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**CRIPPLES** and **invalids** find  
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guaranteed. Athletic Goods and  
**BICYCLES** at retail, at  
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1850.

1889.

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Elegant Traps, Quartered Oak,

Four-Wheel Dog Carts,

Light Four-Wheel Carts,

Four-Seat Surreys.

Also PITTSBURGH ROCKAWAYS, WAGONETTES, BUGGIES, VICTORIAS, VIS-À-VIS, Broughams, Extension Broughams, and Rockaways. *The Finest and Most Extensive Display of Harness.*

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**SAFEST,**  
**FASTEST,**  
 and **FINEST**  
**TRAINS IN AMERICA.**

— RUN VIA —



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**NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA,  
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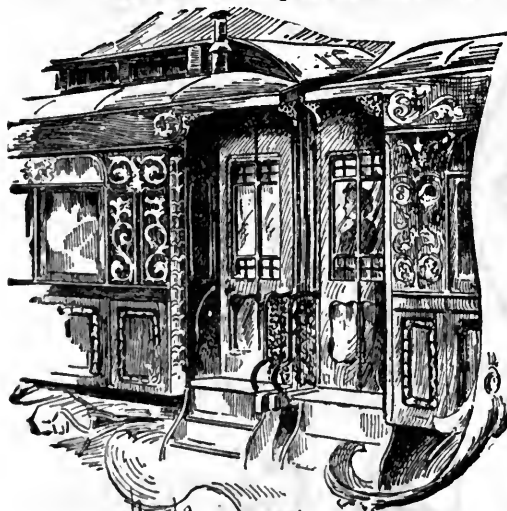
ALL TRAINS VESTIBULED FROM END TO END,

And protected by Pullman's Anti-Telescoping Appliance, including Baggage Cars, Day Coaches, Parlor Cars, and Sleepers.

**ALL CARS HEATED BY STEAM AND LIGHTED BY PINTSCH GAS.**

## The BALTIMORE and OHIO RAILROAD

Maintains a Complete Service of Vestibuled Express Trains between



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 ST. LOUIS, AND CHICAGO,**

EQUIPPED WITH

**PULLMAN**

**Palace Sleeping Cars**

Running Through Without Change.

**ALL B. and O. TRAINS**

BETWEEN THE

**EAST and WEST,**

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 General Manager.

**BALTIMORE, MD.**

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# No Christmas This Year

will be complete without a present, and no practical present can be made that will give more real good for the coin paid than a practical low-priced typewriter like the "WORLD," sold for \$15.00. Available at once for the boy or his father, the girl or her mother. You want a catalogue? We send it. Typewriter Dept., POPE M'FG CO., Boston, New York, Chicago.



**CARPET SWEEPER**  
**WITH LATEST IMPROVEMENTS**  
**SOLD EVERYWHERE**

# WINTER RIDING.



DECEMBER—but it brings no reason why the wheelman should put his wheel in a camphor bag or cedar chest. Not a month during the winter when a cycle cannot be used on some days with comfort. A hard, frozen road, well-hammered by wagon-wheels, makes delightful riding, and a zero atmosphere yields delightful, health-giving ozone. And there is not a business day in the year when we will not sell you a "Columbia." Catalogue sent.

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BRANCH HOUSES:  
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Factory, HARTFORD, CONN.

**INDISPENSABLE**  
FOR  
**EVERY CITY and COUNTRY HOUSEHOLD**  
FOR  
**FARM AND DAIRY.**

The world-famous FRANK'S AMERICAN WONDER MACHINE awarded highest medals, Paris World Exposition, etc. Always produces

**FIRST-CLASS GRANULAR BUTTER**  
(the very gilt edge) from sweet milk, sweet or sour cream,

**IN TWO MINUTES.**

The same whether in winter or summer. (Party not keeping cows can buy one or more quarts of milk or cream and make his own pure butter daily, costing less than even such of inferior quality if bought.) No experience needed; any child can successfully manage it; works from one pint up; makes more butter. Buttermilk remains perfectly sweet for coffee, etc. Recommended by physicians as best Baby Food. Machine also makes finest Ice Cream in 4 minutes, and delicious Cream Souffle in 2 minutes. Is also excellent for cooling off new milk.

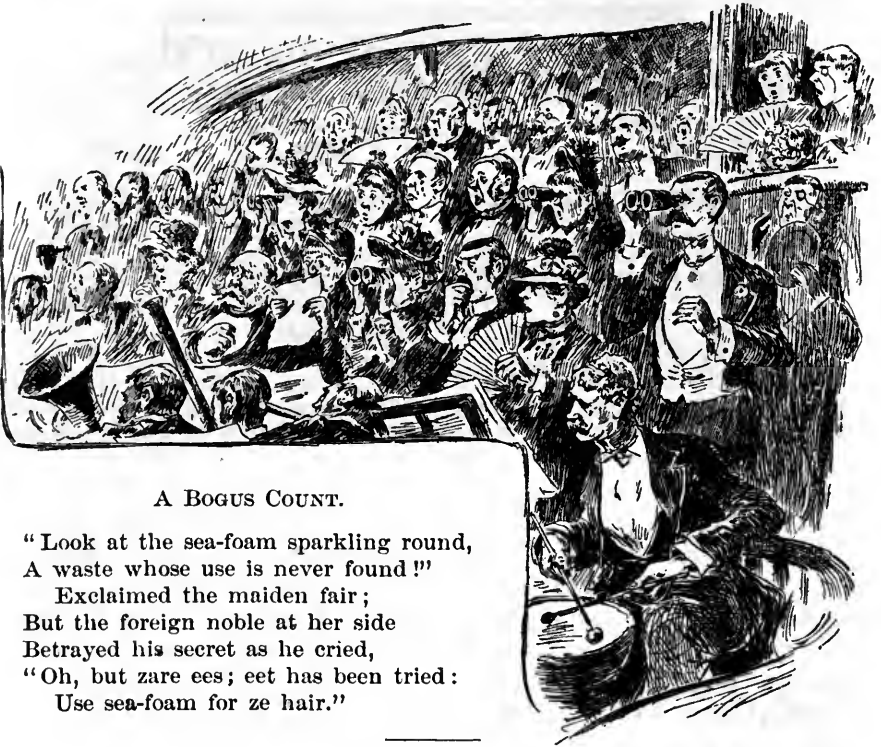
Prices: 5 qts., \$5.50; (for Dairies) 14 qts., \$10.00; 24 qts., \$15.00; 40 qts., \$23.00, etc. Packing 10 per cent. Active agents wanted; 25 per cent. on samples. Machines guaranteed as represented.

**F. A. FRANK & CO.,**  
Patentees and Sole Manufacturers,  
No. 316 East 82d Street, New York.



A STARTLING CLIMAX.

III.—From the Parquet.



A BOGUS COUNT.

"Look at the sea-foam sparkling round,  
A waste whose use is never found!"

Exclaimed the maiden fair;  
But the foreign noble at her side  
Betrayed his secret as he cried,  
"Oh, but zare ees; eet has been tried:  
Use sea-foam for ze hair."

DOWN STREAM.

The people held in marriage knots  
Life's sea the safest ride.  
Go thou with them to be secure,  
For it is easiest, be sure,  
To travel with the tied.

WHEN it comes to morality, the knave is like the bankrupt: he has no interest because he has no principal.

EFFORTS UNHEEDED.

Wealth brings trouble, care, and trial;  
Croesus treads a weary road,  
Heeding not our self-denial  
To relieve him of his load,

A STRONG FEATURE.

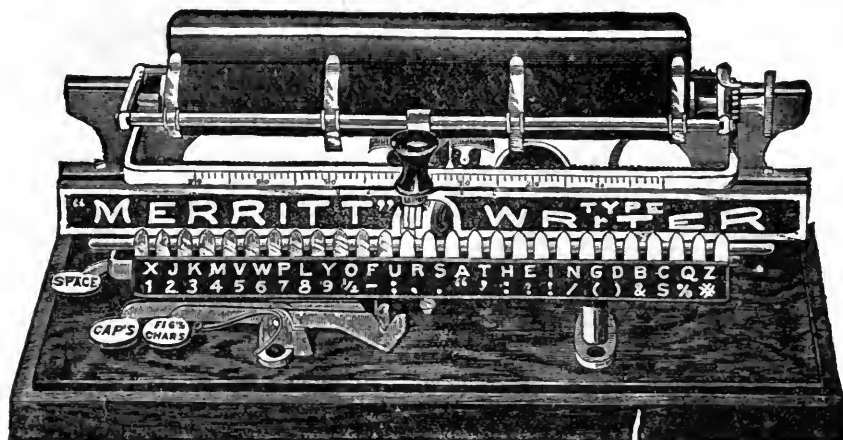
Dramatic Author.—"And, best of all, the second act winds up with a cyclone."  
Manager (reflectively).—"That ought to bring down the house."

A PALPABLE PARADOX.

Weakness is mastering desire  
That, being burnt, still braves the fire.



# WHAT YOU WANT IS THE MERRITT TYPEWRITER.



This is exact copy of The "MERRITT'S" work. It is equal to that of any High Priced Typewriter. Relieves fatigue from steady use of pen. Improves spelling and punctuation. Interests and instructs children. The entire correspondence of a business house can be done with it. Learned in a half hour from directions. Prints capitals, small letters, figures and characters,--78 in all. Price \$15, complete.

The MERRITT Typewriter is the BEST.

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- " It prints with Perfect Alignment.
- " It has no Ribbon to Wear Out, Smut Fingers or Paper
- " It is a Simple, Compact Machine.
- It is sent to any address on receipt of \$15.00.
- It does work equal to the Hundred Dollar Machines.
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- " No other low-priced Typewriter can do this.
- " No Rubber Type Machine can compete with it.
- " It is Everybody's Typewriter.
- " Everybody wants a MERRITT.

Write for Circulars, Voluntary Testimonials & Sworn-to Speed Test of 60 Words a Minute.

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SENT IMMEDIATELY TO ANY  
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OF PRICE, \$15.00.

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SOLE AGENTS.

# SOZODONT



## BEAUTY AND FRAGRANCE

Are communicated to the mouth by

# SOZODONT

which renders the Teeth pearly white, the Gums rosy, and the Breath sweet. By those who have used it, it is regarded as an indispensable adjunct of the toilet. It thoroughly removes tartar from the teeth without injuring the enamel.

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# EDISON



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**UNEQUALED FOR USE IN  
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Gives a beautiful finish that does not peel, crack, smut or harden the leather.

**SOLD BY HARNESS DEALERS.**



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Removed  
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Has  
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In all the world **THERE IS BUT ONE CURE**  
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NEW  
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STEREOPTICONS  
WITH  
MAGIC LANTERNS  
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**THE NEW  
1890 METEOR  
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FOR OIL AND  
HOUSE GAS

SEND  
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**FUN** Game of Forfeit, with full directions, 715 Ambigram Album Selection, 11 Parlor Games, 50 Conundrums, Gems of Fortune, Myrtle Age Table, Magic Music, Game of Letters. The new book, Order of the Whistle. Language of Flowers, Norse Telegraph Alphabet, Game of Shadow, Bull and 18 Magical Experiments. All the above on receipt of 3 cents for postage, etc. Address, **NARBAU NOVELTY WORKS, 55 & 60 Fulton St., New York.**

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Patented by THOS. A. EDISON.  
A simple, practical, and economical manifold device for every-day use.  
It makes **3000** copies of one original Writing, Drawing, Music, etc. **1500** copies of one original Typewriter Letter. Recommended by over **40,000** users. Send for circular and sample of work.

**A. B. DICK COMPANY,**  
152-154 Lake St., CHICAGO. 32 Liberty St., New York.  
117 South Fifth Street, PHILADELPHIA.

# MISCELLANEOUS

## GREENWAYS

### DOUBLE STOUT, INDIA PALE ALE, HALF & HALF.

TRADE MARK.



AMERICAN

SEND FOR CIRCULARS

IN GLASS OR WOOD, FULLY EQUAL TO THE BEST IMPORTED... FOR FAMILY OR CLUB USE.

RECOMMENDED BY OUR BEST PHYSICIANS. FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST CLASS GROCERS & DEALERS.

### THE GREENWAY BREWING CO.

SYRACUSE, N.Y.

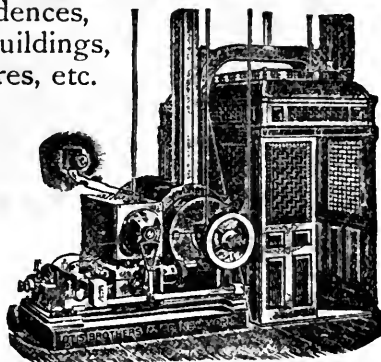
## THE Otis Electric Elevator


For Private Residences,  
Small Office Buildings,  
Hospitals, Stores, etc.

Safe;  
Simple,  
No engineer  
required;  
Economical,  
Power taken from electric  
light lines, and required  
only when in operation.

Send for Descriptive Catalogue.

Otis Brothers & Co.,  
Standard Hydraulic and  
Steam Elevators.  
NEW YORK. PHILA.  
BOSTON. PITTSBURG.





**IMPERIAL** P. & F. Stamp with name 10 cts.

Self-Inker 20c.

CLUB of 14 postpaid for \$1 bill.  
Marks Linen, Cards, Papers, Everything.  
New Agents make BIG Money. Terms Free.

## OLD SHERWOOD Pure Rye Malt Whiskey

A Lot of Spring 1883 Distillation,  
to offer in Boxed Demijohns of 1 to 5 gals. at \$5.00  
per gal. This is an exceptional opportunity to secure  
some FINE OLD STOCK. Samples at proportion-  
ate cost, or, if the goods do not give entire satisfaction,  
you can return them C.O.D.

WIGHT & LEUTZ, Cockeysville, Md.

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Fine Brass Work.  
Special Designs on  
Application.

ANDREWS MFG. CO.  
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A. H. ANDREWS & CO.  
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ANDREWS FURNITURE CO., Post and Stockton Sts.,  
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## THE Pinless Clothes Line

Is the only line ever invented that holds the clothes  
without pins; a perfect success; patent recently  
issued; sold only by

### AGENTS,

to whom the exclusive right is given; on receipt of  
50 cents we will send a sample line by mail; also,  
circulars, price list and terms to agents; secure  
your territory at once. Address THE PINLESS  
CLOTHES LINE COMPANY, 17 Hermon St.,  
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In each town, to address envelopes, mail circulars, manage  
correspondence. Good wages. Terms and book of instructions in  
our New Art, 10c. silver. SYLVAN TOILET CO., Port Huron, Mich.

**ASTHMA** DR. TAFT'S ASTHMALENE  
address, we will mail trial never fails; send us your  
THE DR. TAFT BROS CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y. **FREE**

**LADIES** send 5 cents for copy of Dorcas Magazine  
of Woman's Handiwork. It is invaluable.  
Address DORCAS PUB'G CO., 37 College Place, N. Y.

A STARTLING CLIMAX.

IV.—On the Stage.



A BARRISTER who gets up before the jury to argue a case is like a self-evident truth : he stands to reason.

IN that gruesome alternative which forces men to be either the anvil or the hammer, the Labor Knights seem to have decided to be the hammer : at least they are that part of the community which does the most striking.

• A BLINDNESS.

While good and bad together chink  
And under woes unearned you labor,  
It's very natural to think  
That Fate mistook you for your neighbor.

WHEN Elisha was taken up into the heavens, he left his powers behind him to Elijah. Additional proof that the original always loses in "translation."

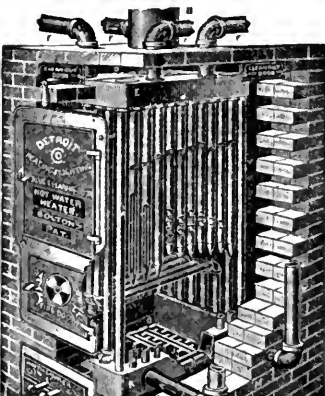
HE CAN'T HELP IT.

Mrs. Phunnyman.—"I notice that your friend Pultzer is inclined to obesity of late."

Mr. Phunnyman.—"No, indeed : it's very much against his inclination."

PASSIVE faith is like a dummy watch : it is without works.

# HEATING APPARATUS



## BOLTON HOT-WATER HEATER.

Most Economical, Healthful,  
and Comfortable.

Only Perfectly **SAFE** System.

Unequalled for Durability.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

*Detroit*  
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88 Lake St., 317 Wight St.,  
Chicago. Detroit.



## COMBINATION GAS MACHINE.

Best Independent Gas Apparatus.  
Cheaper and Better than City Gas or  
Electric Light.  
Simpler and Safer than Oil Lamps.  
Twenty Years  
without a failure or an accident.



## THE JACKSON VENTILATING GRATE.

Combined Grate and Furnace.

Introducing Heated Out-Door Air.

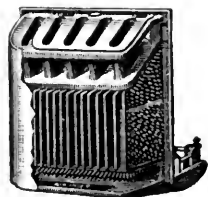
Heating two or more floors if desired.

77 in use in Columbia College, New York; 87 in the New Court-House, St. Paul, Minn.; 53 in Hastings  
Hall of Harvard College; 65 in the Presbyterian Hospital in Philadelphia; and by the  
War Department at many posts.

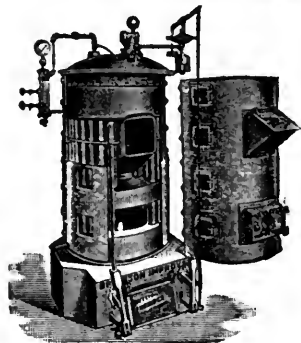
Over 200 different styles of design and finish.

**EDWIN A. JACKSON & BRO., 50 Beekman Street, New York.**

Send for Illustrated Catalogue L.



## The Bronson Water-Tube Boiler.



The annexed cut shows detached section of our jacket on Portable  
Boiler furnished with either the *steam* or *hot-water* boiler. This jacket  
is carefully lined with asbestos, and has ample air-space to prevent  
radiation of heat in cellar. It is composed of two upright sections  
which bolt together quickly, and can be as readily removed, *without*  
*interfering with piping*, which point, in connection with its many soot  
doors, makes it possible to have a *clean boiler at all times*, both with  
the *Steam* or *Water* boiler. Remember, we have no thick plates in the  
construction of our boiler to hinder the transmission of heat to the  
water. Water-tubes admit of thin envelopes for the water next the  
fire. Our new catalogue sent on application.

**WESTON ENGINE CO. (SOLE MFRS.)**  
**PAINTED POST, N. Y.**

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**AUTOMATIC ENGINES**  
correct in design, workmanship, and price.

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New Illustrated Manual of 100 pages now ready and mailed free.  
Containing full information on modern *Steam* and *Hot Water*  
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building or remodeling their Heating Apparatus. Sole manufac-  
turers of the **FURMAN BOILERS.** Agents in all principal  
towns and cities.  
**IT WILL PAY YOU TO INVESTIGATE.** Address,  
HERNDEEN MFG. CO., 21 Oak Street, GENEVA, N. Y.



# There are Shoes and Shoes.

*We Commence where others leave off*

We suppose that any of the various shoes advertised are worth the price quoted, but we claim *and have abundant testimonials in proof* that the shoes we make and advertise as the Burt & Packard "Korrek Shape" are in style, fit, workmanship, materials and wear, *worth the difference in price*, though our lowest grade is a higher quality than the best usually advertised.

Employing the highest skilled labor, with an experience of 30 years in supplying the best trade of this country; using only the best of stock and genuine importation for all foreign goods, we believe we can please the most fastidious from a dress shoe for evening wear to our Cork Sole Snow-excluder. Our circular with our various styles may show you just what you want for your next pair.

All delivery charges are paid to places where our shoes are sold, therefore accept no substitute.

**BURT & PACKARD.**  
Send for  
ILLUSTRATED  
CIRCULAR.  
BURT & PACKARD, FIELD.  
Brockton, Mass.



STAMPED BURT & PACKARD ON HEEL

WE DON'T Spoil your Feet with CHEAP SHOES!



**DESKS,  
Chairs,  
Office Furniture.**  
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.  
**DERBY & KILMER DESK CO.**  
Salesrooms,  
opp. Lowell Depot,  
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\$6000.00 a year is being made by John R. Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from \$5 to \$10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time, or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay **SURE** for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. **EASILY, SPEEDILY** learned. **PATRICULARS FREE.** Address at once, **STANSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.**

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**REVEALED.** Written prediction, 29 cts. Give sex and date of birth. Astrologer, 110 s 32 s, Kansas City, Mo.

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Electricity cures Catarrh, Colds, etc.  
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The largest Establishment in the World for the treatment of Hair and Scalp, Eczema, Moles, Warts, Superficial Hair, Birthmarks, Moth, Freckles, Wrinkles, Red Nose, Red Velsa, Oily Skin, Acne, Pimples, Blackheads, Barber's Itch, Scars, Pitting, Powder Marks, Bleaching, Facial Development, etc.  
Send 10 cts. for 124-page book on all skin imperfections and their treatment.  
**JOHN B. WOODBURY, Dermatologist.**  
Flat, 125 West 42d St., NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.  
P. R.—Use Woodbury's Facial Soap for the skin and scalp; for sale at all druggists, or by mail, 50 cents.

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WE MAKE THEM TO YOUR MEASURE OF

All-Wool Goods only, and Fit You, too.

**PANTS** from \$3.00 UP.

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We have no Ready-made Stock.

**ONLY MADE TO ORDER**

Send for samples, tape-measure, and rules for self-measurement.

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Mention LIPPINCOTT'S when ordering.

**STAMPS** — 100 ALL DIFFERENT — **1 DIME**  
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Dialogues, Tableaux, Speakers, for School, Club & Parlor. Best out. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Chicago, Ill.



TRADE-MARK.

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Cure Malaria, Indigestion, Biliousness, Sick-Headache, Wakefulness, etc. Promote Appetite, Assimilation and Ambition. Prevent Diphtheria, Scurvy, Smallpox and all Fevers

Warranted as above stated, or money refunded. Price \$2.00. Pamphlet sent free; address

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## HOW TO USE IT:

The wrapper tells.

The recipes for Pudding, Soup, Fritters, Gems, Oysters, and Breakfast Cakes are delicious.

Try a can.

Write us if Grocer does not keep it.

Prepared only by the

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## French Soups.



(*"Exquisite in flavor."*—MARION HARLAND.)

*For the Christmas Dinner.*

*Ready save warming.*

*Better than Home-made.*

*Quality never varies.*

*Save time.*

*Fancy Grocers have them.*

Green Turtle, Terrapin, Chicken, Consommé, Purée of Game, Mulligatawny, Mock Turtle, Ox Tail, Tomato, Chicken Gumbo, French Bouillon, Julienne, Pea, Printanier, Mutton Broth, Vegetable, Beef, Pearl Tapioca.

*A sample can will be sent on receipt of the price of postage, 14 cents.*

*The Franco-American Food Co.,*

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# Y. P. M.

Established 1823.

## YOUNG'S PURE MALT WHISKEYS.

This *Famous Old Brand* is absolutely pure, and especially adapted for use in the family, in sickness, and all other purposes.

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**Distillers of Y. P. M. WHEAT and RYE WHISKEYS,**

Mail Orders Packed and  
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A STARTLING CLIMAX.

V.—Consternation



It is a wise *chef* who knows how to economize. He can usually make ends meat,—especially in ox-tail soup.

---

A NEWSPAPER publisher may have the jaundice, rheumatism, liver-complaint, and almost anything else to which ailing flesh is heir, but you cannot get him to admit that there is anything wrong with his circulation.

---

MAKING A HIT.

Driving all day the same old nail  
May be a narrow occupation,  
But it soonest comes to some avail:  
There's golden gain in concentration.

---

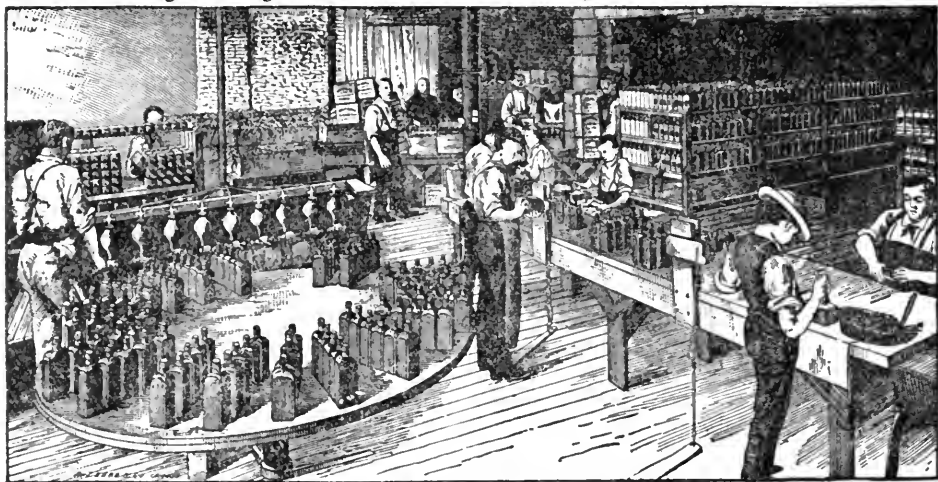
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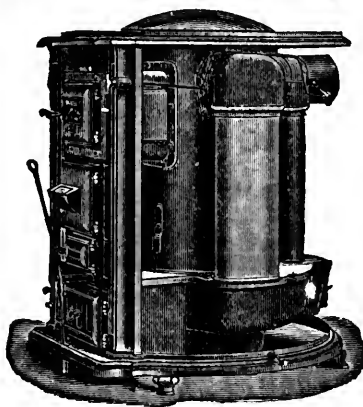
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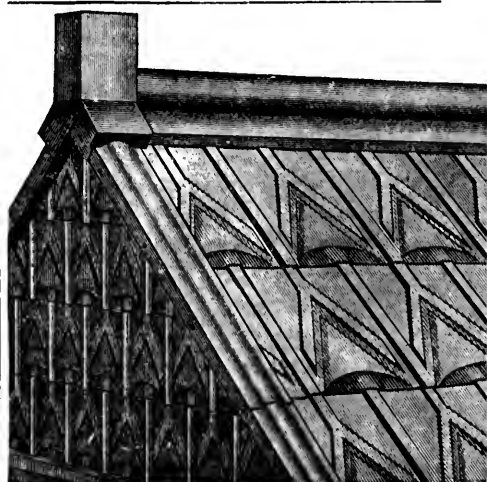
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# MISCELLANEOUS

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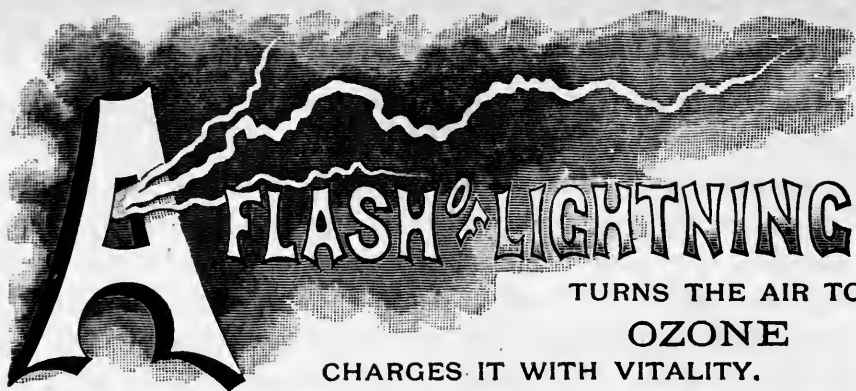
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